

Chatelaine

MAY, 1949 • 15¢

The Canadian Women's Magazine

Your Beauty . . .

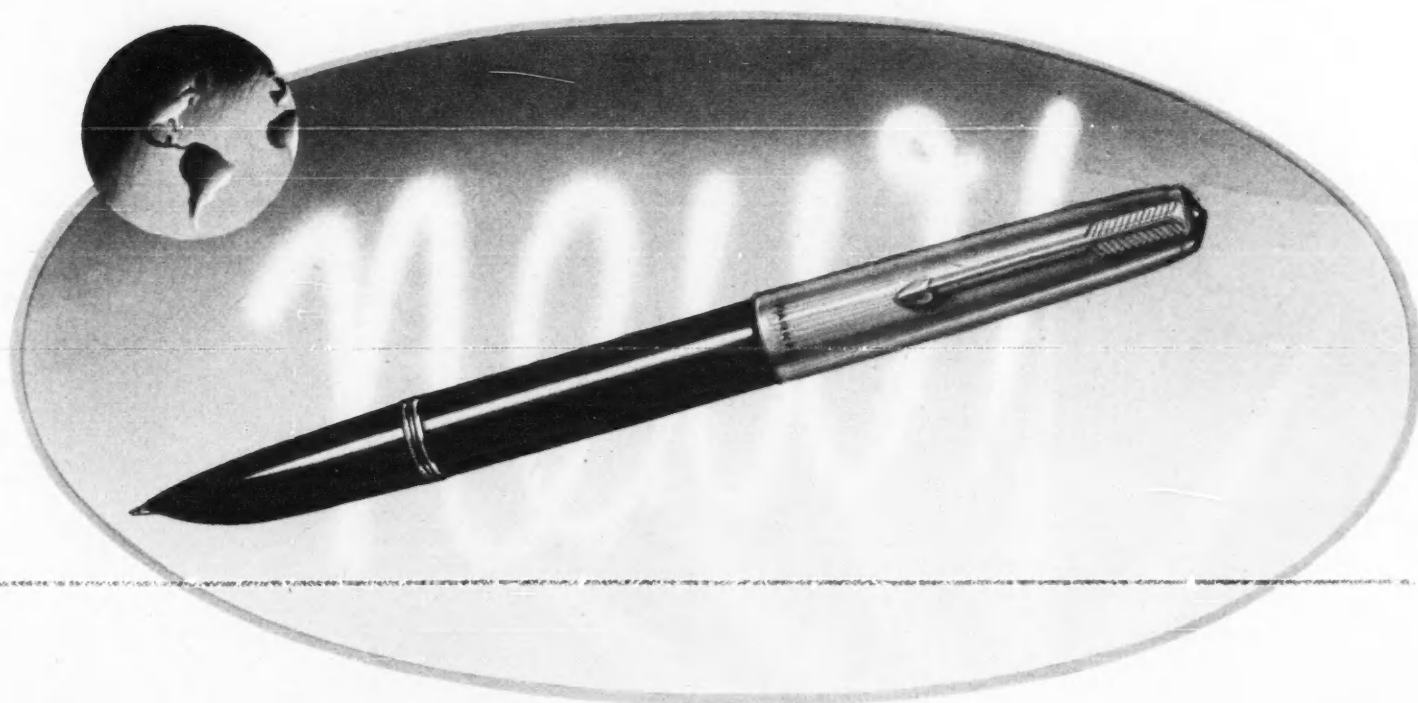
under Sun and Stars

Cecilia Bartholomew's Latest

THE MASTERFUL MALE



Superbly Achieved by the World's Pen Authority!



NEW Parker "51"

FOR YEARS, all around the world, people have been saying: "It's wonderful to own a Parker 51." Today, the world repeats these same words—but with even greater enthusiasm and conviction. Now it is the NEW Parker "51" they acclaim!

Triumphantly NEW — with 14 Actual Improvements!

Imagine this NEW "51" fitted with an Aero-Metric control made of 92.6% fine silver that acts as a breather tube or pressure equalizer. Because of this silver control unit, of a quality even finer than Sterling, this NEW "51" becomes a trustworthy flying companion.

Imagine traveling the skies at an altitude of 35,000 feet — a height never exceeded by commercial airlines—feeling assured your NEW "51" will not leak!

Imagine an ink reservoir made of a flexible and transparent substance so tough it will last for 30 years! This material is PLI-GLASS, perfected after three years of experimentation by Parker.

Just firmly press 6 times the ribbed bar over PLI-GLASS ink cylinder (shown in red circle). That's all! Your pen is filled!



Because of the phenomenal nature of PLI-GLASS the NEW "51" has been able to adopt a filling action principle so simple it is startling.

Imagine merely pressing, or squeezing, a section of the pen six times—and finding your pen filled. Actually it's fun to fill the NEW "51"!

Imagine visible ink supply. Hold pen to light and you can see ink level at all times.

Imagine 23% more writing capacity.

All these imaginings—and many more counting up to 14 actual improvements — have become realities in the NEW Parker "51"!

Adventure at the Pen Counter

And these NEW Parker "51's" are alluring to look at. To supreme, inspired utility has been given a

luxurious choice of colours. Colours captured from the masters, from the canvases of such famed painters as Michelangelo, Velasquez, Monet, Cezanne.

For your trial of the NEW "51" at the counter it will be filled with Superchrome ink. Then, as the pen-point travels over the paper, you will find yourself enjoying a wonderful experience. You will have the sensation of writing with liquid silk—yet with ink that dries as it writes!

You will be writing with the pen no other in the world can honourably claim to equal—the superbly achieved NEW Parker "51"!

Parker

WORLD'S PEN AUTHORITY
PARKER PEN CO. LTD., TORONTO CANADA

FOR LAUNDERING AT ITS BEST . . . It's a

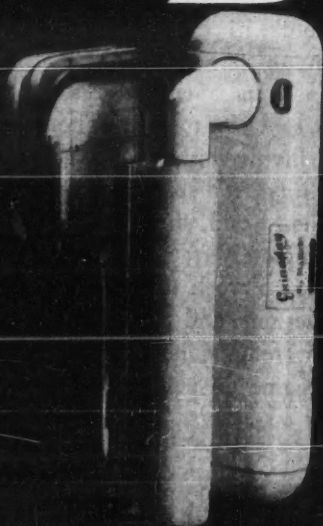
Sainaday 200



Big, beautiful, and just what every woman wants—the Sainaday washes cleaner, faster, more gently and quietly. The large capacity tub is in smooth porcelain enamel or gleaming aluminum. The sturdy wringer has adjustable pressure and oilless bearings that cannot stain clothes. The wonderful 3-Help Electro-Rinse feature suds faster, rinses faster, drains in 90 seconds.



THE Sainaday 300 It's a GLADIRON



Here is the handsome streamlined ironer that out-performs all others. Easy, fast, smooth operation. Sleeve-size roll. One single control. Heavy pressure for flat work. Dialostat with accurate heat for all fabrics. Irons shirts with ease in 4½ minutes.

FOLDS UP AND ROLLS AWAY FOR STORAGE — takes less than two square feet of floor space.

Northern Electric

COMPANY LIMITED

SEE YOUR NORTHERN ELECTRIC DEALER



YOUR HAIR

IS MAGIC TO A MAN...

Take care of it!

Does your hair sometimes look dull and lifeless... is there a telltale shower of distressing flakes no matter what shampoo you use?

Then be on the lookout for dandruff, so prevalent, so hard to get rid of.

Better start now with Listerine Antiseptic and finger-tip massage every time you wash your hair.

You see, Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs associated with dandruff, including the "bottle bacillus" (P. ovale).

You will be delighted to see how wonderfully fresh, cool and clean your scalp feels, how quickly flakes begin to disappear, how healthy your hair looks. Yes, in clinical tests, twice-a-day use of Listerine Antiseptic brought marked improvement within a month to 76% of dandruff sufferers.

As a precaution against dandruff, make Listerine Antiseptic a part of regular hair care no matter what kind of soap or shampoo you use.

Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY (Canada) Ltd., Toronto

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC for DANDRUFF

P. S. Have you tried the new Listerine Tooth Paste, the Minty 3-way Prescription for your Teeth?

Made in Canada

The Cancer of Communism

An Editorial by
Byrne Hope Sanders

I OWE the inspiration for this editorial to the discovery of one of Chatelaine's editorial staff.

Page proofs of our April article on Communism were on her desk. So was material on the April Cancer Campaign. One morning she came rushing into my office waving papers. "Look here!" she said. "They act just the same way. Cancer and Communism. I mean in the way they develop in the human body—and in the body politic!"

When she explained what she meant, I felt that her idea was interesting enough for Canadian women everywhere to think about.

CANCER IS a so-called "new growth" made up of cells which once lived in harmony with other cells, but which have ceased to recognize the law and order of normal, controlled growth.

If left alone the lawless cells increase until the normal cells are overpowered and destroyed.

That's a generalized description of cancer. But doesn't it also apply to Communism?

Both cancer and Communism can be checked if recognized early. Both progress over a period of time before general health is affected. And it is true of both, that treatment is most effective in this early period. Both can be described as lawless growths that ask only to be left alone, unrecognized and undisturbed—to grow in malignity.

My staff editor was also clutching a dictionary. "Webster describes malignant this way: *Rebellious against God or against government. Having a baleful influence.*"

It all runs parallel, doesn't it?

THERE HAS been, naturally, a strong reaction to Chatelaine's April publication of "Are You a Stooge For a Communist?" But the printing of an article, however much it is discussed, isn't enough.

If Communism is to be stamped out, right now, from the inroads it is making in women's organizations, it demands immediate treatment.

Chatelaine believes in women and in their ability to grapple with a problem of this kind, once they are aware of it. We know of the strength in women's organizations—and of individual women.

It has been shown over and over again that when the Communists gain control of two or three senior offices in an organization they can control the whole group.

One woman in an organization who is alert to what is happening can have the same power. She can stop Communist infiltration into the group.

DON'T TELL me that one woman can't do it. For I, in turn, will tell you of one woman who did it! She was chief steward in a union controlled by Communists. She became disillusioned with orders from the top to pass certain resolutions; with instructions on what to do, and how to do it. Then a strike was called and her firm became involved in it.

She decided to do something. At a stormy meeting she talked to 200 members of the union—and, singlehanded, swept them all into another union, completely free of Communist control.

Now she spends two days a week talking to other unions, explaining why she took action—and telling how they can do the same. She has become a tremendous force.

Each one of us can become an equally vital force in our own world.

No need to bear down!

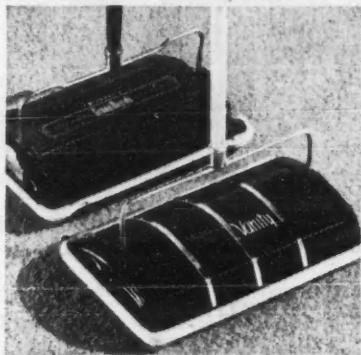
Yes—just glide a new Bissell* back and forth under beds and tables—everywhere! It sweeps clean, with *no* pressure on the handle whatsoever!



"Bisco-matic"® brush action does work for you!

Only Bissell has this revolutionary feature that adjusts the brush *automatically* to any pile rug, from deep broadlooms to smooth Orientals.

Just roll your Bissell along for quick, thorough clean-ups.



"Bisco-matic" Brush Action is now available in two models . . . the "Vanity" at \$8.45, and the "Grand Rapids" at only \$6.95.

Both complete with "Sta-up" Handle and easy "Flip-O" Empty.

BISSELL SWEEPERS

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
of Canada Limited
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan
(Factory at Niagara Falls, Canada)

*Registered Trade Marks

Reader Takes Over

Brotherhood a Myth

Dear Editor: After attending meetings of the Brotherhood of Man week, the only answer I can find to your editorial in March Chatelaine, "Am I a Hypocrite?" is . . . Yes, we all are! —R. T. Oshawa, Ont.

. . . Thank you for your March editorial—I am sure it will make many pause and think. We have been amazed, sometimes annoyed and sometimes amused at the reactions of people who hear about our adopted boy, who is Eurasian. "We pride ourselves on our tolerance," they say. "But really—to do that!" And sometimes we are chagrined and ashamed to find ourselves explaining, "Well, his father was English . . ." Our only hope is that as the boy grows up people will become more interested in brotherhood and that he will not run into too many unpleasant experiences. So again I say, thank you for helping . . . —Mrs. J. H. K. Robson, B.C.

. . . As soon as I read your editorial in the March issue I wanted to congratulate you on having the courage of your convictions. There is also another point I wish you would emphasize: Why all this talk about security and that security brings happiness? People call for more and more benefits . . . there is too much gimme and not enough give. The present generation has far more than its forefathers, but I doubt it is any happier . . . —Mrs. F. G. Duncan, B.C.

Paging Mr. Abbott

Dear Editor: I would think this letter would be only one of thousands eventually addressed to Chatelaine for the extraordinarily able challenge to Mr. Abbott. All possible credit to you . . . I suppose a reply from Mr. A. would really be too much to hope for, but one can always dream . . . —A. E. J. Toronto, Ont.

Dear Editor: As a loyal Chatelaine reader would I be assuming too much in thinking that your timely article, "Look Here, Mr. Abbott," in the March issue of Chatelaine, had any influence on the changes in the recent national budget? Surely it was more than coincidence that most of the taxes you listed as unfair—soft drinks, cosmetics, handbags, jewelry, etc.—were either removed or reduced?

—Mrs. Marion Dockrel
Toronto, Ont.

Ed.'s Note: We would like to think so.

. . . I am glad someone is finally waking up and doing something about tax conditions . . . All during the war I taught in a city school. Most of the children came from homes where fathers and brothers were overseas. Many of the small boys in these families worked, selling papers, etc., and week after week they brought most of their earnings to

Some Facts About HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

BLOOD PRESSURE rises when a person is active. After the strain has passed, the pressure generally returns to its regular level. If it is persistently and excessively above normal, however, that condition is called hypertension—or high blood pressure. This affects the circulatory system and may lead to serious conditions of the heart, brain, and kidneys.



High blood pressure itself is not a disease, but a symptom of some underlying disorder. Medical science is constantly increasing its knowledge of this condition, and is striving for improved methods of treating it. Special diets have sometimes proved effective. In a limited number of cases, surgery has been used. Additional research is concentrating on mental and emotional factors. There is also hope that newly discovered drugs may prove beneficial.



Periodic physical examinations help reveal hypertension early, when doctors say that chances for control are best. Such check-ups may also discover possible infections which may be causing the condition.

As a result of physical examinations, the doctor may make suggestions for improving your health, such as eating wisely and *keeping weight down*. The latter is especially important, for high blood pressure is more

than twice as common among fat people as it is among persons of normal weight.



In many high blood pressure cases, the best "medicine" is often simply *moderation in every physical and mental activity*. The patient may be advised to work and play at a slower pace, to avoid emotional strain, and to get plenty of rest and sleep. This helps to lessen the demands on the circulatory system, and may lower blood pressure.



Today, under good medical guidance, the outlook for people with high blood pressure is better than ever before. By carefully following the doctor's advice, they can often avoid complications and look forward to long, useful lives.

Aiding in the development of more effective measures to help combat high blood pressure is the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund, supported by 148 Life Insurance Companies in Canada and the United States. This fund is making grants for research in diseases of the heart and blood vessels, including high blood pressure.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 59L, entitled, "Your Heart." This contains many facts about high blood pressure and diseases related to the heart.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

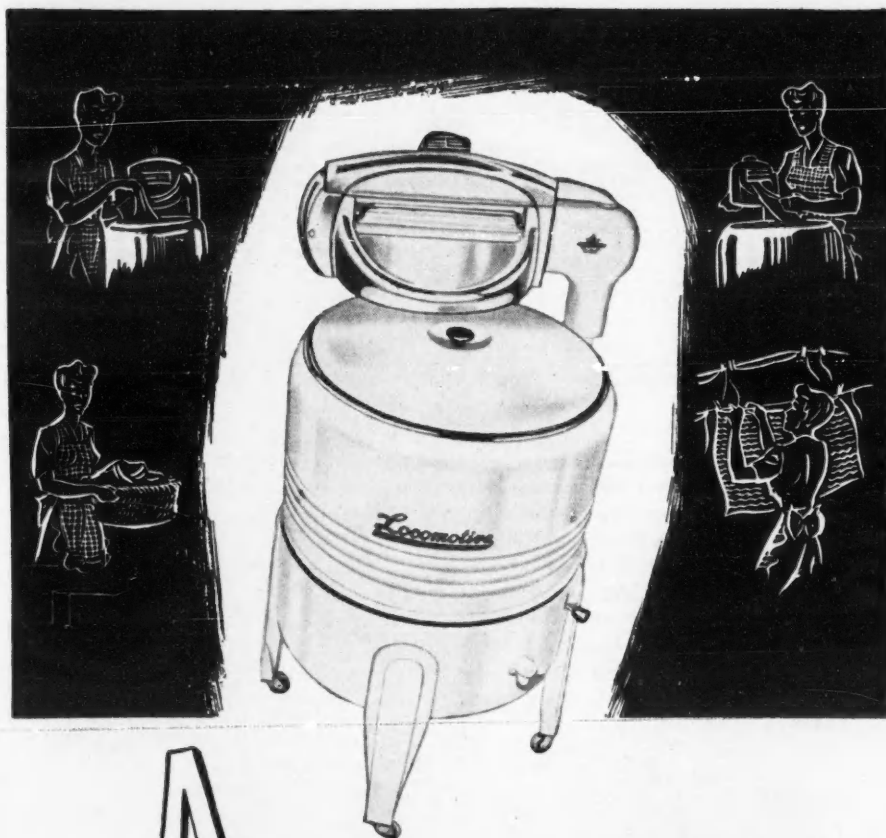
Metropolitan Life Insurance Company,
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

Please send me a copy of the
booklet 59L, entitled "Your
Heart."

Name

Street

City Prov.



4 reasons why thrifty homemakers choose the Locomotive Washer...

1. SELLS IN THE LOWEST PRICE RANGE

Why? Because the machine has a simple but basically sound design, with a minimum number of moving parts. Manufacturing know-how, gained by the makers in 28 years of turning out electric washers exclusively, enables them to keep the price low and the quality high.

2. DOES AWAY WITH REPAIR BILLS

Quality materials, conscientious workmanship, plus mechanical simplicity, mean freedom from maintenance costs. Dozens of Locomotive owners report perfect service for as much as *twenty-five years* without spending a cent on upkeep.

3. PROLONGS THE LIFE OF FINE FABRICS

Locomotive's gentle but effective "rotary-swirl" agitator forces active suds through every pore of the finest fabric without needless destructive rubbing. Gets clothes immaculately clean *fast*. The scientifically designed vanes of the ROTARY-SWIRL agitator have been proven *EASIER* on precious garments than any other type of washing action.

4. USES LESS HOT WATER AND SOAP THAN "AUTOMATIC" HOME LAUNDRIES

Operating economy of the Locomotive means a saving every washday. One tub-full of hot water does the entire week's wash, using a minimum amount of soap. And the sturdy Locomotive motor is easy on your electrical bill, too.

AVAILABLE IN ELECTRIC AND GASOLINE POWERED MODELS

Built in Canada, for Canadians, by Canadians

Locomotive

ELECTRIC WASHERS

BRANTFORD WASHING MACHINES LIMITED

Brantford Ontario Canada

2-49

class for war savings stamps. Also, the sorority to which I belong used to sell war savings stamps in theatres. Sometimes I was ashamed to take money from the hands that were held out . . . they looked as though they had scrubbed floors all their lives, and those people were the ones who did the most buying. Well, now that the war is over, what have they got for their sacrifice? . . . just increased taxes and skyrocketed prices for food and clothing. Why should people who were so wonderful during the war be exploited now? —F. B. Kingston, Ont.

Not Dumb

Dear Editor: Hurray for your article in the March issue, "Prettiest Girl In Town," which proves that a girl can be beautiful and have brains too. Let's have more stories about up-and-coming young Canadians . . . not all the interesting women in this country are politicians, or politicians' wives . . . —Mary Finley

Edmonton, Alta.

More English?

Dear Editor: I am writing to tell you how much Chatelaine has improved in the past year . . . but I do wish you would make it more English. If you could get war brides to tell of their lives in Canada, giving household budgets and cost of food, it would be a great help to their fellow country women. Also I would like more stories and articles about our Empire . . . and

how about an Agatha Christie serial? No one writes better mysteries.

—Mrs. C. O. Mason

Vancouver, B.C.

More Poetry?

Dear Editor: . . . The Meals of the Month, recipes and stories are top features in your magazine, but couldn't you tuck in the odd poem more often?

—Mrs. G. W. M.

Sherbrooke, Que.

Less Housekeeping?

Dear Editor: We like your magazine chiefly because you stress so many good points on style and beauty, which is what women look for in a magazine beyond everything else. We feel that less domestic and interior decorating would greatly improve Chatelaine. Women pick up a magazine for relaxation and reading pleasure. They want to get away from home planning and housekeeping and are eager to freshen up on articles on good looks, fashion and personalities. Such reading helps to give us the needed lift, encourages self-improvement and strengthens weak points. —Mrs. A. F., Mrs. J. McL Brantford, Ont.

Honest Fiction

Dear Editor: For some time I avoided Chatelaine. Why? Well, I consider myself of adult intelligence which made it impossible for me to read the immature, romantic, and entirely unbelievable fiction you offered your readers. The articles were good, but if



Montreal—Charming Hazel Gradingier first used Noxzema for blemishes. She adds, "It proved so effective that it's now my regular beauty cream."



Vancouver—Lovely Rita Tennant says she hasn't found anything to equal Noxzema. "It's my regular night cream—helps clear up any little skin irritations."

Do you know their startling NEW BEAUTY SECRET?

● They're lovely . . . don't you agree . . . their skin is soft, smooth and clear. Yet at one time or another they had some little thing wrong with their skin. What woman doesn't?

But recently these two girls—and thousands more like them—found a solution to their beauty problems. It's a new idea in beauty—a startling new beauty secret—Medicated Skin Care.

This amazing new beauty routine, developed by a doctor, has been clinically tested. 181 women took part in this skin improvement test supervised by 3 skin specialists. Each woman had some little skin trouble. Each woman faithfully used Noxzema in the morn-

ing as a powder base before applying make-up and at night before retiring. At 7-day intervals their skin was examined through a magnifying lens. Here are the astonishing results: Of all these women tested, 4 out of 5 showed softer, smoother, lovelier-looking skin in just two weeks!

If rough, dry skin, unattractive blemishes, chapping or similar skin troubles are spoiling the beauty of your complexion—if you long for a smoother, clearer, more radiantly lovely skin, then start using Noxzema's tested new 4-Step Beauty Routine *now*. Get Noxzema at any drug or cosmetic counter. 21¢, 49¢, 69¢, \$1.39.

you were aware that such things as sex, poverty and philandering husbands existed, you delicately ignored them.

This was my attitude when a bout of flu reduced me to a bored, bedridden invalid, when in sheer desperation I picked up the March issue. May I congratulate you. What a surprise! "My Wife's a Social Climber" deals honestly with a very prevalent problem. I was pleased to note that in "Prettiest Girl in Town" we are finally getting wise to the fact that the lack of shine on a girl's nose, or the length of her skirt isn't everything.

However, what really prompted this letter was "Morning of the Divorce," by Daphne McVicker. She is such a realistic writer—she even has enough honesty to make her reunion scene at the end of the story unromantic—yet deeply moving. I laughed aloud at the humorous spots and cried at the end. Hitherto the only reaction your fiction had wrung from me was a snicker.

—Mrs. C. R.

Montreal, Que.

Hazard to Happy Living

Dear Editor: Congratulations on your choice of a subject . . . "My Wife's a Social Climber" by Anonymous. I wish I could boast that I was the anonymous writer! Although I wasn't responsible for this article it has my sincere endorsement. I am a spinster and have, I hope, an impersonal and unemotional approach to the problems of my married friends. Along with extravagance, nigg'ing money problems,

and jealousy, social climbing is one of the greatest hazards to happy living—especially if it is done by the wife alone, dragging her protesting and then apathetic husband up the ladder and hitting his shins on every rung as they climb. I'd like to cite the case of Mary and John who have just mourned their tenth anniversary. They started off leading a modest simple life; like raisins in a badly mixed plum pudding all their fun came at once—bridge clubs with neighbors, minding one another's children—all the friendly acts that people can do for one another in a well-adjusted community. Then, John got swift promotion—and Mary got the social success bug. From being a sincere and kindly person she hardened into a tight-lipped, sharp-eyed woman, gushing foolishly and exuding a charm as genuine as a dime store diamond, when she came in contact with the so-called "right people." Her former friends stuck her as long as they could—then shied off. Her more elegant acquaintances kept on being just that . . . acquaintances. They had no desire to absorb an obvious phony into their inner circle. Result? Mary has become bitter—a victim of nervous ailments. She blames their failure on John's social inadequacy. She hasn't the wit to see where the fault lies.

My congratulations on your article lie in the weapon you used against social climbing—ridicule. Being made fun of is the Achilles heel of Social Climbers.

—Frances Webb

Montreal, Que.

LITTLE LULU

by Margé



See for yourself! Your skin will feel the difference between Kleenex Tissues and ordinary brands. Fact is, a special process keeps this baby-gentle tissue extra soft. That's why Kleenex soothes raw noses during colds . . . takes good care of delicate complexions!

The softness you love—the sturdiness you need—you get both qualities in Kleenex Tissues! You won't find any weak spots in Kleenex. It's extra absorbent, dependably strong . . . a perfectly balanced tissue that's so helpful for scads of different uses!



Tissues always at your fingertips! With Kleenex you pull just one double tissue (not a handful!) and up pops the next. Only Kleenex has this Serv-a-Tissue box . . . another important reason you'll be glad you asked for Kleenex!

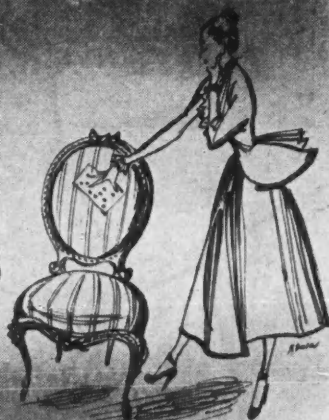


There are other tissues, but there's only one Kleenex—the top-quality tissue it pays to insist on. Soft! Strong! Pops Up! Keep a box of Kleenex handy in every room in your house.

Only Kleenex* is "just like" Kleenex



YOUR HOUSEHOLD Furnishing and decorating queries are answered in this BRITISH BOOK



ROOMS FOR IMPROVEMENT is a wonderful new book from Britain published by the makers of Vantona Household Textiles of Manchester, a book that answers clearly and concisely all the queries that arise when decorating and furnishing. It deals with the use of fabrics and furnishings and how to choose and apply colour schemes for the home. All these and many other problems are solved for you. It is fully illustrated throughout with many colour plates and drawings and provides a guide every houseproud woman will want to have and keep.



Send now for
your FREE copy

VANTONA TEXTILES LIMITED
DEPT. 2C, 407 DOMINION SQUARE BUILDING, MONTREAL



© Canadian
Cellucotton Products
Company Limited

*T.M. Reg.

Gift from Birks

THE MOST
IMPORTANT
GIFT OF ALL



There are many attractive styles in Birks collection of new wedding rings. The examples shown are fashioned in two-tone combinations of 14 kt. natural and 18 kt. white gold. Some are set with 3 and some with 5 diamonds.

Prices subject to change
BUDGET TERMS AVAILABLE

REGISTERED JEWELLERS AGS AMERICAN GEM SOCIETY
HALIFAX, SAINT JOHN, QUEBEC, MONTREAL, OTTAWA, SUDBURY, TORONTO, HAMILTON
LONDON, WINDSOR, WINNIPEG, REGINA, SASKATOON, EDMONTON,
CALGARY, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA

DAY OF DAYS . . . when, for the first time, the third finger of your left hand sparkles with a diamond of Birks traditional beauty and quality.

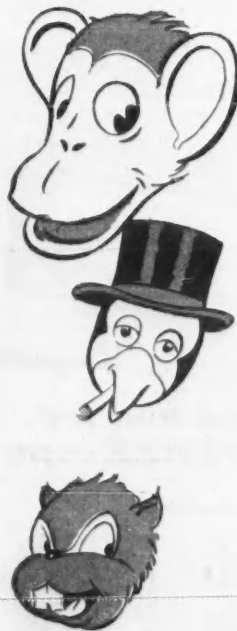
Every Birks diamond is selected by a Birks Certified Gemologist . . . mounted in a setting of exclusive design. And, because Birks are direct diamond importers, values are unsurpassed on this Continent.

Settings for Spring are new and particularly attractive. May we have the privilege of showing them to you?

BIRKS
JEWELLERS

Are the Comics

Canadian mothers report on this lively issue



THE UPROAR over certain comics and comic strips is not in the same class as the uproar over the atom bomb, nevertheless it continues to explode with the same sort of regularity in the daily news to threaten our peace of mind.

From time to time the experts have been smoked out of their lairs and forced to either one or the other side of the field. Psychologists, psychiatrists, schoolteachers, librarians, parent teacher groups, have had their say on such questions as whether or not the so-called comics are bad for the young mind, a detriment to normal development, a factor in juvenile delinquency.

In spite of the fact that many teachers and psychologists do not look upon this form of entertainment as dangerous, the daily papers continue to turn up stories tying juvenile delinquency to the reading of certain types of comics. But on this issue we seem to have heard from everyone but the person most concerned, the mother. How does the average Canadian mother react to all these scares?

To find out, Chatelaine went to its 2,000 Councilors living around every newsstand in Canada. Those having no children of their own sounded out friends with children. From all the thousands of words coming back, these pertinent facts emerge:

Canadian mothers have the situation well in hand; they have not been stampeded by atrocity stories; they are wholeheartedly in favor of real comics; they don't feel that all comics should be scrapped because of the few horror numbers.

Perhaps the most important factor emerging from this poll is that Canadian children between the ages of six and 18 are not inveterate readers of comics. Only 13% buy them regularly, 47% buy them occasionally and 20% never buy them at all. This is in startling contrast to the figures of an American research agency which show that 88% of young Americans between the ages of six and 17 read comics regularly.

Of those parents whose children buy comics regularly or occasionally, over 88% know exactly what they contain, can reel them off by name and have long ago distinguished between the best of them and the worst of them.

Of the comics approved, the greatest number are in favor of the animal comics. The second

Illustrated by Bill Colt



Really a Menace?

by Mary Jukes

largest number favor the comics catering to the teen-age group and the third largest approve of comics depicting true stories, provided they do not contain any of the characteristics of the crime comics.

Although a sixth of all mothers interviewed who know their comics consider most of them "trashy, awful and undesirable," the majority object only to those portraying violence, ugliness and fantastic situations.

As many of our Councilors observed, "so many of the crime type of comic conclude by declaring that 'crime does not pay,' having already shown it paying handsomely 99% of the way."

Another large group disapprove of the fantastic type of comic—the phantom woman whose supernatural powers involve her constantly in fisticuffs with burly men; sexy women with bodies of Lana Turner and spirits of Genghis Khan. To quote one councilor, "Even Hollywood has never lifted the American bust to the high place it occupies in the fantastic and crime type of comic."

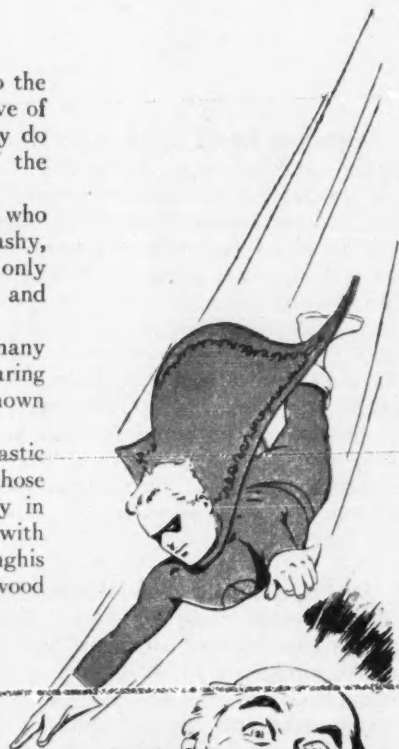
Of those children who read comics regularly or occasionally, over half of them belong to the society of swappers. This makes the role of censor a little more complicated for their mothers.

Exactly half of the parents of these children feel that the reading of comics makes children lazy about reading books without pictures.

Although in Canada several parent-teacher groups have made and are making a study of the comics, only 10% of our Councilors belong to an association or group making this kind of study. The majority, 85%, have never gone any farther than to examine the comics coming into the home.

Toward the outcries against the more sordid type of comics, publishers have not been apathetic. In the summer of 1948 an Association of Comics Magazine Publishers devised a code which bound them to rule out "sexy wanton women; scenes of sadistic torture; vulgar and obscene language; the presenting of crime in such a way as to throw sympathy against the law and justice." Of course not every publisher of comics belongs to this association, but those who do are now using a seal to identify themselves as members.

Publishers whose comics bear the association seal are asking mothers to look for this easy-to-recognize star—and to carry on from there. ♦



BIRKS STERLING

the Bride's most useful possession

Your most needed—most wanted—gift will be Sterling Flatware from Birks.

For when your gift is Birks Sterling, you are assured of finest craftsmanship, substantial weight and unsurpassed value.

Pictured for your guidance are seven of twenty exclusive patterns—designed and made in Birks own craftshops.

See them now at your nearest Birks store, or write for brochure illustrating all twenty patterns.

Prices shown are for complete six-piece place settings, comprising luncheon knife and fork, teaspoon, salad fork, cream soup spoon, and butter spreader with hollow handle.

Prices subject to change

BUDGET TERMS AVAILABLE

BIRKS
SILVERSMITHS

HALIFAX, SAINT JOHN, QUEBEC,
MONTREAL, OTTAWA, SUDBURY,
TORONTO, HAMILTON, LONDON,
WINNIPEG, REGINA,
SASKATOON, EDMONTON,
CALGARY, VANCOUVER,
VICTORIA



Stoop-
Twist-
Bend

There's always
Comfort and Control
with NuBack's
Action Back



Smart, active women
everywhere will find this
well-fitting NuBack a joy to
wear. It's made for comfort —
because that overlapping
slash in the back gives complete
freedom of movement — and it won't
ride up. Beautifully made in a full
range of styles and sizes.

NuBack
THE SUPPLE FOUNDATION
by **GOTHIC**

ANOTHER DOMINION CORSET CREATION

The Gothic "Elfin"
Longline Bra has the
exclusive Cordtex uplift and
smooth, midriff control.
Visit your corset department
or specialty shop today!

Fashion Shorts

Spring is here! Shed those heavy clothes and spruce up to the spirit of the season. As you take out last year's hat and accessories think twice before you discard them. Those flowers can have their petals pressed, felts can be brushed and steamed to look new again. Buy fresh ribbons or neatly press old ones. Try a polka-dot crepe band for the crown of your little navy straw cloche and place a perky red carnation to one side. The big picture hat you wore two years ago can come out of seclusion this year. Try it with new ribbons . . . two shades streaming down the back.

Spring cleaning. Dull job, we know, but one that must be done. With proper cleaning and packing of clothes in the spring you will find them a joy to get back into come fall. Have winter-wear suits and coats cleaned to be packed away fresh and wrinkle free. Wash all woollens—sweaters, shirts, scarves and berets—before you fold them into newspapers to be packed in either air-tight boxes or cedar chests. It's essential to the care and long life of clothes, so roll up those sleeves . . . it's time to go to work!

Definition of a waistline. Belts define your waistline to the best of advantage and this year there are all shapes, sizes and colors in this important accessory. You'll see them in suede, or leather . . . either polished and shining or golden and sparkling. Paris says the floating look is the thing . . . but it needs to be belted. Watch for belted suits, more draping and panels in dresses that call for a sculptured waistline. Try three separate belts in effect with a single closing.

Fashion goes nautical . . . This spring and summer you'll hear such terms as jib jackets, spinnaker cuffs, sailor collars, grommet waistbands and porthole necklines (they're tied through metal eyelets). Tina Leser, well-known New York designer, is making sport clothes out of sailcloth. It all adds up to something to "blow the men down" this summer!

Did you know that fabric designers are constantly on the lookout for new ideas and they find them in the most amazing places? Adrian, well-known American designer (you've seen his lovely creations in the movies) was browsing through the exhibition of paintings by Constable, an 18th-century English landscape painter, when he came across one in particular that caught his eye. It was a painting of cows grazing in the foreground. These cows have now become even more famous because Adrian consulted the fabric designer, Wesley Simpson. Result! An amusing and perky cow print featured in Adrian's collection!



Femininity is fashion. This lovely opal faconne cotton illustrates the Empire trend in the shirred bustline and molded waist. Note the perky stand-up collar and button interest. By Adele Simpson of New York.

Scatter - pin fashions — Here's a quippy that's fun to make yourself and will add an original touch to your wardrobe—little flower stickpins to wear on lapels or in a scarf. We suggest you try your hand at making a few. Take a tiny artificial rose (or any other small flower) and fasten it to a long hatpin. They say that two are always better than one—two on the side of your lapel, scatter-pin fashion.

Make a sweater-blouse. Take a plain navy sweater, finely knitted, and embroider a tiny circular design of pale blue and white beads all over. It makes a lovely sweater-blouse to wear with suits or separate skirts. (You can buy little bottles of beads at any notion counter.)

Since the cardigan look is one of the most-talked-about fashions this season it seems we should look over the sweaters we have and see if we can do something bright with them. Try binding the edges with the print of one of your dresses that you had made or made yourself.

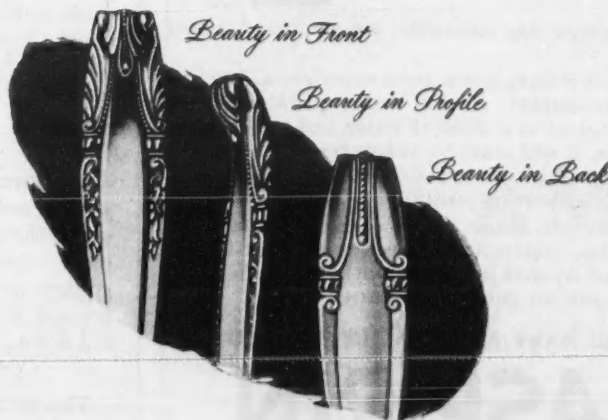
Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...is lovely from every angle



FIGURINE, CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN

*Only Wallace Sterling...like Sculpture...has
Third Dimension Beauty*

Brides are making Wallace Sterling the most sought-after silver in Canada. All over the country they're asking to see the sterling that has the "Third Dimension Beauty" of sculpture... beauty in front, beauty in profile, beauty in back. Only Wallace Sterling... created by William S. Warren, famous designer... fits that description. Before you select your sterling, be sure to see the two Wallace "Third Dimension Beauty" designs. At the left, Stradivari... at the right, Rose Point. Both patterns are made in Canada. Wallace Silversmiths, Toronto, Canada.



**WALLACE
STERLING**

King Henry VIII

1491 — 1547



A great year to visit

Historic BRITAIN

A great welcome awaits you in Britain in 1949. A great programme of cultural and sporting events has been planned for your pleasure in this friendly, hospitable land . . . Festivals of music and drama at Edinburgh, Bath, Stratford-upon-Avon, Cheltenham . . . brilliant sports occasions at Ascot, Wimbledon, Cowes . . . colourful ceremonial and historic pageantry . . . At every season of the year Britain is a great vacation-land. See your travel agent early about transportation and hotels . . . see your travel agent now.

COMING EVENTS

Racing: The Derby — The Oaks, June 1—4
Antique Dealers' Fair, June 9—24
Trooping the Colour, June 9
Royal Ascot, June 18—20
Wimbledon International Lawn Tennis Tournament, June 20—July 2
Canterbury Festival, June 25—July 2



Hampton Court

COMING EVENTS

Cheltenham Festival of Drama and Music, June 27—July 17
Open Golf Championship, Deal, July 4—8
International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh, Aug. 21—Sept. 11
Highland Games, Edinburgh, September 3.

Information and illustrated literature from The British Travel Association (Tourist Division of the British Tourist and Holidays Board), 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont., BT-79M or Room 410 Dominion Square Bldg., Montreal, Que.

Your Garden in May

by A. Earl Cox

How to choose bedding plants . . . the "musts" of transplanting . . . getting the richest blooms . . . when and where to plant.

You'll be dropping in to the corner lot or the market or the plant nursery any day now to look over those boxes of bedding plants that are such a wonderful boon to the part-time gardener. Don't let dad or the family hurry you into a fly-by-night choice so they can get to the movies. What you choose now will decide the success or failure of your whole garden later on. Make sure first of all that the seedlings are healthy, with plenty of dark green foliage and sturdy stalks. The biggest aren't always the best. If the plants have stood too long in the box they have a yellowish, spindly look. Their root systems have been checked and they're suffering from malnutrition. So buy the best—in petunias, marigolds, asters, zinnias, snapdragons, sweet alyssum, lobelia, stocks.

order to make more compact and bushy plants.

Plant petunias in large groups for color and show—especially in window boxes and borders. They grow best in sunny places. Use both single petunias and the double or ruffled varieties.

For a mixed summer bouquet, plant zinnias—in the sun; asters for late summer beauty; larkspur, clarkia, cornflowers, cosmos, stocks and snapdragons for midsummer grandeur.

Salvia will provide a blaze of color in the fall. St. John's Fire blooms earlier, but grows only 10 inches tall, while Salvia Bonfire grows tall and blooms in the fall.

If you're a rank amateur, grow marigolds—you'll love them. Even in poor soil they do remarkably well, and they'll bloom till the first severe frosts.

At the first touch of spring plant pansies. Buy them either flowering or ready to flower. Plant in a shady place where there's good soil. Pick the flowers regularly and you'll be rewarded with constant bloom. That goes too for violas—with white, yellow, buff, or heavenly blue flowers.

For something showy, try the pink Spider Plant—Cleome. Tall and spectacular with pink flower heads, it blooms from July until frost.

Keep borders and flower beds lightly cultivated all summer long. Annuals are heavy feeders, apply commercial fertilizer three or four times during the season, following the manufacturer's instructions to the letter. Pick flowers regularly to prevent plants going to seed.

When watering plants, don't sprinkle. Water them thoroughly. Remove the nozzle from the hose and saturate the ground. Light sprinkling encourages the plant roots to come to the surface in search of moisture. A thorough soaking dissolves the plant food elements in the soil and makes them available to the plants.

For summer bouquets make a place for the following in your garden: asters, celosia, cornflowers, baby's breath, larkspur, marigolds, stocks, scabiosa, salpiglossis, snapdragon and zinnias.

It's time to plant—when a handful of soil crumbles if you squeeze it, or falls apart when it's dropped. Spread well-rotted manure, or compost, or peat liberally, and dig it into the area to be planted, to keep the soil open and porous.

What are you going to edge your borders with? Ageratum, lobelia, white or lavender sweet alyssum are favorites. Plant them in small clumps about eight inches apart. Space will give the plants room to grow and spread into a lacy border.

It's simple to transplant seedlings from plant baskets into beds or borders where the soil has been prepared to receive them. Care should be taken not to disturb the root systems of the plants too much. Leave a ball of earth around each root when transplanting. Break away the plant baskets at the corners, and the individual seedlings, with ball of earth attached, can be separated much easier. Each seedling should be planted firmly and a slight depression left in the soil around it. Pour a cup of water over each.

To have straight rows when you're setting out plants, lay a long board across the bed. Kneel on the board and plant along beside it. You'll have straight-as-die rows and the board will prevent you from trampling too much soil down.

Pinch out the tops of zinnias, petunias, phlox, snapdragon, verbena, etc., when the seedlings are small, in

The fastest dirt track
motorcycle travels
1 kilometer in 19.3 seconds
. . . but in only

TWO SECONDS

Aspirin
is ready to go
to work!



Glass of
water test
shows why
Aspirin brings fast
headache relief!

When a headache is making you miserable, use genuine ASPIRIN for fast relief.

As millions of men and women know from experience, ASPIRIN is one thing that really works . . . and works quickly. To see why, drop an ASPIRIN tablet in a glass of water and watch what happens. In two seconds, it will start to disintegrate. It does the same in your stomach—brings you amazingly fast relief because it's ready to go to work almost instantly!

What's more, ASPIRIN is a single active ingredient that is so wonderfully gentle to the system it has been used, year in and year out, by millions of normal people — without ill effect. So when you buy, always ask for genuine ASPIRIN.



Lowest Prices Ever!

Pocket box of 12 . . . 18c
Economy bottle of 24 . . . 29c
Family size of 100 . . . 79c

WHEN YOU HAVE A HEADACHE, TAKE GENUINE

ASPIRIN

Trade Mark Reg. in Canada

Never neglect a tiny cut



Any tiny cut can become infected. Never take a chance.

Cleanse the cut properly. Then put on BAND-AID*, the adhesive bandage that stays put... even on hard-to-bandage places.

It comes to you individually wrapped; keeps out dirt, helps prevent infection.

Caution: Remember not all adhesive bandages are BAND-AID. Only Johnson & Johnson makes BAND-AID.

*BAND-AID is the registered trademark of Johnson & Johnson Limited for its adhesive bandage.

The quick, easy way to bandage a tiny cut



Where to plant flowering shrubs—the best types for your garden... when to prune and how... care of the soil...

Immediately after a shrub is planted the tops should be cut back at least one third. With most varieties cut back halfway to the ground for best results. This will cause the shrub to put forth more branches and develop into a more shapely bush. Cutting back the top prevents excessive evaporation and helps the shrub to take root more readily in its new location.

Flowering shrubs should be chosen for a succession of bloom all summer long—from yellow forsythia in very early spring to honeysuckle and lilac in late May, followed along by spirea and Mock Orange blossom. Plant during the month of May, after the soil has been enriched with well-rotted manure, compost or peat. Set roots firmly and "water them in" at the time of planting.

Specimens for lawns—the silver-leaved dogwood; varieties of lilac; double syringa or mock orange; Prunus Triloba, the flowering plum, with pink button-like flowers borne in profusion close to the stem. The Smoke Tree makes a handsome lawn specimen. Then there's the old favorite, ideal for town or country, Spirea Van Houttei (Bridal Wreath) with its cascading branches of white flowers.

Always leave a "ring of soil" around a shrub so that moisture will get to the roots—and less damage will be done it by the lawnmower.

Border groupings (Use three or five of a sort in a group and let them grow together into one large family planting)—Red-leaved barberry; Japanese quince; deutzia; forsythia; Hydrangea P. G. Kerria; honeysuckle, syringas, spireas (both Van Houttei and Anthony Waterer), snowballs and weigela. Plant so that there will be a succession of color in the border.

For colorful planting try purple-leaved plum on either side of golden elder.

For steep banks use barberry (either red- or green-leaved variety); forsythia, sumac, or any shrub that spreads well. These will quickly send roots in all directions to help hold the steep slope. After planting on an incline, spread strawy manure to prevent soil erosion.

Tall shrubs for screens—forsythia, mock orange, lilac, honeysuckle and elder produce long canes very quickly and they hide unsightly garage walls, etc. For special corners try buddleia, the Butterfly bush. Tamarix, pink and feathery, or if it's fragrance you want, try Viburnum Carlesii.

When to prune—Spring-flowering shrubs, which bloom on new wood grown the previous season, should be pruned just after blooming. Those which bloom in midsummer or late in the season should be pruned in early spring before new growth starts. +

EVER SEE
A SINK
SO
SHINY?



You can't beat the cleanser that's

Tired of trying for a real shine on your bathtub and sink? Then try Bon Ami. This fine, white, fast cleanser cleans without grit. Lifts off grease and grime without hard scrubbing. Leaves surfaces spotless—satin-smooth—free from the dulling scratches that trap dirt and make your cleaning harder. Furthermore, Bon Ami rinses away quickly and completely.

fast!
easy!
safe!

Cleans and polishes bathtubs, too!

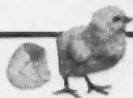


You actually work less when Bon Ami's your cleanser. Why? Because Bon Ami polishes as it cleans! Gives a shine you can get with no other cleanser. Get Bon Ami. It's fast, easy, safe—and that means safe for your hands, too.

Two Convenient Forms: Bon Ami Powder in the sifter-top can, and handy, long-lasting Bon Ami Cake.

BON AMI

"hasn't
scratched yet!"



Are the backs of your fingers smooth? You have a flair for the artistic, a leaning toward gaiety.

Is there Romance in your hand?

The ROMANTIC HAND...
One of a series.
Watch for your hand.

Is your thumb small?
You're romantic...
guided by your heart.

Is your palm wider
at the base than the top? You're
imaginative... love music,
dancing and love.

Love being in love? Whether or not you believe your hand reveals your romantic nature, you can be sure your well-groomed fingertips show you're fashion-wise. When you use Dura-Gloss, your fingertips say you're practical, too! For Dura-Gloss means exciting shades, quick application, long lasting beauty at an economical price.



DURA-GLOSS NAIL POLISH

DURA-GLOSS NON-SMEAR REMOVER

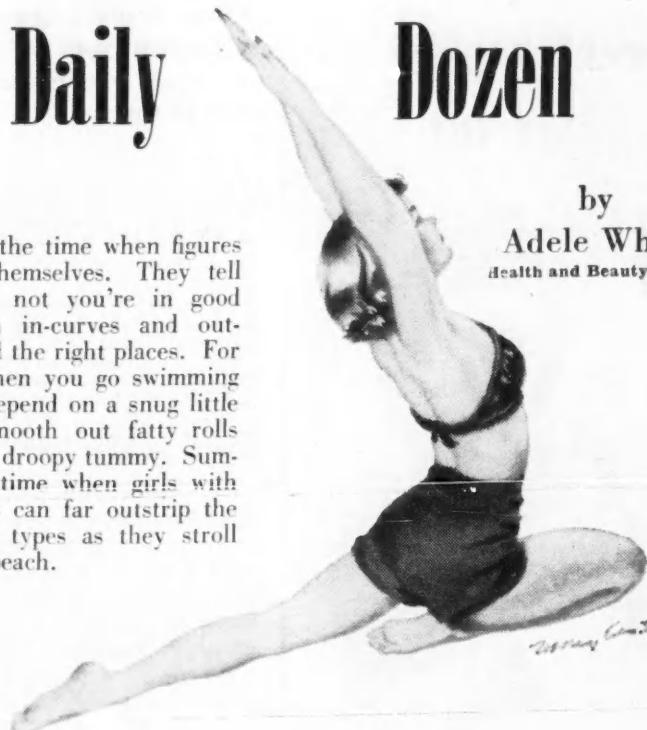
Lorr Laboratories, Canada Ltd., Montreal, Founded by E. T. Reynolds

Daily

Dozen

by
Adele White
Health and Beauty Editor

Summer is the time when figures speak for themselves. They tell whether or not you're in good shape, with in-curves and out-curves in all the right places. For example, when you go swimming you can't depend on a snug little girdle to smooth out fatty rolls or firm up a droopy tummy. Summer is the time when girls with good figures can far outstrip the bulgy Algie types as they stroll down the beach.



FRONT LINE DEFENSE: The following six exercises will help to slim midriff and tighten abdomen:

Kneel on one knee with other leg stretched straight behind. With arms overhead, raise and lower body as though you were bowing in a deep salaam. Repeat 20 times.



Stand as straight as a ramrod with your hands at your sides. Swing your right arm overhead, then swoop down and touch your left toe. It's important to keep knees locked so the pull will come through abdomen. Repeat 10 times with right arm and 10 times with left arm.



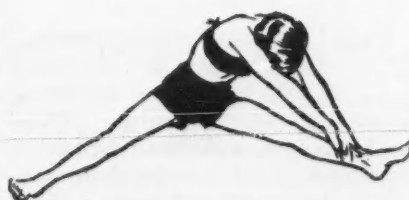
Lie on your back with legs spread wide apart, arms at sides. Now come to a sitting position swinging right arm upward, then down until fingers can touch your left toe. Repeat 10 times with left and 10 times with right arm and toe.



Still on your back, with legs straight out in front and knees locked, slowly raise both legs until they are perpendicular to your body. Hold for the count of 5, then lower. Hold again just before legs reach the floor, for another count of 5. Then lower to the floor. It's wise to take this exercise cautiously at first as you will find quite a strain on lower abdomen muscles.



This one takes balance and co-ordination. Start from a sitting position with left hand resting behind left hip. Raise your body, reaching back over your head with right arm, until it is in a straight line from feet to finger tips. Repeat 5 times, then 5 more times using your other arm.

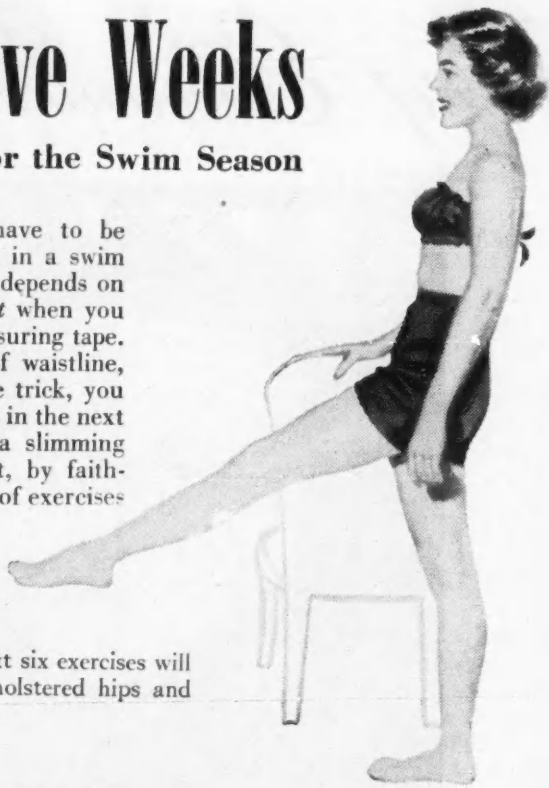


Still in a sitting position, with back held straight, raise arms above your head and make a big arc—swinging backward, then forward until you are able to grasp your left ankle. Repeat 20 times—grasping first left, then right ankle.

for Twelve Weeks

To Be in Shape for the Swim Season

You don't necessarily have to be straw-thin to make a hit in a swim suit. How well you look depends on how *this* compares to *that* when you take stock with your measuring tape. If a little whittling off of waistline, hips or thighs will do the trick, you can perform near miracles in the next 12 weeks by sticking to a slimming diet and, most important, by faithfully following this series of exercises night and morning.



REAR ACTION: The next six exercises will smooth down too-well upholstered hips and taper thighs.

Holding onto the back of a chair, swing each leg as far backward and as far forward as possible. The good of this one depends on how much vim and vigor you put into the swings.

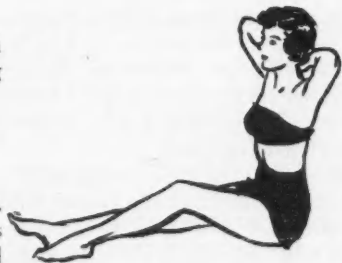
Lie on your back. Bring knees up to chest with ankles crossed and arms locked over knees. Roll over to one side, then away over to the other, rocking-horse style . . . keeping it up for two minutes at a stretch.



Here is a thigh-slimming special. Lie on your side with head resting on outstretched arm. Now lift both legs off the floor and swing them vigorously back and forth as though they were a pair of scissors cutting a strip of cotton.



This one is good discipline for the derriere. In sitting position, with arms crossed and legs stretched out straight, first raise right hip and push right leg forward, then left hip and left leg pushed forward. You'll inch across the room snail fashion.



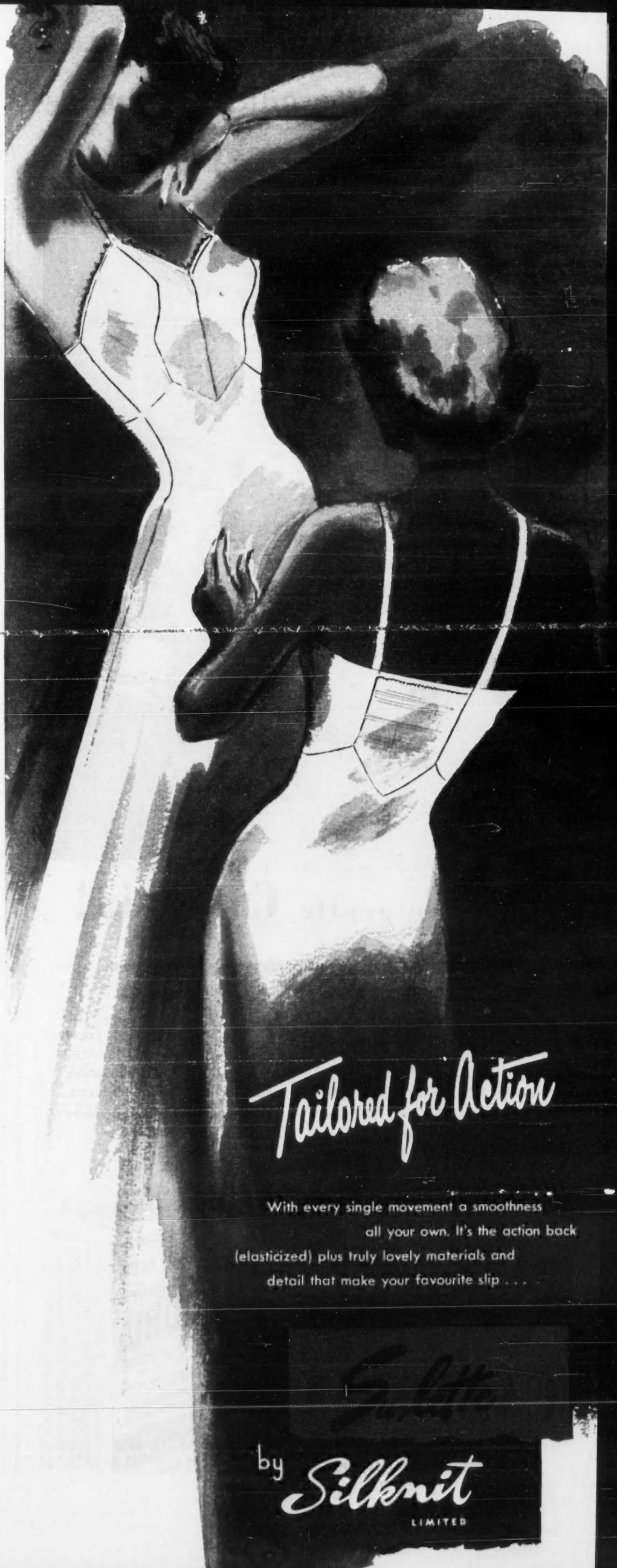
Here is another first-rate hips-hips-away routine. Lie on your back and raise your knees until they touch your chest. Now straighten out legs until they are perpendicular to your body . . . fold them back to your chest. Repeat this 20 times, using lots of pep in the leg movements.



You'll end this series on your feet, standing erect with head pushing upward as though attached to the ceiling by a wire. With backbone straight as a ruler, raise and lower your body 25 times. And don't tell us your thigh muscles won't feel the pull—almost as bad as horseback riding!



Sketches by Murray Smith



Tailored for Action

With every single movement a smoothness
all your own. It's the action back
(elasticized) plus truly lovely materials and
detail that make your favourite slip . . .

by *Silknit*
LIMITED

When baby's crankiness means "Childhood Constipation"



... give gentle **Castoria!**



"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your child is cross and that crankiness comes from "Childhood Constipation" ... it's wise to know what to do. Give her *Castoria*.

Thorough and effective—yet so gentle, it won't upset sensitive digestive systems.

Made especially for children—contains no harsh drugs, will not cause griping or discomfort.

So pleasant-tasting—children love it and take it gladly without any struggle.

CASTORIA

The **SAFE** laxative
made especially for children

Get Castoria today at your neighborhood drugstore. Be sure to ask for the laxative made *especially* for children.

Economize! Get the **money-saving Family Size** bottle.



Brief Encounter



Hi, Judge!

If you lived in Cayuga, Ontario, you'd say it too. But wherever you live you'll enjoy this lively account of brilliant Helen Kinnear, K.C., only woman county court judge in the Commonwealth.

by Elsa Jenkins

SHE IS petite and very feminine, with lots of laughter and twinkle in her hazel eyes. Moppets round town greet her with a friendly, "Hi, Judge!" are answered with a contagious smile. In Cayuga, Ontario, everyone knows that ready smile of Judge Helen Kinnear's.

Passers-by stop before the spacious home on the banks of the Grand River to admire her garden, exchange green-thumb talk. She has a pedlar's pack of other hobbies, too—painting in oils, piano, concert-going. And come summer, she and her sister tote luggage out to the car, check their supply of color movie film—and go junketing off to see what's doing in some far corner of Canada.

But the main part of the time Judge Helen Kinnear dispenses justice and practical advice at the Court House, or works in her office surrounded by books on criminal law. This slender, thoroughly charming person is one of Canada's most distinguished women.

She tacked the magic letters K.C. after her name in January, 1935. It was a big moment for her—a historic moment for the Canadian legal profession. "You have the honor of being the first woman K.C. in Canada and, I believe, in the Commonwealth," Mr. Justice Henderson told her. "I trust you may have a very distinguished career."

"Oh," she said in fervent response to newsmen's questions, "It's all... I'm so pleased... Just wonderful!"

Helen Kinnear, K.C., made news again

that year when she appeared before the Supreme Court to plead a case—the first woman to do so. She was an outstanding success, but undoubtedly she had her brushes with the superior-male bogey, for she has said, "If a man proves a failure he is just accepted as that, but should a woman fail in her chosen profession, everyone says it serves her right... she should be home pushing a carpet sweeper!"

But Miss Kinnear didn't fail. Reporters were once more on the wire when Hon. Louis St. Laurent, then Minister of Justice, appointed her a county court judge in 1943. First woman county court judge in Canada—still the only one in the Commonwealth. All this chalked up by a five-foot-four brownette!

A judge in a softly tailored, utterly feminine green wool is something different and refreshing. And Miss Kinnear's quick mind and keen wit have proved equally refreshing. She's very straightforward—the kind that hits out from the shoulder.

"I've settled more than my share of family troubles," she says with a wry shake of her head. "Domestic troubles are economic rather than social. When she marries, the woman gives up her income and her economic independence. That's the root of a great deal of domestic strife."

As Judge of the Juvenile Court she has had face-to-face experience with today's big social problem—the juvenile delinquent. "Children are never funda-



"SAD" DAYS CAN BE GLAD DAYS

MIDOL

RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL
MENSTRUAL PAIN
CRAMPS-HEADACHE-"BLUES"



FREE
Personal sample, in plain
envelope. Write Mrs.
Helen Graham, Dept.
L-59, 1019 Elliott Street
West, Windsor, Ontario.

MIDOL

RELIEVES CRAMPS
EASES HEADACHE
CHASES "BLUES"

Mother do you know the Answer-

1 application of SULEO
clears the most heavily
infested head despite contact
with infected children. It
kills both nits and lice... no
fine tooth comb or shampoo
needed. Safe and undetectable; at
all druggists. 50¢. Write for
pamphlet: J. M. Inwood Limited, 406
Hopewell Avenue, Toronto.



SULEO D.D.T. hair
emulsion

mentally bad," she says. "Families have been forced by the economic inequality of our civilization to live in crowded and sordid surroundings. The children pay the penalty."

Those Problem Parents

Nor does she overlook problem parents. "Considering how often children are denied the attention and wise encouragement of parents, the surprise is that so many of them follow the straight and narrow path and that so few seek the satisfaction of achievement outside the law. Children seem impelled by the same motives to do wrong as they are to do right. The motive which impels a child to go wrong would, if properly directed, just as easily make him a worthy citizen. There's nothing basically wrong with motives—it's only the direction they take which causes trouble."

Judge Kinnear recognizes, too, that prejudice is another subtle source of delinquency. "Ostensibly the door of opportunity is open to all children in Canada—but only ostensibly."

With the logic of a man and the intuition of a woman, she settles these human problems before her desk every day. And her experience as a Port Colborne lawyer aids her in solving those complicated legal problems that shingle, or rather added her name to her father's, in 1920. It was a proud and unique partnership, one that endured till Mr. Kinnear's death. Then his daughter carried on the practice, alone.

Dating back to those early days is her great interest in Canadian politics. This interest is evident in her grasp of economic causes, her well-informed, progressive attitude on current issues.

"All women," she says, "should find time to take an interest in what is happening about them. The politics of this country should be as important to women as they are to men."

Women Need Even Break

Nor is this idle talk. A large part of Judge Kinnear's life has been devoted to politics. Her nomination as Liberal standard bearer for Welland County in the last election crowned a long political career. Her election to Parliament would have been a tremendous step forward for Canadian women. But Canada was at war. Hon. Humphrey Mitchell, who had taken over the portfolio of Minister of Labor, was without a seat in Parliament. Miss Kinnear was asked to relinquish her nomination, and she stepped aside to allow her fellow Liberal to stand as Federal candidate for Welland.

There's all the hustle and excitement of "election year" in the air, and on the timely question of women and politics, Judge Kinnear has made some typically keen observations:

"Politics is a new game for women. All we ask is that man give us an even break. I think if another election goes by without any woman candidates, women are going to be discouraged. All that women in politics have done in the past is work to get men into parliament."

"I venture to hope that the time may come when candidates are chosen not because they happen to be men or women, but because their constituencies have faith in their ability. I hope that day arrives before old age stiffens my joints and dulls my senses."



every woman is in love with it

Smooth it on thinly with your fingertips. It spreads

a velvety, natural skin glow over your face, even

veiling tiny imperfections. Rouge blends beautifully,

powder clings softly, and now your loveliness

will last through day or evening. So friendly to the skin...

and so flattering to wear! Three shades, one just right

for you—Blonde, Medium or Bronze at \$1.25.

'Make-up Base'

by **YARDLEY**
OF LONDON



Frances Louise Ward, Long Island deb, marries Charles Kohler White, heir to piano fortune. Gown of creamy champagne satin, enhanced with rhinestone and seed pearl embroidery. Her creamy smooth complexion beauty enhanced with daily Woodbury beauty care!

"The Lovely Bride" ...IS ANOTHER WOODBURY DEB



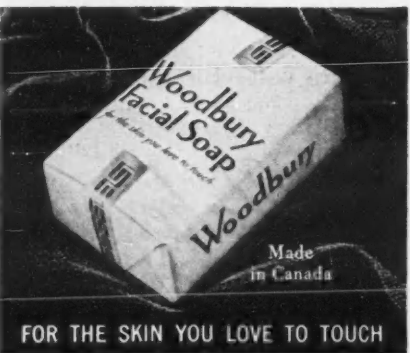
Frances cuddles tiny Boxer puppy...as gently as Woodbury coddles her baby-clear skin. Mild...extra-mild...that's Woodbury Facial Soap! Try it, girls, on your sensitive skin.



Sparkle treatment! "That's my name for a Woodbury Facial Cocktail," says she. "I cream on the creamy-rich lather...rinse warm 'n' cold. That quick, my skin's aglow!"



Bermuda Honeymoon Daze! "She keeps me dazed," says Charles, "with her smooth sweet skin!" Woodbury has a rich beauty-cream ingredient...for beauty-soft skin!



Be like the debs! Follow their beauty care... Woodbury Facial Cocktails daily...before every look-lovely date. Woodbury's made by skin-specialists...to help you look lovelier!

Give your skin Woodbury's plus—a rich beauty-cream ingredient!

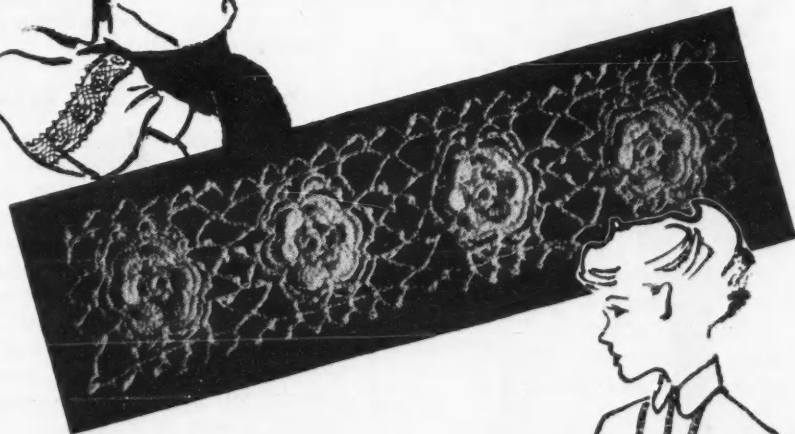
Magic in Crochet

THERE'S NOTHING like a pretty blouse to perk up a dull day—or last year's suit. And a touch of lace cleverly applied gives your skirt-topper a feminine charm neither buttons nor bows can match. Try these dainty lace designs on classic, simply styled blouses and achieve that elegant, custom-made look every woman envies.

The design shown below we used on a neat little cap-sleeved blouse—the versatile kind that wears so well with a suit—is equally at home above a long, swishy skirt. Results are rewarding!



Try it for sigbs. 'Tis date-bait, sure enough, this delicate Irish-type lace—particularly when applied in generous bands on a smoothly fashioned full-sleeved blouse. You'll be the belle of the ball when you go waltzing! For sheer luxury edge your lingerie and handkerchiefs with the same lace, worked in a finer tension.



Sew something sweet and simple—and run several bands of crochet beading from collar to waist. Presto! You'll have a smart, good-looking blouse you'll want to wear every day. Just another way to face-lift your favorite workaday outfit. On slips and nighties, too, woven through with narrow ribbon, this lace is luscious and lovely. Tint it to match pretty spring pastels.



Instructions for the three patterns of lace shown above may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Order No. S215, Price 10c.



Color Harmony begins with your floors...
and what lovelier foundation for decorating schemes
than the beautiful new Harding Carpets!

Look for the Harding Label

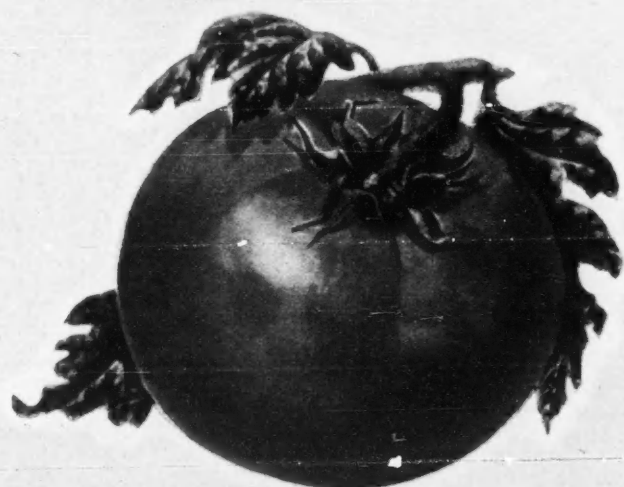
"Carvecraft" Broadloom



HARDING CARPETS LIMITED, BRANTFORD AND GUELPH, CANADA



The best go to
AYLMER



Canada's finest tomatoes are
specially grown for Aylmer!

Over 25 years have been spent by the Aylmer Seed
firm developing tomatoes best suited to Canada's soil
and climate. And millions of seedlings are supplied to
Canadian growers to produce specially flavorful
tomatoes for Aylmer! That's why everyone
says: "Aylmer sure knows its tomatoes!"



Your family
deserves
Aylmer quality



Canadian Cannery Ltd.
Hamilton, Canada

Beauty Brevities

THIS SEASON there are subtle new shades of
lipstick, rouge and nail polish to complement
most popular spring and summer colors.

With navy blue wear a true, sharp red.

With lighter shades of blue a red with a blue
undertone.

With all shades of grey geranium red—ne with a pink
cast.

With vivid colors such as scarlet, emerald, royal blue
—the same true red as for navy

With pastels—a rosy mauve shade.

With black—a deep rose shade will be most dramatic.

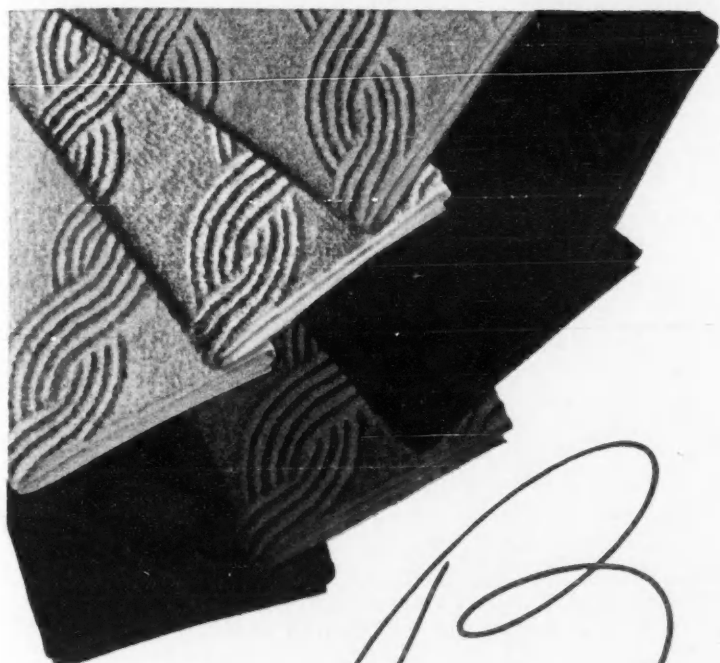
This may seem reminiscent of a Turkish harem
but when you're in a hearts and flowers mood, here's
a tip for disseminating a subtle fragrance around the
room. Drop an infinitesimal amount of perfume on
each electric light bulb so that the heat from the bulb
will send off an elusive, tantalizing scent.

The new short-short hair styles can cause
your hairdresser plenty of trouble when he starts to
give you a permanent wave—and you'll suffer too if you
give yourself a home perm. Because—those very short
ends, particularly at the back of your neck, will defy all
efforts to wind them around the rollers. Courage, sister!
Here is the answer to your problem. Have your perm
before having your hair cut and trimmed. This will
ensure that all bits and pieces will turn out curly rather
than stringy wisps.

Body sachet is scent in powder form and is used
quite differently from the sachet you sew into bags
and tuck in dresser drawers. As body sachet is a form
of perfume you use it with the same restraint. Rub
a little under arms, on the back of your neck, on your
wrists and shake a bit down the front of your dress.

Girls who find cake powder base too drying will
welcome with enthusiasm a new liquid foundation which
is actually made from real silk. It comes in a variety
of shades to match all complexions, smooths on evenly
and easily to give your face and neck a flawless
perfection. You can wear it with or without powder
—depending on whether you prefer a nonshiny or a
slightly dewy look to your skin. (The latter is our choice
for summer.)

The latest type of home permanent kit contains
a very tricky and useful gadget. It's a small dial that
tells you the exact time for leaving solution on your
type of hair: i.e., you have medium-fine hair—turn
dial to "medium fine." You want a loose curl, turn
clocklike hands to "loose curl." The answer will show
below with full directions how to get exactly this result
from your perm.



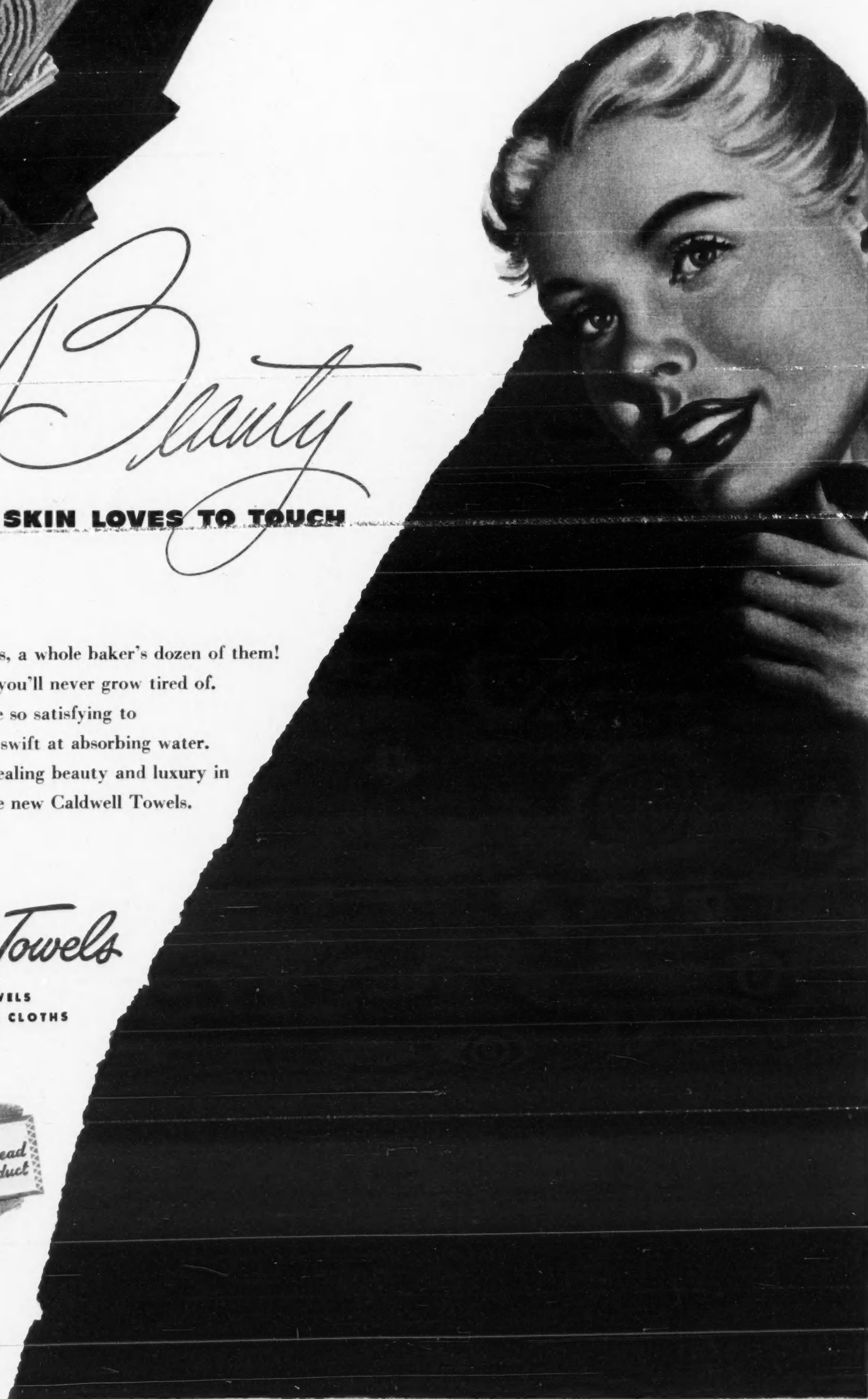
Beauty

YOUR SKIN LOVES TO TOUCH

Bright *new* colours, a whole baker's dozen of them!
Graceful new patterns you'll never grow tired of.
Soft, fleecy texture so satisfying to
the touch, so swift at absorbing water.
There's sense-appealing beauty and luxury in
everything about the new Caldwell Towels.

Caldwell Towels

Caldwell BATH TOWELS
DISH TOWELS • TABLE CLOTHS
HUCK TOWELS





The Miracle of

Bruck
FABRICS

Canada's Distinguished Fabric

Miracord

Wonderfully fluid Miracord . . . a glorious new fabric in rich clear colours. Lightweight and cool, Miracord combines attractive rayon with striking hairline stripes of combed cotton cord. And its all-season versatility is breath-taking . . . dresses, housecoats, sportswear, not to mention men's sportswear and suits. For a smarter place in the fashion sun, wear Bruck's Miracord . . . the fabric with both eye and purse appeal.

BRUCK MILLS LIMITED • Montreal and Toronto
Bruck Fabrics are sold by the yard in leading stores everywhere

The Masterful Male



by Cecilia Bartholomew

NOW THAT Alicia had got her way she was being charming. Spoiled, Ken thought, as he took his eyes off the road for an instant to look at his beautiful wife. She caught his look and took it as an invitation—maybe it was—to slide across the seat close to him. She laid her cheek against his shoulder. The wind blew a strand of hair across his face and he caught some between his lips. It tasted good—fine and blond (sure, you could tell by the taste of it that it was blond)—and smelling of the sun and Alicia.

"Rotten spoiled," he said out loud, releasing her hair.

"Why? Because I like my own way?" She had dropped her dark glasses that morning and broken them—his fault, of course—so her blue eyes were squinting a bit in the sun and her nose was wrinkled, but even squinting and wrinkled, she was good to look at. "Everybody likes their own way."

"Everybody doesn't always get it," Ken said grimly.

Alicia smiled, and Ken knew she was thinking that only proved she was smarter than they were. And she was. She was almost as good as she thought she was, and that made her super.

"If your family had had any restraint," he said, going back to an old sore.

"They couldn't help themselves." She

Continued on page 38

Illustrated by Harry Kane

BOBBY BOONE closed the door behind him, bawled, "Mom," and placed the big stack of high-school books and the paper bag holding his lunch on the hall table. "Mom," he bawled again.

"Where are you?"

"Right here."

He swung around, and there was his mother coming out of the living room. She had on her coat and hat, even her gloves. She looked nifty, Bobby thought, really sharp, so kind of neat and clean and—yes, by golly, young. Mom was okay.

"Gee, you startled me," he said, taking a deep breath. "Where're you going?"

"It doesn't matter. You've been suspended again."

Bobby frowned at her. She didn't sound like herself at all. There wasn't any worry in her voice, ~~any distress, anything~~, she just said it.

He leaned against the newel post. "Yeah," he said, trying hard to sound indifferent. "Old Wills and I had it out in math. I shot a paper wad at Ben Kenny, and Tess Hildreth stuck her head out just in time to get it smack in the snoot." His short burst of laughter was like an explosion in the quiet house. "Boy, how she yelled! Wills landed on me with both feet, and I—I told him plenty. He sent me down to Cameron, and—"

"I know," Mrs. Boone interrupted, still coolly impersonal. "Mr. Cameron phoned me. You've been suspended for two weeks and put on probation." She walked to the front door and opened it. "I shan't be home for lunch," she added over her shoulder.

Bewildered, Bobby did not move. He saw the car back by the living room window, and still he did not move. Something dull and heavy seemed to be pressing down on him. What, he wondered, was the matter with Mom? She hadn't sounded mad or upset or anything. He wouldn't have been surprised if she'd bawled, but for her to act like that! "You've been suspended for two weeks." Boy, you'da thought she was saying, "The sun will set at 5.13." She sounded like a stranger.

He picked up his books, slowly mounted the stairs, and went to his own room. He placed his books on his desk, took the last cigarette from a pack, lighted it, puffed briefly, and then killed the cigarette in an ash tray. The thing tasted rotten. What was eating Mom?

Yeah, and what was he going to do with himself the next two weeks? Here it was, not noon yet, and not one thing to do all day long. He couldn't even go to the movies, not with only 20 cents to his name—and there'd be no allowance either; he could bet on that. He'd been a fool to shoot craps with the gang Saturday night, especially Tim Kelly. Tim always won; he always won at everything. Gosh, what a guy! Three touchdowns Saturday afternoon against Whitney. Sure, but who opened the way for him? He wouldn't run wild next Saturday against Canner.

Bobby sank into his easy chair. The team would be sore at him; the whole darned school would be sore. Pete Canio couldn't take his place at tackle. He couldn't start. Tim would be stopped cold. Okay. Everybody always cheered for Tim. Maybe they'd find out who made Tim a hero. What had got into Mom, anyway?

THE HOURS dragged. He ate the lunch in the paper bag, wandered dimly for a time around the yard, and returned to his room. He picked up his history book and dropped into the easy chair. He



by Percy Marks

Illustrated by Casey Jones

hadn't read 20 pages so far, but he'd picked up enough in class to pass the tests. He turned to the first page. His eye sought the opening sentence, as it always sought anything in print, and he began to read. That Bismarck! What a man!

The closing of a door downstairs startled him and he lifted his head. Well, what did you know, it was getting dark. What time was it, anyway? He glanced at the alarm clock. A quarter to five! If that wasn't one for the book! He'd been reading history the whole darned afternoon. It was interesting stuff, though, interesting as heck. That must be Mom downstairs. Mom . . .

What do you suppose was griping her? He'd been suspended before—only a couple of days each time, of course, but she hadn't acted like a stranger. She'd said she was disgusted with him, given him a regular going-over; but, heck, she was always doing that—Pop, too, both of 'em always grouching that he didn't study and that he ran with the wrong gang. They were the most popular guys in school, if anyone wanted to know—the real hotshots. Look at Tim Kelly. He could do anything—get away with anything. All he had to do was turn on that million-dollar smile of his. Of course, he smoked like a chimney even during football season, but nobody ever caught him at it. He drank a lot, too, and as for girls . . . Bobby shivered. He



"I'm in an awful hurry," she explained, "but I want to tell you I thought you were wonderful this morning. That was the bravest thing I ever saw." She smiled unexpectedly. "How about coming over Friday night?"

certainly wished he had Tim's nerve; he certainly did . . . Tim was a regular hellion, all right, but everybody liked him. Nobody could help liking him, but Mom and Pop said he was wild. Wild? Bobby laughed aloud. Sure, he was, but there wasn't a sweller guy living.

His mother came upstairs, moved around in her room, and went downstairs. Was she sore? Was that it? Nuts! If she was sore, she wouldn't act like that; she'd take the hide off him. And you could tell when she was really upset; she always got wet around the eyes. No, it was something else, and he wished he knew what the dickens it was.

Heck, he'd go ask her. She was his mother, wasn't she? He stood up and switched on a light. He turned and saw himself in a mirror. What a mess he was with that big mouth and big nose and hollow cheeks. No wonder Louise Mainwaring wouldn't have a thing to do with him. He'd bet he'd asked her to six dances and 10 movies, and she'd turned him down every time. She was such a cute little thing, too—so darned cute with that little nose and big grey eyes and blond hair, and the neatest figure. Darn it she was *cute*! He bent closer to the mirror? Who could blame her for giving him the air? Now if he looked like Tim Kelly . . .

Tim was slender and *smooth*. Every move he made had class, and that mug of his—pink cheeks and blue eyes and white teeth and rumpedly yellow hair—and the way he could cut in when you gave him a hole through tackle, it was something. No wonder the girls went nuts over him.

But that bird there . . . Bobby shook his head at what he saw in the mirror. All that straight brown hair that'd never stay in place, and that muddy skin—A pimple! Oh lord, another one! Right there under his left eye—another pimple. Ugh, pimples made his insides twist. Louise probably scinged every time she looked at him. And he was such a big lug, too, all shoulders and hands and feet. Mom said—

MOM? HE TURNED from the mirror and sighed heavily. If she could just get it in her head, Pop too, that he wasn't a baby any more. He was going on 17, wasn't he? He was old enough to quit school if he wanted to. The law would let him. And that's what he'd do, too, if they got shirty—and just let 'em try to stop him; just let 'em try . . .

Suddenly fortified, he went downstairs and directly to the kitchen door. His mother glanced at him and + *Continued on page 70*

It was just being feminine, Natalie believed.

But little white lies, charmingly told, may act like termites
feeding on love . . . leaving an empty shell

The Liar

by Josephine Bentham

NATALIE WATCHED her husband walking out of the room. She lifted her hand for an instant as if to call him back. Then she ~~let it fall to her side. She had forgotten Jed Harkness, but when~~ some slight motion on his part recalled his presence she turned to him slowly, her eyes afraid and bewildered, like the eyes of a lost child. He knew she was going to lie to him.

Now the moment played a curious trick on him, becoming one with the moment he had met her. The intervening years had less substance than a passing thought, perhaps because it was the same thought, forming the same compassionate question in his mind. For the first statement he had ever heard her make was a lie.

He could look back on the scene in the Jordans' living room as it was a few minutes before her entrance. It was commonplace in itself, but it had the importance of any scene that precedes an event. One considers such a scene, in retrospect, and marvels at one's lack of prescience. "There I was," one says, "just reaching for a sandwich—" or, "It was getting a bit dull and I was about to ease out of the place—" Jed, on this occasion, had been listening amiably enough to the Livingston twins. The girls laughed and tittered together, like birds. They gave each other character as a team and robbed each other of character as individuals. The Jordans' butler was coming around with cocktails again and Johnny Perrin, assertively democratic, was joking with the man, annoying him very much. Over by the fireplace Myron Rhodes, who was Jed's best friend, was holding conversation with his host. This having been four years before his father's death, Myron was still only a junior partner in the publishing house, but he had been given greater responsibilities than most young men could have carried so easily, and so modestly. He was tall and well built, with steady, intelligent brown eyes and a smile that, coming not too frequently, never failed to have warmth and meaning. People trusted Myron Rhodes on sight, and believed in him.

Now Bill Jordan's voice had deepened and everyone in the room heard what he had to say.

"There seems to be a lot of talk about war. What do you say, Myron? Think there's a possibility?"

Myron nodded.

"More than a possibility," he said.

A gloom promptly spread over the gathering, because Myron's words, as always, had carried conviction. Aware of this, he made a quick, self-deprecating gesture.

"I'm no prophet, of course!"

Jed roused himself. As if on signal, he switched a radio dial and brought in a blast of gaiety from the Hotel Glencannon. In the same instant Lila Jordan was hurrying across the room to welcome a new arrival.

Jed turned to glance at the Jordans' guest, and at once his interest ceased to be casual.

NATALIE COLBY was a slender, almost fragile-looking girl whose eyes were a shining grey and whose mouth was gently curved. She was not more than 20. She greeted everyone with a certain deference, as if she had not yet lost the manners proper to a good school.

Johnny Perrin was questioning her.

"Are you going to be here all summer?"

"Oh, yes! We've taken that little brown shack on Linden Road. We tried to get the big house on the hill—the Stanford place—but the man said it was already rented." She gave him her innocent, young girl's smile. "The little brown shack will be more fun, don't you think?"

Jed's face clouded for a moment. He had been in the realtor's office a few days before, when someone called Colby had telephoned to enquire about the big house, rejecting it because it had been beyond his financial reach. Any young girl might have given the story such a twist, in a naive desire to enhance her father's importance; yet he could not convince himself the thing was so trivial. From this first encounter he knew Natalie Colby to be lost and unsure, putting out her little stories to please people, presenting so many different versions of herself that her own identity could scarcely be glimpsed, even by someone who loved her, as Jed loved her, from the very beginning.

She was, however, not interested in Jed. She was giving her rapt attention to Myron, who was talking eagerly of "War and Peace," a work for which he had a feeling little short of reverence. When she spoke, her tone matched Myron's.

"Why, do you know? That's my very favorite book!"

Jed turned crimson. It was to be the first of a thousand such apprehensive moments. Fortunately, no one seemed to share his mistrustful thought. Natalie was so young and gentle, and she had such shining eyes. Myron was delighted.

"That's wonderful," he cried. "Most women don't seem to like it, for some reason. The work is structural, of course—"

Myron continued happily, but Jed let the words go past him. He kept a worried eye on Natalie whose gaze, fastened on Myron, was instinct with understanding and delight. ♦ Continued on page 74

*She gave him her innocent little-girl smile
and he knew she was about to lie to him again.*

Illustrated by Michael



Your place in the Sun

by Adele White
Health and Beauty Editor

IT BEGINS with spring rains of April, then gathers full momentum as crocuses, daffodils and tulips poke their heads above ground—this deep longing for sunshine, green trees and blue skies, surging up inside us.

In most parts of Canada we have so little time. Often less than 12 weeks of real summer weather; of warm, lazy days for sun-basking and building up health and vitality. We can't afford to waste a moment of it. And, even though our time is short, by carefully planned exposure to sun's rays, we can end the season with a honey-golden look and with a skin full of vitamins.

SKIN TYPES: To get the best from the sun, the first step is to profit from past experience on how much basking you can stand without burning. Most of us at one time or another have had the painful experience of joining the sun worshipers' festival, not joyously, but as a miserable burnt offering. Not only was there acute discomfort, but precious days lost, while skin healed, then having to start all over again, to build up resistance. It's a wise girl who knows, not only enough to come in out of the rain but also out of the sun—at the right moment.

Redheads, blondes and fair-complexioned lassies should start off with precision-timed exposure—not more than five minutes toasting back and front, with the exception of legs, from knees down—they can stand triple the time without harm. Also the fair ones should make good use of antiburn creams which prevent, to a large extent, the penetration of ultra-violet rays. The basic ingredient of these creams was developed during the war to protect troops in hot climates. It's now available in good supply at cosmetic counters and drugstores. By judicious use of this cream you can tan without the uncomfortable, intermediate lobster-red stage.

The second type, usually olive-skinned brunettes, tan quickly and easily, but as the sun hands out vitamins, it also dries up natural oils, and season after season of exposure will toughen skin to a leathery bronze. To prevent this, make liberal use of suntan oil—keep smoothing it on as you sun bathe.

Then again there are some people who seem allergic to strong sunlight. It makes them feel dizzy—often ends in a bang-up headache. If this is your trouble, it's probably caused, not by any mysterious element in the sun's rays, but by too intense heat hitting the top of your head. Try wearing a cotton hat or covering your head with a damp, cool cloth. Your body can absorb all the sun it needs even though your head is out of the picture.

Keep your sun bath a private affair . . . a secluded spot where you can get a smooth, even tan from head to toe. And speaking of toes, be sure to kick off your shoes or sandals and let the sun reach your feet. Summer is the time for feet to do a Cinderella act. They've been kept in the dark all winter long—now is their chance to come into full view.

PROTECT EYES AND NOSE: Two things to guard against are squinting and nose peeling. If the sun hurts your eyes . . . turns you into a monkey face, you'd better sport a pair of sunglasses. And we mean sport, because sunglasses this year are just about the sportiest of all summer accessories. Eye doctors warn,

however, that with normal eyesight, dark glasses should only be worn to offset strong sun, otherwise eyes may get used to being pampered against light. Doctors also stress the importance to eye health of riboflavin in your diet—it belongs to the vitamin B family and deficiency of it may cause sensitivity to light. Start early, they advise, to build up eye resistance by drinking a pint of milk (skim is just as good as whole) or eating a couple of ounces of cheese each day, so your orbs will be in good condition to meet the summer sun.

If you're choosing sunglasses, get lenses that are optically ground and polished. They are a bit costly, but there'll be no blurring or distortion of vision. Green glass is best as it cuts down glare without changing the natural color of the scenery—it won't give you a dark gloomy view of the world.

As your nose is your most prominent feature, it will get the full of the sun and may easily be in the red—start peeling and defy all the tricks of make-up to hide its scaliness. Use plenty of anti-burn cream tuck a strip of face tissue under your goggles and let it drape over your nose, for at least part of your tanning time.

ON THE JOB: If you're stuck in the city, with only two weeks' holiday a year, you can still have your place in the sun by making good use of early mornings and late afternoons. Even though the sun is not so powerful as at midday, you can lie out for half an hour at a time, twice a day, and build up resistance to burning.

SUNSHINE EVERY SUNDAY: Start at the beginning of the season to make every week end a dress, or rather undress, rehearsal for vacation time ahead. Get out of the city as often as possible. In any large community the sun's rays are scattered to some extent by smoke. Get out into the country—by train—by bus—by car. Fresh clean air actually increases your metabolism, makes you feel healthier, hungrier—just remember how much food you can tuck away at picnics, in spite of the inevitable army of ants on parade. You wouldn't enjoy that sort of meal half as much if it were served indoors. Also, if you're heading for the country on a Sunday afternoon you'll be right in there from the start, merging with the holiday crowd when vacation time comes.

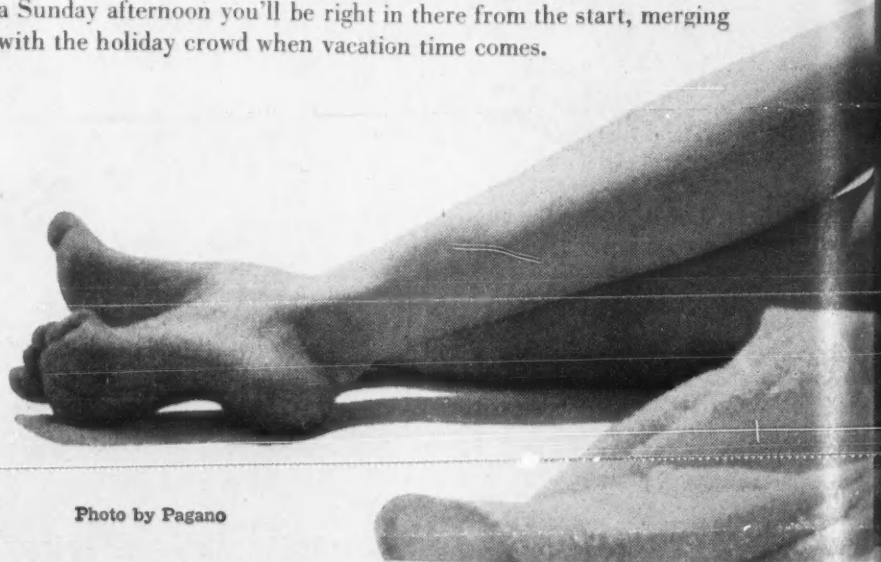
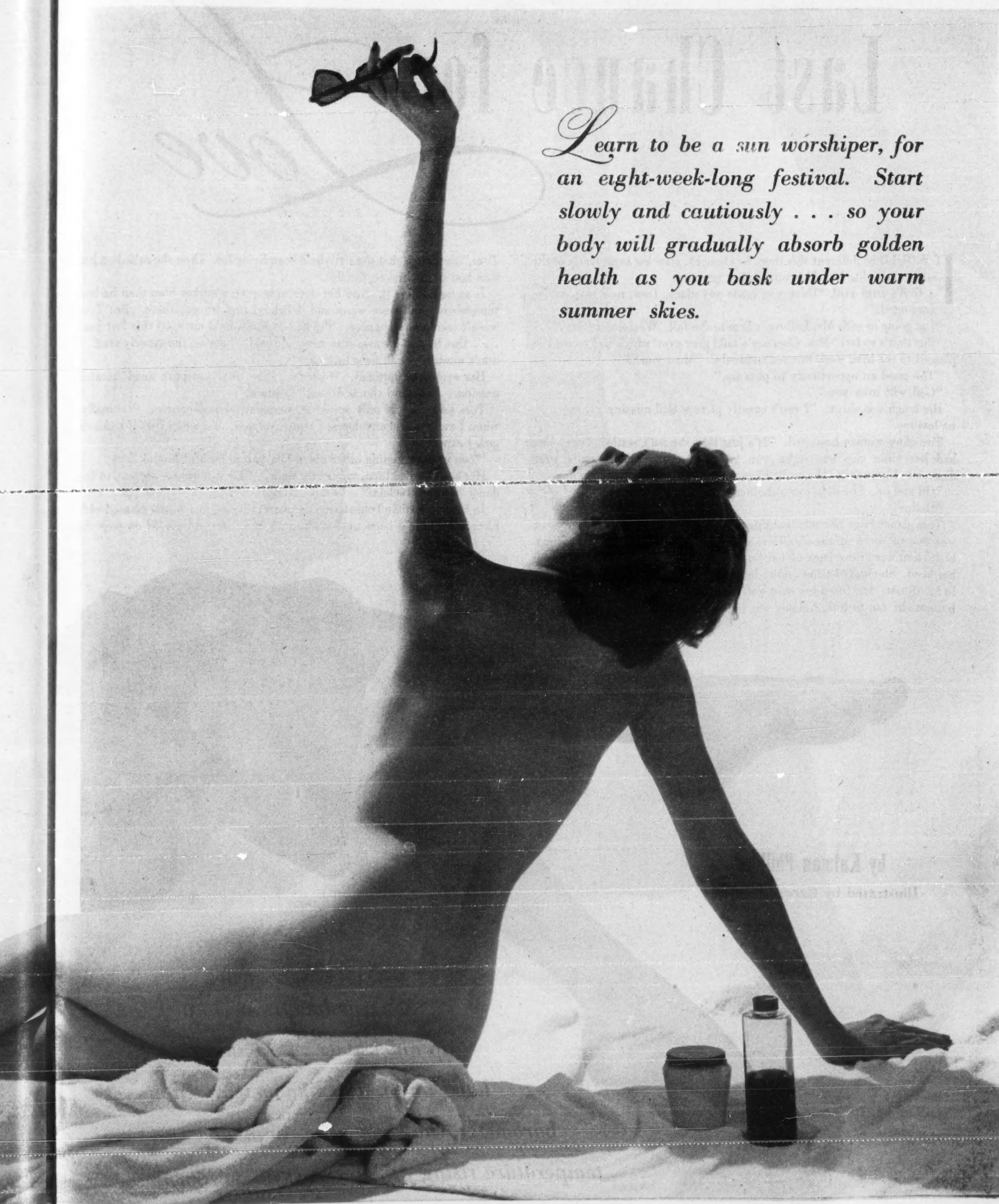


Photo by Pagano

Learn to be a sun worshiper, for an eight-week-long festival. Start slowly and cautiously . . . so your body will gradually absorb golden health as you bask under warm summer skies.



Last Chance for Love

IT WOULD be different this time, he thought, glancing expectantly at the steps. It had to be. This was his last summer.

Gail's aunt said, "Have you made any plans, Tom, now that you've graduated?"

"I'm going in with Mr. Lathrop's firm in the fall. West-coast office."

"But that's so far!" Mrs. Cheyney's mild grey eyes, which had seemed so pleased to see him, were worried suddenly. "Must you?"

"Too good an opportunity to pass up."

"Gail will miss you."

His laugh was short. "I can't exactly picture Gail missing anyone . . . no less me."

The older woman hesitated. "It's just that she isn't settled, Tom. I've had her since she was eight, you know . . . since her parents were divorced. I know her. She really likes you."

"Off and on. She didn't even bother to answer my last two—"

"Hello."

Tom glanced up. She was standing at the head of the staircase. The gown was one of those off-the-shoulder, sweeping skirt things, and her wheat-blond hair was drawn back off her forehead and piled like a crown on top of her head. She looked taller and so lovely that he had a sudden tight feeling in his throat. She lifted her skirt and came quickly down the steps. At the bottom she ran to him, holding out both hands. She said, "You're back,

Tom," as though that were all she'd been living for. Then she raised on her toes and kissed him on the lips.

It seemed different. And her eyes were even a darker blue than he had remembered and were warm and delighted that he was there. But Tom wasn't taking any chances. She had to know he'd changed this last year . . . that he was his own man now. He said, "Easy on the sisterly stuff. I don't want to get all over lipstick."

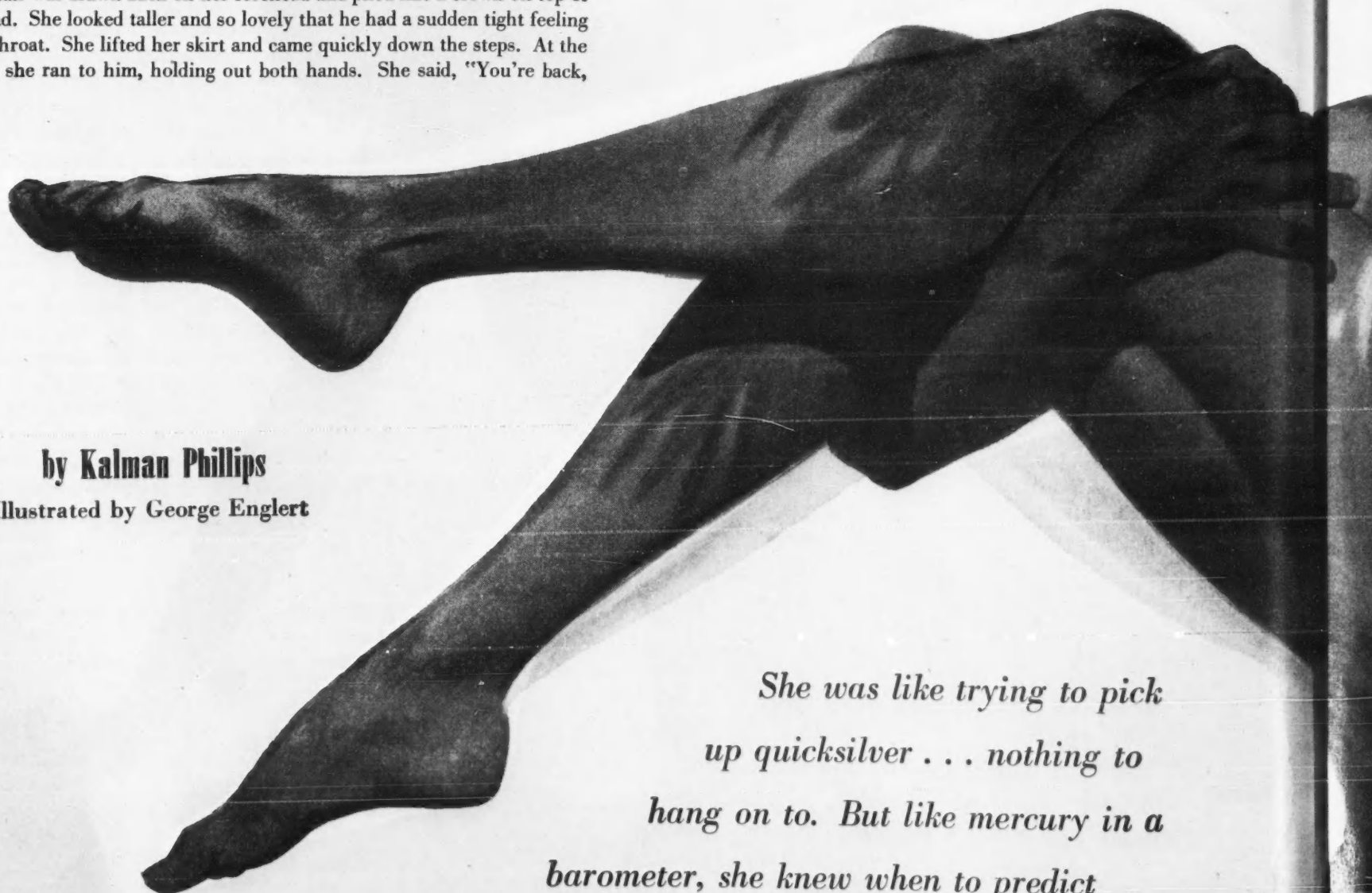
Her eyelashes fluttered. "Sisterly. Why, that was pure unadulterated passion. Look how shocked Aunt Martha is."

Tom said, "I was only speaking comparatively, of course. Personally, when I want to seal envelopes, I seal envelopes. But when I want to kiss a girl, I expect—"

"You've been kissing other girls. Oh, you unfaithful hound!"

Her aunt herded them toward the door. "Fight it out on the way to the dance or you'll be late."

In the convertible Tom started the motor, feeling just a little pleased with himself. There'd been no fumbling on his + Continued on page 54



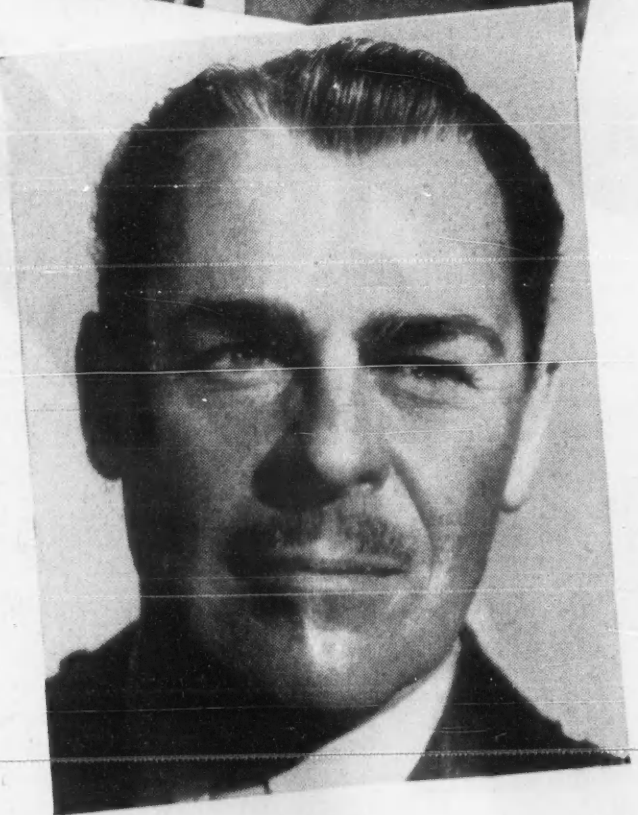
by Kalman Phillips

Illustrated by George Englert

*She was like trying to pick
up quicksilver . . . nothing to
hang on to. But like mercury in a
barometer, she knew when to predict
temperature rising . . . stormy weather ahead*

her
had
Com
year
f. I
ted
lly,
s a
the
ith
54





I Learned About

EVER since celluloid was made to flicker, Hollywood has been a recognized authority on feminine beauty and charm. And who better qualified to talk on the subject than Hollywood's leading male stars — particularly our board of experts, the cast of MGM's **COMMAND DECISION**. For these are men's men, playing truly masculine roles in a womanless film. Here are the womanly qualities each tips his heart to . . .

JOHN HODIAK: A beautiful woman is, of course, a mixture of two things: what is in her face and what is in her mind.

Mentally, I think a woman is beautiful if she enjoys the quieter sides of life. And my attitude is, of course, a result of what I myself enjoy. I hate night clubs. I like entertaining at home. I like a few fine people around me. I like good music and good talk. And I also instinctively am attracted by any woman who likes them, too.

A girl who is a gracious hostess, who can make strangers in her home feel welcome and relaxed has the makings of beauty, to me. The concept of "the traveler at the gate" who must be brought in and fed and made comfortable is a very old one. Yet there are few girls today who know how to go about creating that comfort, who can, by some sort of miracle, conjure up warmth and cheer where none were before.

Physically, I like girls who are small and dark and have low voices which say interesting things. I like girls who are well-bred and who wear well-fitting clothes which are in perfect taste. They don't have to be so classically magnificent that one immediately wants to preserve them for posterity in white marble, but they should have regularity of feature, brightness of eye, and the ability to laugh. Then they are, to my mind, beautiful.

Have I ever seen one like that? Naturally. Of course.

I married her: Anne Baxter.

VAN JOHNSON: A woman's face is not important to beauty. For there are

actually very few women in the world who are beautiful in the classic sense. And many of them, I feel, are so overwhelmed by what nature gave them that they never develop mentally or spiritually.

To me, there are two elements which make a woman really attractive.

First, she must be immaculate at all times. Her dress and person must be as near perfection as she can make it—and spanking clean.

There is nothing so disillusioning as to meet a girl who seems to be just out of a bandbox and then see a ring of make-up on her collar or a turned-over heel on one of her shoes. By those tiny tokens a man's whole mental picture of her is changed. Instantly. From a creature of painstaking fastidiousness, both mental and physical, she becomes someone who is sloppy on the surface and might very well be beneath.

And, second, a girl's manner can make her beautiful. This is, perhaps, even more important than my first point.

I like a woman to be feminine, almost old-fashioned. I dislike intensely the overaggressive, pushy, brassy female one so often finds today. Even if a girl is in business, I believe she can remain womanly without sacrificing any of her professional standing.

Femininity can overcome an unattractive face, can make a girl seem appealing and charming, and, yes, even beautiful when she actually isn't. For we men, let us face it, are with men constantly in our work. We want something different when we seek diversion. We want someone who has no desire to be like a man, even if she lives in

Chatelaine's Hollywood reporter polled five top male stars — John Hodiak, Van Johnson, Brian Donlevy, Clark Gable and Walter Pidgeon — to bring you the surprising lowdown on each one's idea of what makes a woman beautiful

Beauty From Them

says Kate Holliday

the man's world. We want, in short, a woman. And a woman who is truly a woman is, in my mind, beautiful.

BRIAN DONLEVY: The woman is beautiful if she is a person.

There is nothing duller to any man than the ancient "clinging vine." Yes, I know that sort of girl has been written about and lauded and made into legend. But she doesn't wear well.

The girl who insists that a man wait on her hand and foot eventually becomes, I think, both a physical and mental invalid. Physically, she gets to the point where she cannot even open a door properly, for the simple reason that she hasn't opened one for years. And, mentally, she comes to the state where she *must* have someone to lean on, where she cannot face any sort of situation, no matter how simple.

The girl who can take care of herself, who can wield a hammer, if necessary, who can drive a car well, who can balance her own chequebook, who can, briefly, live her own life—well, that girl has beauty, for my money. For she has intelligence and she isn't afraid to use it. And, because she isn't afraid, she stimulates both herself and those around her. She may be just pretty. She may not even be that. But she has the kind of beauty which lasts.

From the physical standpoint, to me a woman is lovely if she has nice hands and takes care of them. They express her mood, her personality, her interest or lack of interest in life. They are more revealing and appealing than any other structural element about her, than her face or her figure. And the *way* she uses them is important. Hands can dramatize. They can also make one ridiculous. A girl who waves her arms around when there is nothing worth waving them for is pretty silly, I think. The girl who moves them casually, quietly, normally, who saves the big gestures for the infrequent moments when

they are called for is the one who gets my vote.

CLARK GABLE: To me a woman is truly beautiful, truly attractive, if she is a good companion.

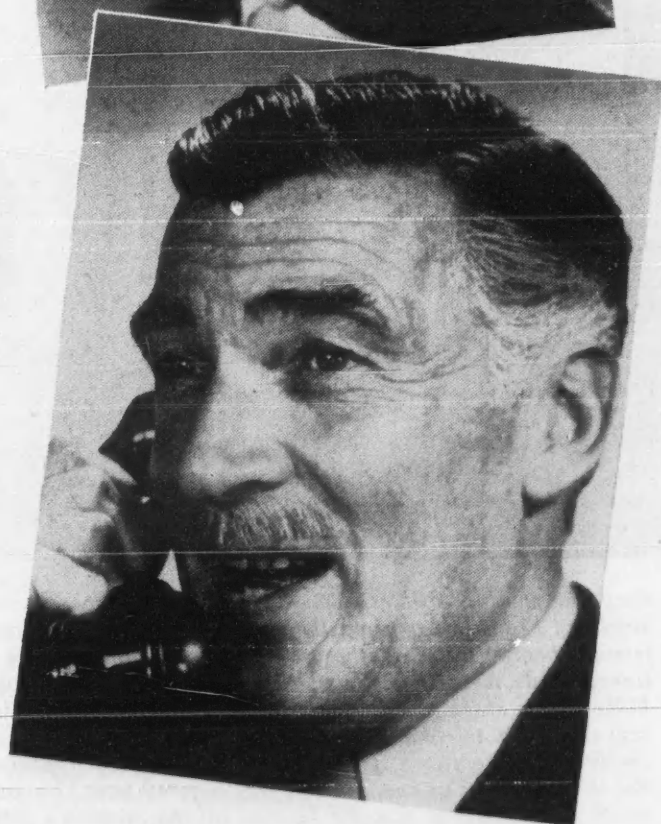
I am not knocking physical prettiness, mind you. Never let it be said that I did! But the girl who reaches out of herself to enjoy things with a man, who does the things he likes to do with as much spirit as he does—well, she could look like Gargantua and still have enormous appeal.

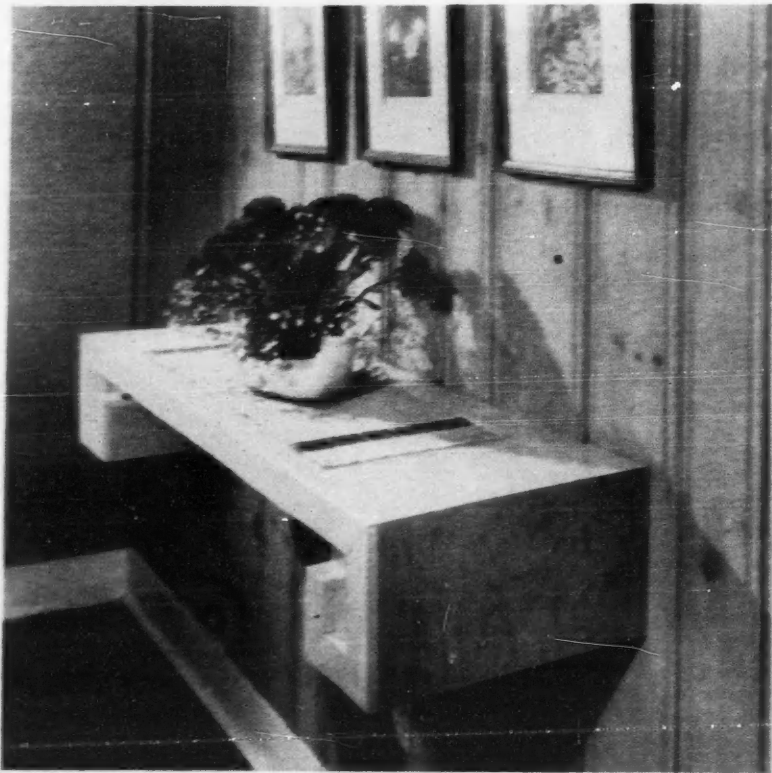
There aren't very many of these girls around, unfortunately. Somehow, the business of keeping every hair in place, of being perfectly groomed at all times, of being wrapped in cotton batting has become more important. And, while I definitely admire seeing the fashion plate, I continue to think beautiful the girl who can dispense with these things when the occasion demands, who can slosh around in a stream with me after trout, who can get her hands and face dirty on a hunting trip. This girl is not only companionable: she's a good sport as well.

I don't care if a woman is blond, brunette, or has red hair. I admit, as I said, that a pretty face is an asset, that it's more fun to see such a face covered with mud than a homely one. But beauty alone isn't enough. As someone has doubtless said before me: True beauty comes from within.

Last, I think it's any woman's duty—yes, *duty*—to develop what she has in the way of physical attributes. When she's *not* sloshing in that stream, she should look as well as she can at all times. She should examine herself to discover what is good about her appearance, and then dramatize those points, so that she gives the illusion of beauty. She should make herself *herself*, if you follow me.

But, when I saddle my horses or venture into the wilds, I want her to go with as much anticipation as I do. She can remain feminine but not ♣ *Continued on page 57*





Ever see a table like this one? It greets visitors as they step into the hall of the Summerhayes' home. An unusually attractive built-in feature—and a real space maker! Walls are finished in knotty pine; twin cedar-lined clothes closets flank the shelf-table. In the bedroom a similar built-in, with inset mirror, makes a charming and easy-to-clean vanity.

Below: Busy housewives, look! That lazy kitchen wall can become the hardest-working spot in the house. This handy storage wall, designed by the Summerhayes, fronts basement stairs, is a few steps from sink and stove. Only eight inches



deep, the shallow shelves eliminate kitchen clutter, searching, stacking. From left to right these doors swing open to reveal ironing board, soiled clothes compartment, iron, storage for tinware, goods, medicine cabinet, tea towel racks and useful desk. While centre shelf opens to provide sorting space when ironing. That's a telephone nook on the right. Harder-to-reach shelves hold silverware, platters, and seldom-used appliances. All in all, it's the ultimate in compact convenience. The sound-proof ceiling makes this the kitchen of any woman's dream.



Tangle of ivy frames a living room of piquant contrast — heirloom

No Waste Space

by John Caulfield Smith,
Home Planning Editor.

Four years ago Frank and Marg Summerhayes chose a corner of the old Summerhayes farm near Brantford, Ont., on which to build. Land had to be cleared of bush, filled. But it was worth it . . . now they and young "Bounce" have natural lake all their own!



WANT to make the most of the little space you live in? Then take a look! Frank and Margaret Summerhayes planned their home with care . . . filled it with practical, space-saving ideas. The result, as you can see, is definitely exciting! New ideas and materials are found everywhere, could easily be applied in other circumstances.



davenport desk, and Chinese jade tree fit in with modern setting.



Open Sesame . . . and the dining room door slides back into accordion folds with a flick of the finger . . . without taking an extra inch of cherished space. Under the dining room window is a handsome built-in buffet of red mahogany plywood. Note shelves of varying height, to double storage space.

in This Home

Assisted by Eileen Morris

Their particular pride is storage space. Each closet has a definite purpose in life—each is as efficient as a card index. And there are enough to make *any* homemaker happy: a walk-in linen cupboard with four deep U-shaped shelves, a roomy compartment for those extra blankets and pillows—even a special towel cupboard. The kitchen utility closet holds vacuum, mops, brooms and dust cloths in fitted compartments; its door does double duty with neat little shelves keeping cleaning accessories in order, right at one's finger tips.

In utilizing every square inch of space the Summerhayes put the walls to work. Built-in shelves replace tables, are distinctive and always in place. Wall nooks are tailored to fit radio and books.

The Summerhayes' home is their castle, reflecting their special likes, their gay spirit. The flamingo-pink ironing board, for instance, "It's the only one in all Brantford," chuckles Mrs. Summerhayes. "I thought it might be fun . . . and it brightens washday blues!" Mrs. S. is also right proud of another brainstorm—forest-green corduroy used to slipcover a chair, and used as bedspread material as well. Unusual . . . and attractive. But then, that's the perfect description of this family home. ✚



How to please friend husband . . . and make your own job easier. A man-size closet like this, with a place for everything, and everything easy to keep in place. Here ties, suits, slacks, hats, shoes and shirts have compartments tailored to fit! Suit rack slides forward for easy selection. Dozen slip-out drawers keep shirts in wrinkle-free order; below is more space in deep bin compartments, for everything from house slippers to mufflers. A really masculine wardrobe!

The OPERATION

nobody talks about

by Dorothy Sangster

THERE'S a story about a young woman who was nervously pacing the floor of a hospital waiting room when an elderly man approached her sympathetically.

"What's the matter?" he asked her. "Someone of yours having an operation?"

"It's my mother," the young woman told him. "She's up there now, having a hysterectomy."

"Hysterectomy, eh?" said the elderly man, and he patted her on the shoulder reassuringly. "Well now, girl, don't you worry, your mother will come through fine. My father had one of these hysterectomies and he said it didn't hurt a bit. It bucked him up, too—lived to 80, and never had another sick day in his life!"

This episode is supposed to have taken place 'way back in the twenties, when a *hysterectomy*—or surgical removal of the uterus—was a word most people had never heard of. If they referred to the operation at all, they called it "A Clean Sweep" and spoke with pity of those unfortunate women who had undergone it. A Clean Sweep was supposed to turn a woman overnight into an old hag. Her married life was over. From now on she would be attacked by rheumatism and gout and all the ailments of old age. The best thing she could do was to get herself a nice rocking chair and some wool, and spend her remaining years knitting sweaters for the children of her more fortunate friends. Meanwhile, of course, her sex life being completely finished, she could thank her stars if her husband didn't console himself in the arms of some other woman.

Today, most of these crazy ideas are changed. Rapid advances in surgical techniques, an increasing knowledge of our bodily organs and their functions, and frank discussion of such diseases as cancer, have made the word hysterectomy better known.

Just how many hysterectomies are performed every year in Canada is anybody's guess, since few hospitals release such information either to the general public or to the press. Furthermore, the annual reports issued by most hospitals are not much help, since they are in the habit of lumping together *all* operations of the female organs under the general title of "Gynecology." However, a guess at the annual figure can be made from the statement that a Halifax hospital performed 1,361 hysterectomies in a 13-year period, while a Toronto hospital estimates that its surgeons perform anywhere from 25 to 50 hysterectomies a month—a figure that is considered neither high nor low for a moderately large hospital.

Even so, for most people a hysterectomy still remains "The operation nobody talks about." Or, if they do talk, they talk in whispers, murmuring in corners about "poor Mary Brown . . ."

What does this prove? In the opinion of many medical men it proves not only that there is still a lot of false shame in the world concerning the human body, but more particularly that there are still a lot of stupid superstitions concerning the operation itself.

What is a hysterectomy? When should it be performed? What are the results, both physical and emotional, of the operation? Does it really "make an old woman out of you"?

For those women who may someday face the operation, as well as for the general information of all its other readers, Chatelaine herewith presents some of the answers, as gathered in interviews with competent Canadian medical authorities.

What is a Hysterectomy? How is it Performed?

Hysterectomy comes from the Greek word *hyster*—the womb. In the old days doctors thought that hysteria (or nervousness) was a purely female complaint, and that its cause was a wandering womb which had somehow or other got loose from its moorings and floated here and there in the body, causing trouble. A hysterectomy, therefore, is the medical term for removal of the womb, or uterus, just as an appendectomy is the term for removal of the appendix.

A hysterectomy can be one of two kinds: 1. *Total*—That is, removal of the uterus and also the entire cervix (the little necklike part at the lower end of the uterus); 2. *Subtotal*—Removal of the uterus and only a small part of the cervix.

The operation may be performed in one of two ways: (a) through the abdomen, which is cut open and the uterus and any other diseased parts removed; or (b) through the vagina, in which case the operation is referred to as a vaginal hysterectomy.

Two things influence which kind of hysterectomy a woman gets, and how it is performed. Those things are her own particular ailment, which may definitely call for a particular type of operation, and her doctor's individual preference for one special type of hysterectomy.

Because it removes the uterus—that is, the womb—any kind of hysterectomy renders a woman sterile from that moment on. Besides her inability to have any more children, she is relieved of any further menstrual periods—a great boon to many women to whom a monthly period has always been a time of considerable pain. Contrary to general opinion, a routine hysterectomy does not remove the ovaries. There is no basis for the belief that a hysterectomy brings on a woman's menopause, although in some cases it may slightly hasten it.

As things stand today, most surgeons are overwhelmingly in favor of the total hysterectomy, whereby both the uterus and the entire cervix are removed at one sitting, so to speak. Granting that the operation is somewhat more difficult for both patient and doctor, they hold that it is the only sure way to eliminate any possibility of future cancer of the cervix.

One Winnipeg doctor estimates that 5% of all cancer in women is of the cervix. Another doctor, a well-known Toronto gynecologist, refuses to estimate any set percentage, but says, "All I know is that out of 100 patients who might come to me with cancer of the cervix, 7% turn out to have had a subtotal hysterectomy. If they had had the total operation, they would have eliminated all risk of any malignant disease of the cervix, since the entire cervix would have been removed at the time of the operation."

A particularly conservative Toronto hospital estimated that in 1938, 10% of the hysterectomies being + Continued on page 82



Hysterectomy . . . the surgery more women face today than ever before in history . . . yet understand the least about. What is it? When should it be performed? What are the results . . . physical and emotional? Here are plain facts from competent Canadian medical authorities.



His Kind of Woman

by Nelia Gardner White

(Conclusion)

HE SAT THERE alone, trying to turn his attention to matters of business. He was ashamed of the last few minutes, but they had jolted him, too. It was all that trouble of the Wings, he admitted. It was getting to be an obsession with him. But why? It was a tragedy about Laurence, but what did it have to do with him? Probe as he might, he would find no inhibitions, complexes in himself. But it was unpleasant to probe, even if he found nothing. He was behaving queerly, talking to Cora as he had to this Jennie Pyke who wore those awful bangs. It shamed him to behave queerly, to change the picture of himself in anyone's mind, even Jennie Pyke's. Perhaps particularly Jennie Pyke's, he admitted, an automaton who could probably never behave like an automaton with him again. But it was somehow extremely embarrassing, the things she had said to him, particularly that parting sentence. He was used to having women like him, he expected them to without knowing he expected it, but he had certainly never given this girl any reason to think of him at all, except as employer. But she plainly had thought of him, formed her own opinion, and that not a flattering one. How on earth had she ever known about Mary, who had been so troublesome, and who had had to be brushed off more roughly than he liked at the end? He had liked Mary a good deal at first, thought her talent at sculpture an authentic one—and then, after a bit, when the critics . . . he flushed, remembering Jennie's words about "important people." Well, Mary had been second-rate. It was no crime, not to like the second-rate, was it? Jennie Pyke had made it seem like one. He had always felt it was a crime against his own fastidiousness to like the imperfect, the shoddy. And it *was*, wasn't it?

He had an appointment at 10 and he went through it with, he thought, his usual efficiency. But he didn't call in Jennie Pyke all day. He felt an extreme reluctance to face that girl again.

But just as he was about to leave the office at five, Jennie came in. He had his coat on and stood by the desk, seeing if everything was in order for the next day's work.

"Mr. Paige . . ." she began hesitantly.

"Yes?" he said coldly, impersonally.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Paige. It was horrible of me."

"Not at all," he said stiffly.

"I think I'd better go," she said.

THE STORY: PART ONE

Nothing had been the same for Eliot Paige since that strange afternoon when he called on Laurence and Kitty Wing. Yet what was happening to them had no bearing on his life . . . how could he be affected by that curious mental disorder which was forcing Laurence back into the past? What would be the inevitable ending for Laurence? And for himself too—if the obsession became his? Because until this moment Eliot Paige had been

completely satisfied—with his own successful business, his correct circle of friends and his unburied quest for the right girl who would fit into the well-ordered pattern of his life . . . But now his distress at his friend's affliction suddenly became a mirror in which he saw the pattern for himself fast becoming a rut . . . a mirror reflecting the truth of Jennie Pyke's words, when his efficient secretary admitted: "You don't look like a stuffed shirt, Mr. Paige. That's why I can't bear to see you really be one . . ."

"Nonsense," he said. "Forget it, Miss Pyke. As you said, I asked for it. Just forget it."

"I don't think I can," she said.

"Look here, Jennie, let's not have any nonsense. I've had things on my mind this week and I'm not myself. I had no business asking you any such questions. I didn't mind at all and I want it forgotten. I'm certainly not going to fire you—you can punctuate. Good night, Jennie."

His voice was firm, faintly amused. He felt pleased with it.

"What—what's troubling you, Mr. Paige?" He was astonished to have her ask anxiously.

"Just personal matters," he said, this time shutting her out sharply, without amusement.

"Good night," she said gently, and went out.

JOE HAD AN exceptionally good dinner for him that night, but he couldn't eat much. "I hope everything's to your liking, sir?" Joe asked anxiously.

"It's fine, Joe," he said. "I'm just not hungry." As a matter of fact he was thinking of Jennie's description of Joe—"a man who looks after you in an English-novel sort of way." He thought of his words about Cora's room and he thought, "I suppose Joe's exactly the same sort of pretense as Cora's London room . . . but I have to have someone to look after me. It might as well be Joe as anyone." But he remembered the care with which he had picked Joe out, someone who would give a certain impression when his friends dropped in.

That night he went to see Laurence and Kitty. He didn't want to, but he had said he would come soon. He found Kitty reading aloud to Laurence. He saw at once that she looked very tired. They welcomed him, though.

"This is a good room," he said, sitting down. "It always seems like home to me." He didn't know quite why he said that, unless it was just his desire to make everyone about him feel happy and friendly, for it bore not the slightest resemblance to his own home. It was rather untidy, pleasantly cluttered with paintings and books.

"Yes," Kitty said, smiling at him gratefully, "it is a good room. How was Cora's party?"

"Just as always. A lot of chatter. People talking about themselves. Oh, it was all right. Cora has a knack for parties."

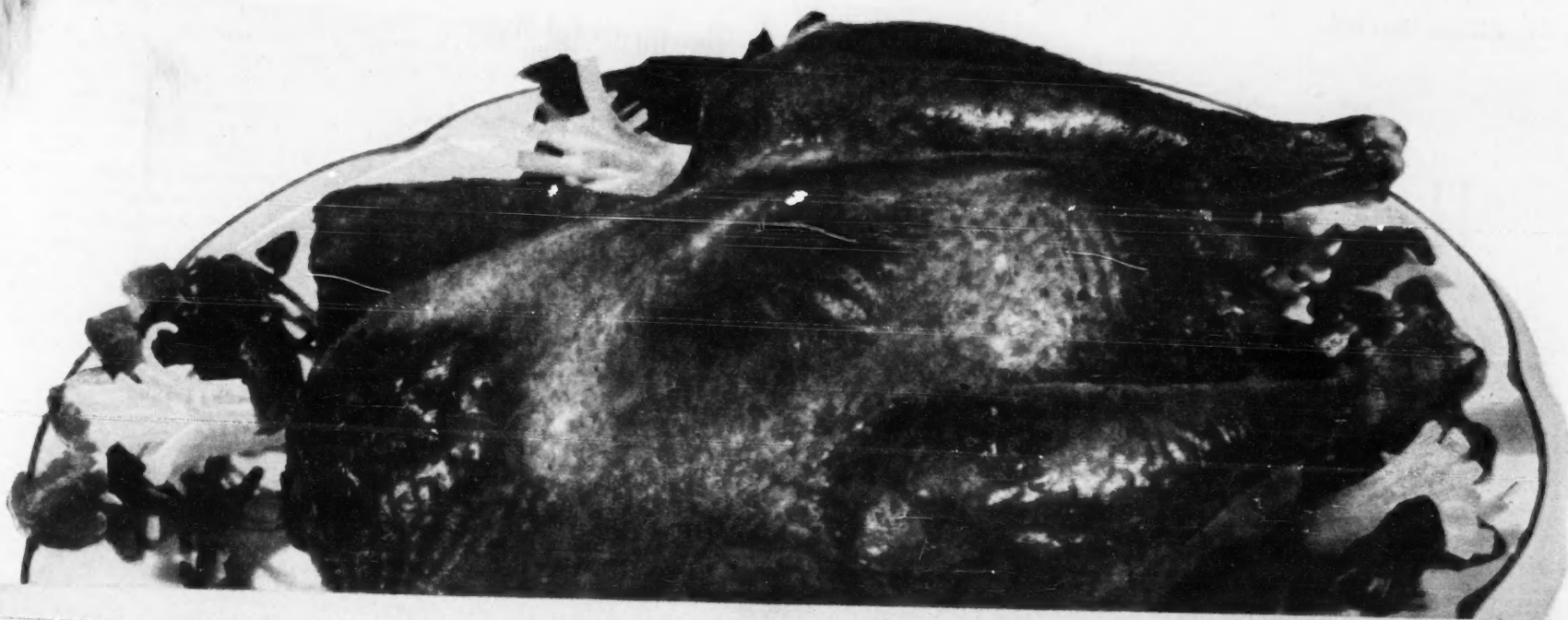
"I'm glad you came in—I want to show you what I'm working on," Laurence said.

"Sit still, darling—I'll get it," Kitty said quickly. She went past Eliot without a glance and up to the next floor where Laurence painted. She came down with a picture, just as Laurence had done at Eliot's last call, put it up against the wall on the table.

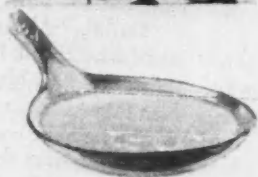
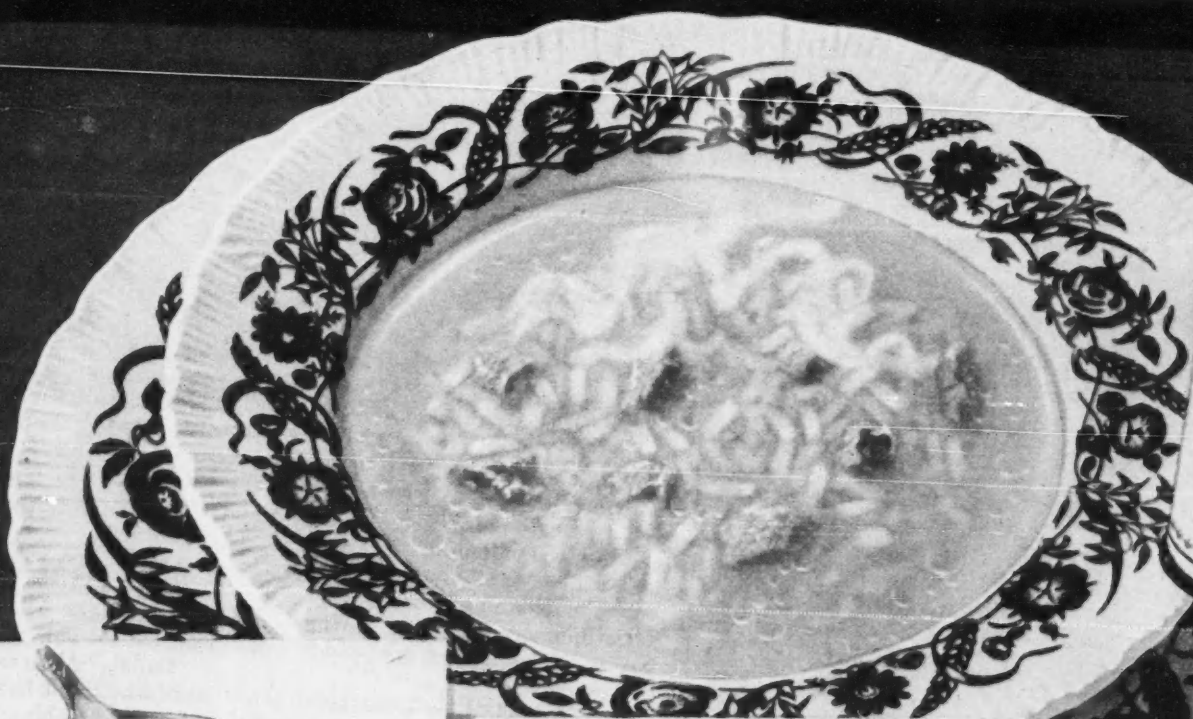
The picture was of Kitty, but a young Kitty, with her soft hair flying.

"Like it?" Laurence asked, and Eliot noted that his voice was a little anxious, not dead sure as it had been about his own portrait.

"There's a certain look—I can't quite get it." ♦ Continued on page 42



Just as sure as you like Chicken...
you'll like *Campbell's* CHICKEN SOUP



CHICKEN The delicious taste of chicken fills the golden gleaming broth. Your every sip says "Mmm, chicken!"



CHICKEN The fluffy rice that makes this chicken soup so extra nourishing is steeped in the chicken broth.



CHICKEN Tender pieces of chicken, both white meat and dark, are measured in with a generous hand.

21 KINDS TO CHOOSE FROM: Asparagus, Bean with Bacon, Beef, Beef Noodle Bouillon, Cream of Celery (new!), Chicken with Rice, Cream of Chicken (new!), Chicken Gumbo, Chicken Noodle, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Cream of Mushroom, Ox Tail, Green Pea, Pepper Pot, Scotch Broth, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetarian Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS

How to Take a Bath and Enjoy Life

EARLY AMERICAN
Friendship's
Garden
REQUISITES FOR THE BATH



Soften and perfume the water with flower-fragrant, water-softening Bath Salts . . . 1.25



Caress your skin with the mild purity of fragrant, long-lasting Soap. 3 toilet-size cakes 1.20



Sprinkle on soft-as-mist Friendship's Garden Talcum . . . 50c and 1.00
Dusting Powder 1.25



Splash on fresh-as-dew Friendship's Garden Toilet Water . . . 4 oz. 1.25



A bright booklet on Bathing for Health, Looks and Pleasure is yours for the asking—write to

SHULTON

Dept. C, 354 Victoria Street, Toronto

See Friendship's Garden Bath Requisites at your favorite store

The Masterful Male

Continued from page 21

grinned impishly. Her teeth really were perfect.

"They didn't try." Look at her name, even. Alicia. Didn't that show her parents intended to spoil her even before she was born?

But Ken hadn't done so well himself. He had thought when he got Alicia away from her family, things would be better. But he had taken her about 350 miles away from her family, and now after seven months, she wanted to go back to mama and he was not only letting her go, he was taking her. Tie that. Whom could she twist around her little finger?

Alicia refused to consider her departure a separation. She hadn't seen her mother for months. It was just a visit.

"All the suitcases and cartons in the back of the car," he said. Her clothes in the suitcases. Wedding presents in the cartons.

Oh those! "Might as well carry what we can, then you won't have so much to bring down later when you come."

"I can't come later. My job's in Thornley," he reminded her stiffly.

"With your experience you could get a job anywhere."

They'd been through that. He changed tack.

"Your family didn't want you to marry me. They didn't think I was good enough for you."

"I'll tell them it was all my fault," she offered sweetly.

"It was. You had too much time and not enough to do."

"Whose fault was that?" She sat up straighter. "No family, no friends, no house."

He overlooked her dismissal of him as no family. "You had a house."

"I had a housing project."

He didn't go into that. "What will you do at home that you couldn't do in Thornley?"

Alicia stretched her arms wide. She liked to be theatrical. It made Ken smile a bit, but it also made him humble. Maybe she was giving up a stage career for him. But if she mentioned the Little Theatre whose leading lady she had been, he would remind her that he had urged her (heaven help him!) to get in with a group up in Thornley, and she had replied that she had outgrown that. Alicia outgrew things fast.

"First, I'll make myself a whole summer wardrobe," she said. "Mother has a portable electric."

"What else will you do besides sew day and night?"

Her eyes narrowed and the corners of her mouth tucked in. He wished he could say she was ugly that way, but

he had to admit it, she was kissable. "I'll garden," she brought forth triumphantly.

He was silent.

"Maybe," she went on quickly. "if Freddie's home, we'll work on our play."

Freddie was the guy next door. Ken wanted to make scoffing comments on their playwriting, but he wasn't going to get caught. Alicia might very well beat out a successful play. Alicia could do just about what she set out to do.

"And then," she said, her voice soaring, "I'll lie out in the sun and get a tan."

"Ha!" said Ken. "I suppose you couldn't do that in Thornley."

"Of course not, darling," she caroled, "There's no beach." She examined her arms and legs critically. They were worth examining. "Here it is July and I'm positively white. I look like I came out from under a stone."

DESPITE ALL that, he felt a little lift of excitement as they approached her home, and for parents - in - law

who didn't consider him good enough for their daughter, Merle and Frank greeted him warmly.

They thought he had taken good care of Alicia, even if he had kept her under a stone.

Frank was mowing the lawn and he said, "Go on in and sit down. I've got about two more rows to do."

"Let Alicia do that for you," Ken said. "That's one of the things she's come home for."

"Oh! Has Alicia taken up gardening?" Frank asked. His eyes sought Merle's, and it seemed to Ken that the words "taken up" were in quotes, like that.

"Don't hurry me," Alicia said brightly.

"That's right,"

Ken said, "first you have to make that summer wardrobe."

He thought Merle pricked up her ears, but she didn't say anything.

"Daddy," Alicia said, and Ken understood why Frank had never been able to refuse her anything, "you'd better help Ken take in the stuff."

Ken had the back of the car open and Frank stared at the stuff.

Ken loaded up and said to Merle, "Where?"

"My old room," Alicia said.

"Well," said Merle, "I wrote you. We've changed the house a bit. We made an arch between the front bedroom and the living room, and we put the piano in there. And we have moved into your old bedroom. You can put those things on the sun porch, Ken."

"But," Alicia said, "that means you have only one bedroom."

"Yes, dear. That's all we need now, really. We figured you and Ken wouldn't



A floor for a *Man* . . . and less work for his *Wife*

A MAN wants a floor that he doesn't have to be afraid to walk on even if he has been doing a bit of gardening, or carpentry, or furnace-fixing. He wants peace of mind — and Marboleum gives it to him. If he does leave a few tracks, or drop a few ashes, what of it? A swish of the mop and the most house-proud wife is happy again.

Then too, Marboleum — being made so largely of cork — is resilient, step-cushioning . . . and it comes in colours to suit all tastes. The colours go right through to the boards, and an occasional waxing keeps them like new. And, when it's down, it's down for years . . . Nothing to worry about . . . Yes, Marboleum is the floor covering for peace of mind.



Made by
DOMINION OILCLOTH & LINOLEUM COMPANY, Limited Montreal

DOW presents

EVALUATED TOYS

MADE OF STYRON



PLUTO FLASHLIGHT

Here's a useful toy for boys and girls! Push the tail to switch on the light in Pluto's mouth. Flashlight is five inches long — an "Evaluated" toy by General Plastics, Ltd., Toronto.



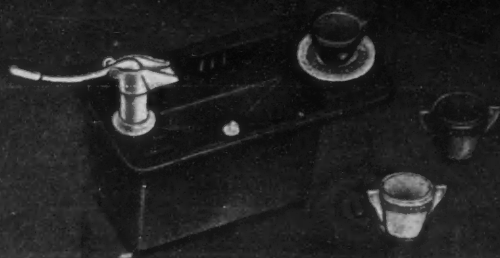
NOVELTY HEN

Brighten the party with decorative mother hen! Her basket will hold a good supply of nuts or candy. This colourful decoration or toy is moulded of Styron by Reliable Plastics Co., Ltd., Toronto. — An "Evaluated" Toy.



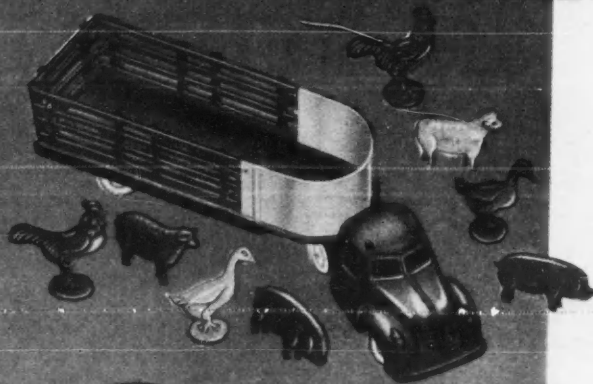
HOBBY HORSE AND DOLL

"Ride a cockhorse, to Banbury Cross". Toy doll rides this sturdy rocking horse of brilliant Styron. An "Evaluated" toy moulded by Reliable Plastics Co., Ltd., Toronto.



KITCHEN SINK AND PUMP

Really pumps water! Thrill little housewives with this toy that looks like the real grown-up article. Dishes included. Moulded of Styron by Dulev Plastics Ltd., for Cheerio Toys and Games Ltd., Toronto. — An "Evaluated" Toy.



STAKE TRUCK

Tots will cherish the truck with its payload of eight farm animals. Removable trailer and animals are moulded of easy-to-clean Styron by Dulev Plastics Ltd., for Cheerio Toys and Games Ltd., Toronto. — An "Evaluated" toy.



Look for this label on toys you buy!

It tells you the items are made of Styron, Canada's No. 1 Plastic.

The label tells you that the article has been studied by the recently formed Dow Evaluation Committee.

"Evaluated" plastic products are featured in your stores today. Look for them and buy with confidence!



DOW CHEMICAL OF CANADA, LIMITED
204 Richmond Street West, Toronto 1, Canada

mind sleeping on the sun porch when you come down. Come on and see how we've fixed things."

Ken made five or six trips to the sun porch. As he crossed through the living room each time, whistling softly through his teeth, he managed to pick up some of the conversation.

"You've put that old oil of grandpa's back over the fireplace," Alicia said.

"We always liked it, dear," Merle said gently. "And I took it down to Swanson's and they think it's quite good."

"The coffee table," Alicia was saying on his next trip. "Where's the new coffee table?"

"It took so much room," Merle said reasonably. "And, of course, we don't give many parties now."

"So?"

"So the Davises had that whatnot in the dining room, and we made a trade."

"Goodness," Alicia said sharply on Ken's next trip, "haven't you brought in our bags yet?"

"This is the last," Ken said.

"And stop that whistling!"

He grinned at her.

Frank came in with a tray, and they all sat around savoring the cold drinks silently. Then Alicia said brightly, "Guess I'll call up the gang and tell them to come over."

"Spare me," Frank said, and sat back comfortably as if that settled it. Alicia's eyes widened.

"Maybe you and Ken can run around tomorrow and see some of your friends," Merle said. Her voice was gentle and sympathetic, but firm.

Alicia raised her glass. Ken could see her throat working as she swallowed, and he knew it wasn't all from the drink. She'd got it all right. Perhaps spoiled, but she wasn't thick. Merle and Frank were tickled to death to see her—for a visit—but they had begun to live in their own house in their own way, and they liked it. Alicia wasn't in the exact centre any more. She was way out on the edge, on the sun porch.

This should have been Ken's moment of triumph. He should have been savoring it, enjoying it, stretching it out. Instead his heart ached for Alicia. He wanted to leap to her defense. He had to give her an out. He had to save face for her. You can walk on me, he vowed, but just be happy, be Alicia. That's all I really want.

UNDRESSING in the dark that night out on the sun porch—in the dark because the porch was open—he cleared his throat. "I've been thinking, Alicia. You can't walk out on me this way. If you do, it's the end. No, don't say anything, just listen. If we're to have a marriage at all, you'll have to stick it out with me, and I have to stick with my job." His voice faltered. "If you can't stand the housing project, we'll find a house, though this isn't a time to buy. We'll stay the week end with Merle and Frank, and when I go, you'll go too." As he went on, he got more confident. This was what he wanted to say. What he hoped she wanted to hear.

There was a heavy silence in the dark, and then Alicia said in a very small voice, "All right, Ken. If you say so."

Ken felt his hands clench, and there was a smarting in his eyes, unfamiliar. He was glad of the dark.

Then Alicia said, "S-suppose mother wants me to stay longer?"

"Tell her you can't. Tell her I insist on your coming back with me."

"All this luggage," Alicia said with a catch in her voice.

"Tell her I'm like that. Always changing my mind. Tell her you can't do a thing with me."

In the dark he hadn't known that Alicia had come closer until she threw herself on his chest. His pyjamas got soggy, but he couldn't tell whether she was laughing or crying.

The next day Alicia and Ken went around to see some of Alicia's friends. Freddie, the guy next door, wasn't home, and Ken was glad for that. That at least was left to her, the play she might write. After dinner Frank helped Ken pack the back of the car again and they left.

Along about the outskirts of town, Alicia put back her head and laughed. Ken laughed with her to begin with, but he didn't think it was as funny as she did. Long before she stopped, his laugh became definitely sour. Sour and defensive.

"I'll begin house-hunting right away," Alicia said when she could talk.

"There's no hurry," Ken said. "It's to our advantage to stay in the housing project as long as possible."

"But you said—" Alicia sat up straighter.

"I also said I'm always changing my mind. And you can't do a thing with me."

Alicia laughed again, but stopped shortly. "Come on, Ken," she said, "it was decent of you to do it for me. You're a nice guy, did you know? But you can stop being masterful now. There's nobody to impress but me, and I'm not a bit impressed."

She opened her eyes wide and innocentlike and Ken admitted she looked awfully cute, but he was surprised to find he didn't want to kiss her; he wanted to spank her.

"I don't want to stop," he said calmly. "I like being masterful. And I like you when you're meek." And he did. He meant it. What had started as a manoeuvre to save face for her had about-faced. The worm had turned for good.

Alicia snorted.

"I don't like women who snort, Alicia." He could feel her catch her breath. He was surprised himself. He went on swimmingly. "And you're not at your best with your mouth open, dear."

She closed it, and then she opened it again. "You can turn right around and take me back," she commanded.

"What was that again?" Ken said slowing down.

She bit her lip.

The car came to a standstill. "Shall I go on, or turn back?"

How long could he sit there in the middle of the highway? How long could he hold out against her. He shivered. He wanted her any way—spoiled or childish—but he wanted her to grow up.

Finally she answered, "Go on, please," she said meekly.

He stepped on the gas, and his leg trembled. In a minute he felt her close against his side. She turned her face to his shoulder, and he could feel his shirt getting soggy. He didn't know whether she was laughing or crying.

"Here," he said handing her his handkerchief, "use this."



Designed for hospitality

Good hospitality is the knack of putting everyone at ease—including the hostess. With ice-cold Coca-Cola you have that knack. It's so easy to slip your finger tips into the handle of a six-bottle carton... thus it's so easy to keep your refrigerator supplied at all times.

The 6 bottle carton
Plus deposit 2¢ per bottle

25¢



Ask for it either way... both trade-marks mean the same thing.

COCA-COLA LTD.



Portrait by Lily Cushing

PATRICE MUNSEL brings great beauty and artistry to her Metropolitan Opera roles.

*"I Love the Thrill of Buying Avon...
when the Avon Representative calls at my home ... in New York."*

"Buying Avon Cosmetics is such a luxurious experience," says this beautiful young Metropolitan Opera star. "Right in the comfort of my own home I select all the wonderful, color-matched cosmetics that I need . . . and I know that they are all of the same high quality."

Like Miss Munsel, lovely Canadian and American women prefer Avon Cosmetics.

They welcome the friendly Avon Representative because only through her can these excellent cosmetics be purchased.

So, welcome the Avon Representative when she calls at your home.



Avon cosmetics

MONTREAL • NEW YORK • TORONTO • LONDON • QUEBEC CITY
WINNIPEG • HAMILTON • WINDSOR • VANCOUVER • EDMONTON

His Kind of Woman

Continued from page 36

Eliot was troubled. He didn't know what to say, for all he had such a genius for tactfulness.

"But why do you want to do such a young Kitty?" he asked slowly. "Why don't you do her the way she is—with her braids and all. She was nice young, but even nicer now." He gave Kitty a friendly smile but turned at once to the picture for he saw that Kitty had become stonelike, very still and yet with fright in her eyes. "The braids do something very good for her," he stumbled on, "make her look very wise—and very good," he finished with a phrase that surprised himself.

Laurence frowned. "No. It's the real Kitty I'm after," he said. "I haven't quite got it, but I will."

Eliot said: "But I see the real Kitty, Laurence. And she's got braids and an interesting, bony face. This—this might be Kitty's daughter, if she had one . . . Kitty, before she'd taken on character."

"Ah," Laurence said unhappily, "but it's the essential character that I am trying for."

"Well, more power to you," Eliot said. "You haven't put the coffeepot on, Kitty."

AFTER KITTY had gone out, Laurence sat down, staring at his picture anxiously.

"I don't tell Kitty, but I get awfully tired these days," he said. "I can't work as many hours as I once did."

"Well, we aren't boys any more," Eliot said. "We all slow up a little."

"But I've always been able to work at painting," Laurence said. Even when I felt too tired to shovel the front walk or anything."

"Why don't you and Kitty take a vacation? Go somewhere warm and soak in a little sunshine."

"No, no!" Laurence said almost violently. "No, I don't want to go anywhere. I want to work. That's all I want. Only I—I get so tired."

Then he sat in silence, but still staring at the picture as if trying to find, trying desperately to find that thing in it that eluded him. Eliot did not speak either and they were sitting there without a word when Kitty came back with the coffee.

It was a little better for a few minutes and then Laurence said, "Why do you wear those braids, Kitty? I don't like them. I don't like them at all."

Kitty put her cup down and then stood up and walked over to the old cluttered desk in the corner, searched in a drawer. She began, standing there by the desk, to take the pins out of her hair. But it seemed like slow-motion to Eliot, watching her, and he had a feeling close to horror as the pins went down one by one to a little pile on the desk. Then she picked up the comb she had been searching for and combed her hair out into a shadowy mass about her neck.

"Better, darling?" she said to Laurence.

"Yes, yes. Much better," he said, like a relieved child.

When Eliot left he didn't go home at once but walked about aimlessly, depressed and confused.

"Kitty's pretty wonderful," he said once to himself. "For better or for worse—that's Kitty."

But even that thought wasn't one he would have had a week ago. He had never had any patience with martyrs and he had no objection whatever to divorce. But Kitty didn't act like a martyr. She was breaking her heart against a stone wall, but she loved Laurence and she wasn't acting like a martyr. They ought to go away somewhere, but probably with his complex, it was the very thing they couldn't possibly do. It might make Laurence crack up completely if he got out of the familiar surroundings. It was a stalemate and a very ugly one. But how had Laurence got like that? What had happened to his very fine mind? If it could happen to Laurence, it could happen to anybody.

He tried to scoff at himself for putting himself in Laurence Wing's shoes. But he knew that all week, for some strange reason, he had been making just this transference. It was unlike him and he did not want to make any changes in himself nor to see himself as any different than he had always been. But everything all week had conspired against him, made him uneasy, made him probe where he had no desire to probe.

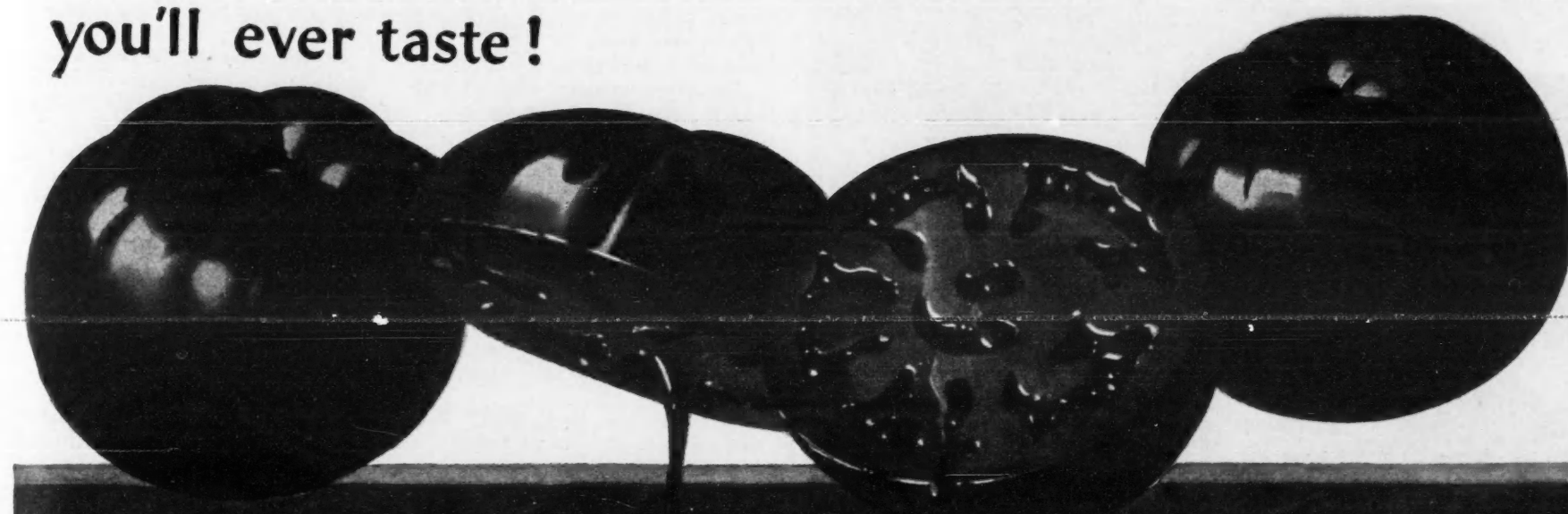
He thought suddenly of Janet Matthews. He had intended to see her again, but now he thought of her with an odd antagonism. Why? She had been lovely to look at, with dignity and intelligence and charm. Just his kind of woman. His kind? Yes, she was exactly the kind he had always intended some day to marry. But why had he so intended? Was it as conventional as his father's own picking of his perfectly conventional mother? Perhaps a different convention, but still a convention? He had so prided himself on his worldliness, on his scorn of pattern. But was he, he asked himself now in the cold night, as worldly as he had thought? Hadn't he had as exact a pattern for his behavior as his mother had? Just because it was different didn't make it the less exact.

THE NEXT morning Jennie Pyke came in as usual, took letters gravely, quickly. They had no conversation beyond the business in hand. But for all that, Eliot Paige was aware of her as a person and embarrassed to be with her. If he could have fired her, he would have, but he knew that he would not find her like again, and that he had no sound reason for getting rid of her. He tied her in with his mental disturbance of the last days and resented her. He saw for the first time that she had fine, intelligent dark grey eyes. If she didn't wear those silly bangs, she might even be interesting looking. But he was glad when she went out of the room. She made him intensely uncomfortable.

That night he was going to hear a string quartet that played once a month in a small hall. He had been hearing this quartet for a couple of years now, and because it was a fine one, he liked to speak to his friends of it as a special little discovery of his own. He always dressed in his best and sometimes took some woman with him. But as the afternoon wore on he began to think of the concert with distaste. He knew it wasn't the concert, but this new compulsion in him that demanded he do things not according to pattern. He walked out of the office to the little cubicle reigned over by Jennie.

"Like music?" he asked.

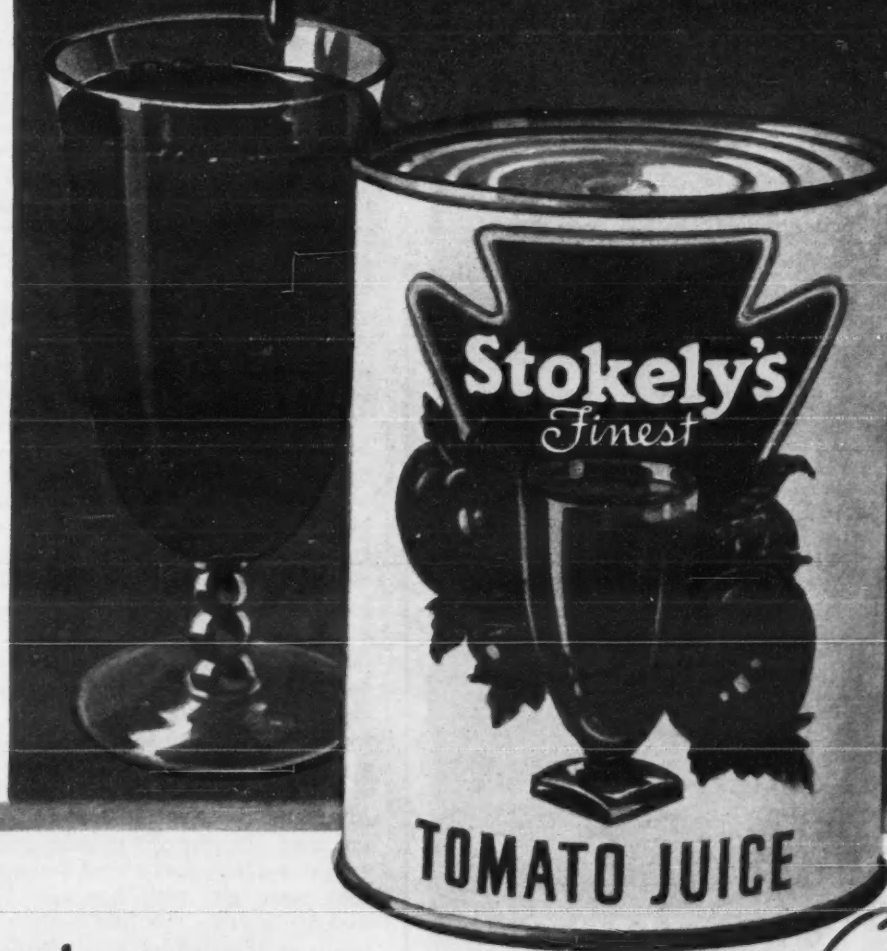
Because it's **STOKELY'S** tomato juice—
IT'S NATURALLY THE FINEST
 you'll ever taste!



Chill... Serve... Satisfy

There just isn't another tomato juice exactly like Stokely's Finest! With its rich body and unique tangy flavor, you'll notice the difference at once.

That's because Stokely's is made from fine pedigreed tomatoes, picked at the peak of their flavor, and pressed by a special Stokely process which retains all the flavor and goodness. Stokely's is extra good because it's made that way — with the famous Stokely "know how." Treat your family to a can of Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice. Then you, like thousands of others, will agree that Stokely's Finest means Canada's Finest.



RECIPE ROUND-UP

Three more of the many ways you can use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice to improve the flavor of sauces, purees, heats of fine dishes!

TOMATO CONSOMME—Add Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice to an equal measure of clear consommé. Heat and serve!

TOMATO BISCUITS—Use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice as the liquid in mixing dough.

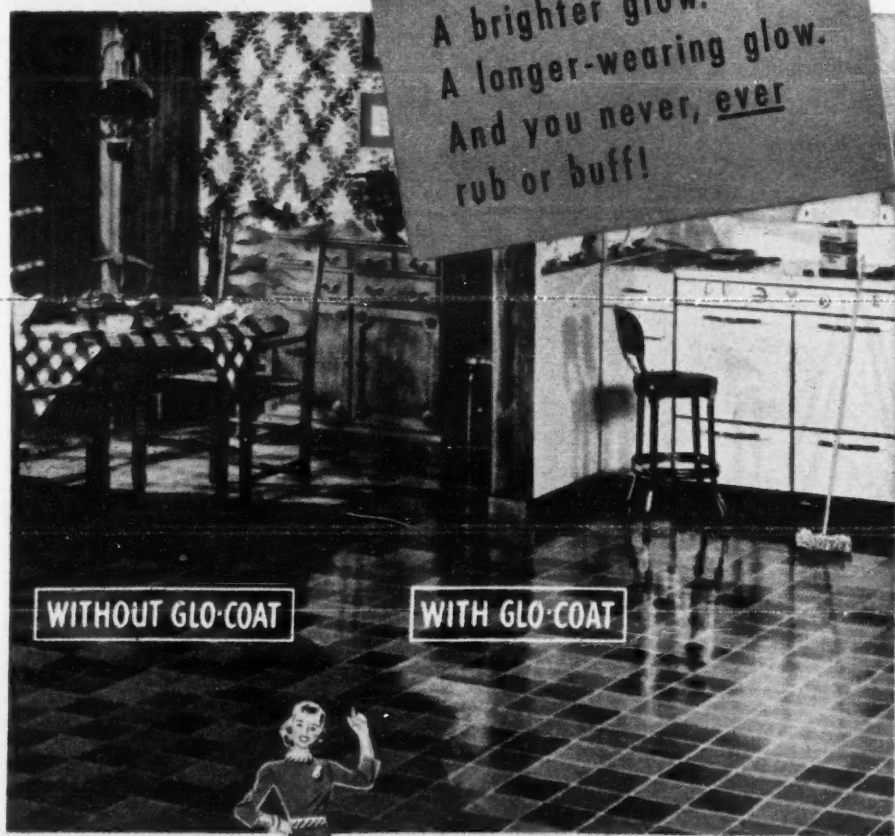
POT ROAST—Use Stokely's Finest Tomato Juice for your first liquid! Add water later if needed.

Stokely's Finest means...

Canada's Finest

Lots more shine for your linoleum, lady!

There's a new glow in Glo-Coat



Tough extra wax protection—can be damp-mopped clean—doesn't spot or chip.

Almost twice the shine as before—and the shine lasts almost twice as long!

You'll blink! You'll marvel. The new glow in Glo-Coat is the brightest news ever for the linoleum and varnished wood floors all through your home. Just apply Glo-Coat with a soft cloth or long-handled applicator. The new glow is dry and sparkling in 20 minutes—without a bit of buffing on your part.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, LTD.
Brantford, Canada 1949

Quick and easy as before—Glo-Coat shines itself without rubbing or buffing!

Every week enjoy radio's brightest half-hour:

Fibber & Molly McGee
Tuesday nights—CBC

Your dealer now has Glo-Coat with the grand new glow!

Save money...
buy the
larger sizes

Bring out the beauty of the home...with JOHNSON'S Self Polishing Glo-Coat.
Paste Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Cream Wax, Carnu for cars

"Yes, sometimes," she answered.

He pulled the ticket out of his pocket, threw it down on her typewriter table.

"Take it in if you're in the mood," he said.

She picked up the ticket, looked at it, then said: "You're very kind."

"Not at all," he said impatiently. "I'm not going. A shame to waste it."

Then he didn't know what to do with his evening. This made him angry, as if it said he had no resources outside the life he had made for himself. He read awhile and went to bed early.

But the compulsion wouldn't leave him be and on his way home Saturday he stopped in at the newspaper office where Jordan hung out and said he was afraid he couldn't play bridge that night. He liked the bridge games and as soon as he'd said it he regretted it, and felt the rest of the day stretching before him bleakly.

"Hope I haven't upset your evening," he said lamely to Jordan.

"Oh, no," Jordan said. "Got a story I wanted to follow up tonight, anyway."

"See you next week, then," Paige said and went out. Jordan looked after him curiously.

It made Paige a little sullen that Jordan had taken it so easily, as if the bridge game didn't really matter at all to him and he had a thousand things to fill in with if he so desired. For he didn't know himself how he was going to fill in the next hours. He thought of Cora, of certain other women who always welcomed him, but something forbade him seeing any of them.

"I'm acting like a fool," he said to himself.

He drifted into a movie but found it dull beyond words and left before it was over. He ate out because it was Joe's day off, but he didn't eat at any familiar place. He found a little French restaurant and sat there alone. When he found the food was exceptionally good, he began to think of certain people he could bring here. Then he flushed, refused more coffee, got up and went home. He played records for an hour, then went to bed at an unprecedentedly early hour. He was bored, and angry at himself for allowing the boredom.

Sunday was one of the ugliest, dullest days he had ever spent in his life. A wet snow was falling. Joe seemed unusually subservient and that annoyed him. "Oh, Joe—not so many 'sirs,' please," he said once irritably. "Yes, sir," Joe said. "We aren't living in a British novel, you know," Eliot said. Joe gave him a humble but puzzled look and backed out of the room. He had thought he would call up someone to join him for dinner. Someone different, interesting. He did call Jordan, but Jordan was busy and seemed surprised to hear from him. He didn't try anyone else. He even thought of driving up home and surprising the folks, but that seemed as dull or more dull than sitting here alone. They might ask that Matthews girl over and that he could not take. He thought of going to the art gallery, but usually when he went he took some girl with him and liked making amusing, knowledgeable comments as they moved from picture to picture. No, if it couldn't be something different, it should be nothing. It was nothing.

The whole week was one of complete misery. When Jennie Pyke was leaving Monday morning, she said: "I meant to tell you Saturday—the music was beautiful. Thank you very much for the ticket."

"Oh—like it, did you? A rather nice little quartet, I've always thought."

She stood there an instant and he thought she looked as if she disliked him intensely and was about to say something horrid to him. But she only gave a small sigh and said: "Yes," and went out.

The thing was that he knew why she had looked like that. He heard his own voice, bored, snobbish and patronizing, as if the quartet were one of his own minor properties, but probably a treat for her. But he made no apology to her. He had never been one to feel the need for apology, and he certainly wasn't going to begin on Jennie Pyke.

And yet the incident bothered him beyond its immediate significance.

"I am not a stuffed shirt—it's the last thing on earth I am," he told himself.

BUT HE was troubled, because it was coming very clear to him that he was not as self-sufficient as he had thought, and that when it came to doing anything off the beaten track, even though that track had always seemed an exciting one, he was inhibited and lost. He had a certain stubbornness, though, and he let the week creep on in boredom, refusing to admit that he had to be bolstered up by any sort of scenery for his reality. But on Friday he did go to see Cora Welles. There were other people there, people he knew and liked. At first he felt only the terrible relief of being with people who talked his language, people who welcomed him. It seemed to him he had been years away from them. But after a bit he found himself scarcely listening, the chatter only a kind of repetitive cackle in his ears. In that moment he had a knowledge of the awfulness of cutting himself off from his friends and finding nothing to take their place. Someone quoted Gertrude Stein, lightly, a little scornfully, as if already they had dismissed Stein as unimportant. *A rose is a rose is a rose*, came the too-familiar words and Eliot suddenly turned to the girl beside him and said, "And a rut is a rut is a rut." His voice was sharp, unlike him, and the girl raised her brows and said, "Too, too true, darling!" He got up and went away from Cora's.

On Saturday morning Jennie Pyke said to him, "Mr. Paige, I know my vacation is supposed to come in July, but I wonder if I could possibly get a week now? It—it's rather important to me."

"That's Hanson's business. You'd better take it up with him."

"He's such a stickler," she said. "It's you I work for. I don't think he'd let me go unless you said it was all right."

She spoke a little stiffly.

"Getting married, I suppose," he said as stiffly.

"No. No, I'm not getting married." Her voice was suddenly bewildered, almost antagonistic, as if he should have known she wasn't getting married.

"Well, I must say it would be a little inconvenient right now. There's no one to take over except that Travis girl and she can't spell and she's slower than time. However, if there's any really

important reason, I suppose it could be managed."

"I don't suppose it would seem important to you," she said more slowly. "No, of course it wouldn't, Mr. Paige. It's just that my mind is so tired—I want a little time to rest it."

"Your mind?" He knew his tone was an insult and also his brief smile of amusement. Then he was ashamed. "Unfortunately," he went on, "the mind doesn't always rest just because you're not sitting at a desk."

"I know," she said. "I know that. But it seems as if I've got to have a few days to try in."

He began to stack letters in a neat pile on his desk.

"Look, Jennie," he said almost gently, "for all I'm a stuffed shirt, I know it doesn't work. The more time you have, the more your mind goes round and round in circles. I've been having a try at it myself and the result is only more confusion, more thinking that doesn't get anywhere. Be a good girl, please—do your mind-resting in your spare time and don't leave me in the lurch right now."

He knew he was being inconsistent, after all his wishing that the girl be out of his sight, but something in the still tense way she stood there, the difficulty she had in speaking at all, touched him.

"Of course—if it's inconvenient," he said. "I won't go."

"I don't want to be inconsiderate," he said uncomfortably.

"If you really need me," she began.

"Naturally, I need you. That's why you're here."

He wanted to bring an end to the conversation and so took the gentleness out of his voice deliberately.

To his astonishment and discomfort, the grey eyes abruptly filled with tears and Jennie put an arm up and rubbed the tears away with a childish gesture.

"Well," he succumbed, "take off till Thursday, Jennie."

She went out of the office, not answering him.

He was annoyed but a little troubled, too. He loathed exhibitions of emotion in an office, and yet he had to admit that he had been somewhat emotional himself. Admitting to his own confusion of the last days, giving in because she cried. And, contrarily, he did not now want her to take time off. Was she worrying because she had been so rude to him? But he had certainly acted as if that disturbing conversation had never taken place, hadn't he? Or had he? He had repeated that "minnow" and he'd just now referred to the "stuffed shirt" remark. No, he was a little at fault himself, he admitted.

HE WAS not an impulsive person, but suddenly he reached for the phone and called Kitty Wing. She answered almost at once and he said, "This is Eliot, Kitty. I've just had an idea—how would you and Laurence like to ride up to see my folks this afternoon? It might do Laurence good—I'd be very careful about the route and everything."

"Oh, Eliot—I'd love it. But wait—can you hold the line or shall I call you back?"

"I'll wait," he said.

It seemed a long time before she returned.

"We'll go," she said. "Eliot—you will be careful?"

"Yes, Kitty."

He had some sandwiches brought to his office and then drove up to the tall thin house of the Wings. Kitty was very gay, but Eliot saw at once that Laurence looked reluctant, apprehensive.

"A wonderful day to get out of town," Eliot said.

"I've been longing to go somewhere," Kitty said. "And I don't even feel guilty because we both worked hard all morning."

"You'll like my father and mother, I think," Eliot said.

"Are they like you?" Kitty said.

"I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't really know, Kitty."

For all they started out with gaiety, the drive was something of a strain. Laurence called attention to this landmark or that in an anxious fashion that was disturbing indeed and Eliot began to check them over himself in his mind with an answering anxiety.

"That firehall — remember that, Kitty," Laurence said once. And another time, "Four billboards at that turn," as if he were memorizing.

But Eliot tried to talk lightly of all sorts of things, as if the route were of no importance, and Kitty was wonderful at following his lead, laughing more than usual and seeming to cast care from her in a true holiday manner.

It was a great relief when they arrived, when Eliot could take his hands from the wheel and lead the Wings into the house. "Must remember not to bring the car around afterward," he reminded himself. "We must walk around the house and out to the garage." All his muscles felt tight and weary.

The stay went quite well. His mother had always been a little hurt at his not bringing friends home and she welcomed them with a hospitality that was really warm and delighted. His father built up a roaring fire in the fireplace. There were flowers from the greenhouse and everything was clean and shining, even if conventional. Kitty seemed to take a great fancy to his father and, to Eliot's surprise, knew a lot about gardens, though she hadn't even a corner for a zinnia at the house in town. His father took her off to see his greenhouse, but Laurence said, with the anxious little line still in his forehead, "No, I'll stay here, I think, by the fire."

While they were still gone, Laurence said, "Oughtn't we to be thinking about getting back, Eliot? It gets dark early now."

He hadn't thought about landmarks being blotted out by darkness. He said, "Yes, I suppose we should."

"Oh, but we must have some tea, at least," his mother said. "I do wish you'd stay for dinner, though."

"We can't," Eliot said. "A quick cup of tea, maybe, and then we'll have to be off."

So his mother brought tea with little cakes and bread and butter, and Kitty and Eliot's father came back and joined them. It was quite pleasant, or perhaps, Eliot thought, it only seemed so because nothing happened out of order. Then he saw that Laurence kept looking out of the window. "He's worrying about dark coming," he thought and stood up. "We really have to go," he said.

He remembered to go out by the front way and out to the garage and so they began the trip back. He knew, he thought, the exact way they had come, but he began to worry lest he had



A SOVEREIGN ORIGINAL



The inspiration for this design came from an antique Chinese shawl exhibited in a world-renowned museum. Available in sets and open stock at retailers across Canada.



SOVEREIGN POTTERS

Affiliated with Johnson Bros. (Hanley) England.

HAMILTON

ONTARIO

EVERYBODY WANTS The New PYREX OVEN AND REFRIGERATOR SET!



Yellow bowl
holds 6 cups
Blue bowl
holds 3 cups
Red bowls
hold 1½ cups

Complete Set
... only \$3.70

Big yellow dish is just the thing for baking and serving scalloped foods, ginger bread, cakes. Ideal for storing eggs, vegetables and meats. Cover, with convenient handles, makes grand serving tray for cheese, cold drinks. Inverted it becomes a coaster for your oven-hot Pyrex dish.

- Blue dish holds one pound of butter—turn upside down and serve on crystal cover. For storing and warming up leftovers; for storing cheese or dry foods like sugar or beans.
- Small red dishes are fine for leftovers, individual meat pies, ice box desserts or storing used fats. For serving jams, jellies, olives, nuts, relishes. In lunch boxes for hot foods, salads, and desserts.

- Covers to all dishes are crystal-clear to see what's inside, keep precious moisture in foods, fit under hot dishes as serving tiles. Wonderful as serving trays.

For Oven Use . . . Two Year Heat Breakage Guaranteed

PYREX

BRAND
OVENWARE

Pyrex is the registered trade mark of
CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD.

6-9

forgotten some shortcut, lest there be a detour.

There were the billboards. Eliot could feel in his own bones the relaxation of Laurence after they had passed the turn. It wasn't a long drive, but it seemed an eternity to Eliot Paige, because he knew it was seeming an eternity to the Wings. He thought that he would never forget this drive as long as he lived. There was one bad moment after they were in the city and he almost took a street that would get them home a little quicker, and had to back up. But they got there. Dusk had fallen.

"Come in for a bite of supper?" Kitty said.

"No—thanks a lot, but I've a bridge game on," he said.

"It was a heavenly afternoon," Kitty said. She turned to Laurence. "Wasn't it, darling?"

"Yes, very pleasant," Laurence said. But his face looked thin and worn through the dusk.

"We'll do it again some day. Thanks for going," Eliot said.

But he thought, driving away, that he would never do it again, he never could. He was completely exhausted. He found Joe at the apartment.

"Aren't you out, Joe?"

"You didn't tell me if your bridge friends would be here tonight, sir. I didn't know what to do about the sandwiches," Joe said.

"Oh, sorry. No, we are meeting at Mr. Jordan's place," he told Joe.

"Shall I get you some supper, since I'm here?" Joe asked.

Eliot had always played very fair with Joe about time off. He never imposed on Joe's freedom on Saturdays. It was a matter of principle with him. But he was so tired that the thought of going to a restaurant seemed too much.

"Would you, Joe?" he asked. "I've had a hard day and if it isn't asking too much, I would like something here. It needn't be much."

"No bother at all, sir," Joe said.

He saw that Joe had taken special pains with the supper.

"That was good, Joe," he said with coffee. "It was kind of you to get it."

"Quite all right, sir," Joe said. "You looked dead beat when you came in, Mr. Paige."

"I was. Better now, though."

HE THOUGHT, "It was kind. I don't know a darn thing about Joe, really—any more than I did about Jennie Pyke. Maybe he gave up something special to do this for me."

"How long have you been here, Joe?" he asked suddenly.

"Two years, eight months, come the twenty-third," Joe said.

More than twice the year and three months that Jennie had been in the office.

"Don't know what I ever did without you," he said. "Don't bother clearing up. It can wait till morning."

He reached Jordan's place a few minutes early. Jordan lived farther uptown in an apartment that might have been pleasant, but which Jordan kept in a flurry of untidiness. There were books and papers everywhere, iron paperweights holding down accumulations of clippings, cartoons on the walls.

"Hello, Paige," Jordan greeted him. "Settle in."

Eliot sat down, moving a couple of books from the chair arm as he did so.

"Think a woman could stand this mess?" Jordan said.

"A woman? What woman?"

"My wife. She's coming on Tuesday. Ought to fix it up a bit, I expect—don't know where to start."

"Good heavens! Where did you get a wife?" Paige said.

"Had her quite a while," Jordan said, looking around as if he ought to begin this minute to bring some sort of order out of the chaos. "We don't live together much. We have good intentions from time to time—but you know how it is—they fail us."

Paige was really astonished, because he had always thought of Jordan as the freest man he knew, quite unencumbered by matrimonial responsibilities or any other kind.

"You've really surprised me," he said at last. "You've certainly kept her a dark secret."

"Well, some things you do keep secret," Jordan said. "Do you think she'd take this?"

"Suppose I send Joe over Monday and he'll give it a going over," Paige found himself offering. "He's a wonder at that sort of thing. He won't lose any of your papers, either. Maybe some flowers—I'll have my father bring some in when he comes to the office Monday morning. He raises them in his spare time and has some nice ones right now. That's a good window arrangement over there, and with some flowers—and what about the sofa over on this side?"

"That's darned decent of you, Paige," Jordan said. "I'll accept, too. Have a feeling it might come out right this time, if it got started right."

The other men came and they got at their bridge and played till quite late. But it did not seem like other evenings to Eliot Paige, because of that astonishing announcement of Jordan's. Jordan didn't mention it to the rest and that made Eliot feel, with a humility strange to him, that Jordan really liked him, that he was his friend. He felt as if he would like to tell Jordan about Laurence Wing, but he didn't. There was no opportunity, anyway, and outwardly the evening was just the same as dozens of others.

Sunday he said to Joe, "Joe, would you mind if I lent you to a friend for tomorrow? His wife's arriving and his rooms are in a mess. They always are in a mess, but he doesn't much mind. He likes it—but his wife won't, and they've had something of a tiff, I expect, and he wants to make it up with her. You've got a knack for arranging things and I told him maybe you'd make the place presentable. Would you mind?"

"Not at all. If you can spare me here," Joe said.

"Well, it's rather important that I do spare you," Eliot said. "Think it means quite a lot to him. It's Mr. Jordan, the newspaperman you've seen here. Don't go till about nine or half-past. I'm having my father bring some flowers."

He called his father, and he thought his father sounded flattered at the request.

AFTER HE got to the office next morning, Travis came at his ring. He said, "Where's Jennie?"

"She's taking time off, Mr. Paige."

"Oh, yes—that's right. Well, for heaven's sake, Travis, look words up if you don't know how to spell them."

FUTURAMIC STYLING! FUTURAMIC DRIVING!



A Product of General Motors

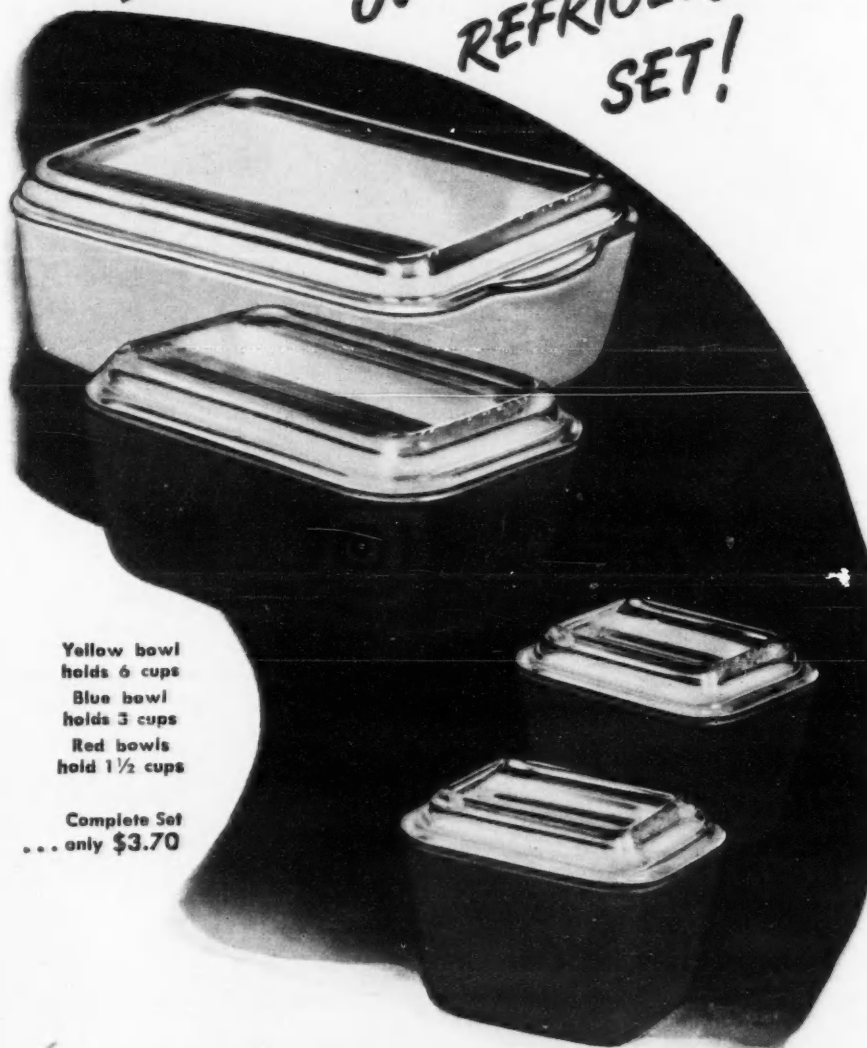
*Hydra-Matic Drive standard equipment on Series "88" models, optional at extra cost on "76".

Just look what's winging your way! The thrilling Futuramic line for 1949. Watch that dashing style and flashing action . . . you'll see the newest, *most exciting* car on the road! This smooth and smart new Oldsmobile features Futuramic styling at its finest, in a brand new 1949 Body by Fisher. Oldsmobile for '49 offers famous Hydra-Matic Drive with *Whirlaway**. And two new engines—an improved Big Six and the revolutionary new high-compression Rocket—give you flashing action, performance to spare! As Oldsmobile steps out ahead of the field . . . in style . . . in "drives" . . . in power, too, it's not surprising that Canadians everywhere are saying, "Forty-nine is the Futuramic year . . . it's SMART to drive an Olds!"

"The New Thrill"
FUTURAMIC

OLDSMOBILE

EVERYBODY WANTS The New PYREX OVEN AND REFRIGERATOR SET!



Yellow bowl
holds 6 cups
Blue bowl
holds 3 cups
Red bowls
hold 1½ cups

Complete Set
... only \$3.70

Big yellow dish is just the thing for baking and serving scalloped foods, ginger bread, cakes. Ideal for storing eggs, vegetables and meats. Cover, with convenient handles, makes grand serving tray for cheese, cold drinks. Inverted it becomes a coaster for your oven-hot Pyrex dish.

- Blue dish holds one pound of butter—turn upside down and serve on crystal cover. For storing and warming up leftovers; for storing cheese or dry foods like sugar or beans.
- Small red dishes are fine for leftovers, individual meat pies, ice box desserts or storing used fats. For serving jams, jellies, olives, nuts, relishes. In lunch boxes for hot foods, salads, and desserts.
- Covers to all dishes are crystal-clear to see what's inside, keep precious moisture in foods, fit under hot dishes as serving tiles. Wonderful as serving trays.

For Oven Use . . . Two Year Heat Breakage Guaranteed

PYREX

BRAND

OVENWARE

Pyrex is the registered trade mark of
CORNING GLASS WORKS OF CANADA LTD.

forgotten some shortcut, lest there be a detour.

There were the billboards. Eliot could feel in his own bones the relaxation of Laurence after they had passed the turn. It wasn't a long drive, but it seemed an eternity to Eliot Paige, because he knew it was seeming an eternity to the Wings. He thought that he would never forget this drive as long as he lived. There was one bad moment after they were in the city and he almost took a street that would get them home a little quicker, and had to back up. But they got there. Dusk had fallen.

"Come in for a bite of supper?" Kitty said.

"No—thanks a lot, but I've a bridge game on," he said.

"It was a heavenly afternoon," Kitty said. She turned to Laurence. "Wasn't it, darling?"

"Yes, very pleasant," Laurence said. But his face looked thin and worn through the dusk.

"We'll do it again some day. Thanks for going," Eliot said.

But he thought, driving away, that he would never do it again, he never could. He was completely exhausted. He found Joe at the apartment.

"Aren't you out, Joe?"

"You didn't tell me if your bridge friends would be here tonight, sir. I didn't know what to do about the sandwiches," Joe said.

"Oh, sorry. No, we are meeting at Mr. Jordan's place," he told Joe.

"Shall I get you some supper, since I'm here?" Joe asked.

Eliot had always played very fair with Joe about time off. He never imposed on Joe's freedom on Saturdays. It was a matter of principle with him. But he was so tired that the thought of going to a restaurant seemed too much.

"Would you, Joe?" he asked. "I've had a hard day and if it isn't asking too much, I would like something here. It needn't be much."

"No bother at all, sir," Joe said.

He saw that Joe had taken special pains with the supper.

"That was good, Joe," he said with coffee. "It was kind of you to get it."

"Quite all right, sir," Joe said. "You looked dead beat when you came in, Mr. Paige."

"I was. Better now, though."

HE THOUGHT, "It was kind. I don't know a darn thing about Joe, really—any more than I did about Jennie Pyke. Maybe he gave up something special to do this for me."

"How long have you been here, Joe?" he asked suddenly.

"Two years, eight months, come the twenty-third," Joe said.

More than twice the year and three months that Jennie had been in the office.

"Don't know what I ever did without you," he said. "Don't bother clearing up. It can wait till morning."

He reached Jordan's place a few minutes early. Jordan lived farther uptown in an apartment that might have been pleasant, but which Jordan kept in a flurry of untidiness. There were books and papers everywhere, iron paperweights holding down accumulations of clippings, cartoons on the walls.

"Hello, Paige," Jordan greeted him. "Settle in."

Eliot sat down, moving a couple of books from the chair arm as he did so.

"Think a woman could stand this mess?" Jordan said.

"A woman? What woman?"

"My wife. She's coming on Tuesday. Ought to fix it up a bit, I expect—don't know where to start."

"Good heavens! Where did you get a wife?" Paige said.

"Had her quite a while," Jordan said, looking around as if he ought to begin this minute to bring some sort of order out of the chaos. "We don't live together much. We have good intentions from time to time—but you know how it is—they fail us."

Paige was really astonished, because he had always thought of Jordan as the freest man he knew, quite unencumbered by matrimonial responsibilities or any other kind.

"You've really surprised me," he said at last. "You've certainly kept her a dark secret."

"Well, some things you do keep secret," Jordan said. "Do you think she'd take this?"

"Suppose I send Joe over Monday and he'll give it a going over," Paige found himself offering. "He's a wonder at that sort of thing. He won't lose any of your papers, either. Maybe some flowers—I'll have my father bring some in when he comes to the office Monday morning. He raises them in his spare time and has some nice ones right now. That's a good window arrangement over there, and with some flowers—and what about the sofa over on this side?"

"That's darned decent of you, Paige," Jordan said. "I'll accept, too. Have a feeling it might come out right this time, if it got started right."

The other men came and they got at their bridge and played till quite late. But it did not seem like other evenings to Eliot Paige, because of that astonishing announcement of Jordan's. Jordan didn't mention it to the rest and that made Eliot feel, with a humility strange to him, that Jordan really liked him, that he was his friend. He felt as if he would like to tell Jordan about Laurence Wing, but he didn't. There was no opportunity, anyway, and outwardly the evening was just the same as dozens of others.

Sunday he said to Joe, "Joe, would you mind if I lent you to a friend for tomorrow? His wife's arriving and his rooms are in a mess. They always are in a mess, but he doesn't much mind. He likes it—but his wife won't, and they've had something of a tiff, I expect, and he wants to make it up with her. You've got a knack for arranging things and I told him maybe you'd make the place presentable. Would you mind?"

"Not at all. If you can spare me here," Joe said.

"Well, it's rather important that I do spare you," Eliot said. "Think it means quite a lot to him. It's Mr. Jordan, the newspaperman you've seen here. Don't go till about nine or half-past. I'm having my father bring some flowers."

He called his father, and he thought his father sounded flattered at the request.

AFTER HE got to the office next morning, Travis came at his ring. He said, "Where's Jennie?"

"She's taking time off, Mr. Paige."

"Oh, yes—that's right. Well, for heaven's sake, Travis, look words up if you don't know how to spell them."

FUTURAMIC STYLING! FUTURAMIC DRIVING!



A Product of General Motors

*Hydra-Matic Drive standard equipment on Series "B6" models, optional at extra cost on "76".

Just look what's winging your way! The thrilling Futuramic line for 1949. Watch that dashing style and flashing action . . . you'll see the newest, most exciting car on the road! This smooth and smart new Oldsmobile features Futuramic styling at its finest, in a brand new 1949 Body by Fisher. Oldsmobile for '49 offers famous Hydra-Matic Drive with Whirlaway*. And two new engines—an improved Big Six and the revolutionary new high-compression Rocket—give you flashing action, performance to spare! As Oldsmobile steps out ahead of the field . . . in style . . . in "drives" . . . in power, too, it's not surprising that Canadians everywhere are saying, "Forty-nine is the Futuramic year . . . it's SMART to drive an Olds!"

"The New Thrill"
FUTURAMIC
OLDSMOBILE

MORE WOMEN CHOOSE WEAR-EVER THAN ANY OTHER ALUMINUM WARE!

Your mother . . . and your grandmother chose WEAR-EVER for its brilliant silvery lustre . . . fast, even heating . . . easy to clean qualities . . . light weight . . . and because WEAR-EVER Cooking Utensils retain natural food flavors. Beautiful WEAR-EVER is made of extra-hard aluminum that will not rust or chip. Today, more Canadian wives and mothers buy WEAR-EVER Aluminum Cooking Utensils than all other brands combined!



Famous for 49 years! Here is the familiar trademark you've seen on lustrous WEAR-EVER saucepans and fry pans . . . roasters . . . coffee percolators . . . pressure cookers . . . and all the many gleaming, fine quality WEAR-EVER Aluminum Cooking Utensils. Before you buy . . . look for the WEAR-EVER trademark.

Use **WEAR-EVER**
Aluminum Utensils

FOR FAST HEAT — YEARS OF SERVICE — LASTING BEAUTY

ALUMINUM GOODS LTD., MONTREAL • TORONTO • WINNIPEG • VANCOUVER



She was slow and he had to repeat often and he grew irritated.

Once during the long annoying day he found himself thinking, "Good grief—I hope she'll hurry up with that mind-rest of hers!"

When he reached home Joe was there, preparing dinner.

"Well, Joe, how did you make out?" he asked.

"I only hope he can find his papers, sir," Joe said, but he grinned a little.

"Do you think it'll do, though?"

"It looks very nice, very nice and comfortable, sir. The flowers were just the thing. I found a couple of nice prints in a corner and I took the liberty of hanging them. There didn't seem to be many towels—I bought a few—inexpensive, Mr. Paige, but it seemed to me a woman would want more towels."

"Good. Good. I'll pay for the towels."

"Oh, no, indeed. It was a pleasure. I believe it is quite homelike now. I hope Mr. Jordan will be pleased."

"My father come up?"

"Yes, Mr. Paige. The flowers were very beautiful. I have something of a green thumb myself. I was raised to be a gardener, Mr. Paige—but you know how it is, you want to do something different. I do like to see nice flowers, though. It is my hobby."

Eliot stared at Joe.
"You, too?" he murmured. Then, "Well, there's no reason you can't raise a few flowers here. The kitchen window's a good place."

Joe looked so pleased that Eliot turned away. "What's got into me, doing my good deed a day?" he mocked at himself.

The days went by, but Paige found them tiring. Travis was an annoyance and he found himself marking time on important papers till Jennie should get back. He thought of Laurence and Kitty a good deal, but he didn't call them or go there. The memory of that trip home hung over him like a nightmare.

When Jennie Pyke walked in in her brown suit and yellow blouse on Thursday morning, he gave a sigh of relief. But he saw at once that she didn't look rested.

She said: "Good morning," quietly, sat down, pencil poised.

"Good morning. Did you get your mind in order?" he said, trying to be amused at Jennie's mind.

"No," she said briefly. "You were quite right, Mr. Paige. The mind goes on and on, no matter where you are."

"You're too young to get into psychological tangles," he said indulgently.

She looked up at him and he was startled at the way the grey eyes could blaze.

"I am 26 years old," she said. "But if you don't mind, Mr. Paige, we won't discuss my psychological problems."

"As you like. We'll start with that patent business. I couldn't trust it to Travis."

They worked for some time. "Well, we'll finish it up after lunch. Get that typed if you can before then."

He felt pleased with the amount of work covered. He was quite cheerful when he went out to lunch. But when he came back he found a notice on his desk that a Mrs. Wing had phoned. He frowned at the note, then reached for the telephone.

"You called me, Kitty?" he asked when she answered the phone.

"Yes, but it was nothing, Eliot."

"Anything wrong?"

"Yes. But there's nothing you can do, Eliot . . . I must go now."

"Wait, Kitty . . ." he began but she had hung up.

When Jennie came in to go on with the patent matters, he couldn't begin at once. He had an impulse to close the office and go to Kitty at once, but her voice had been quite firm, telling him that whatever she had wanted from him, she didn't need him now. He began to dictate, but slowly. At last Jennie looked up anxiously.

"Don't you feel well, Mr. Paige?" she asked.

"I feel all right," he said. "Something's come up that disturbs me and I can't seem to put my mind to this business."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Would you like to leave it till tomorrow?"

"No, I've put it off long enough now."

He dictated a little further, then stopped.

"Afraid I will have to put it off," he said apologetically. "A friend's ill. I think I'll have to go see him, whether school keeps or not."

She stood up at once.

"I wish I could help you," she said. "I can't finish this alone—but if there's anything I could do to help . . ."

"I'm afraid not. Thanks, though."

"Is he—very ill?"

"I'm afraid so. It's his mind." He gave her a sudden smile. "But you do know about minds, don't you?"

She had a sudden helpless look, as if she couldn't take any more.

"No," she said. "I don't know anything about minds, Mr. Paige. It's the heart I know about. I just thought the mind could do anything, but it can't."

She whirled about and went out.

He had been about to tell her about Laurence and Kitty, he realized, and felt a little cheated that she had not let him.

HE WENT out of the office, called a taxi and went to the Wings'. He found Kitty alone. She looked strange, her face white, her hair flying in the old way, but her eyes old and bleak.

"Where's Laurence?" he asked at once.

"He's gone," she said. "Come up, Eliot. You shouldn't have come. I'm quite all right now."

"Gone where?" he said behind her on the stairs.

"Just gone," she said dully.

They went into the living room. The picture of Kitty was standing where he had seen it last.

"Come, Kitty, tell me. What is it?" he asked.

"He's had to go away—to a hospital. It—it just went too far, and he had to go away. When I got back to the house, I went to pieces for a minute—that's why I called you. But it's all right now . . . you were good to come, but it's all right."

"But I thought he seemed quite well Saturday. What happened?"

"No, Eliot. He wasn't well Saturday. You know he wasn't."

He thought of the billboards, the firehall.

"I'm terribly sorry," he said after a moment. "What do they say? Do they think he'll be better?"

SHINE

in a shower



Styled by
KELTON



Styled by HAUGH'S

with stylish **VINYLITE***
metallized rainwear!

Soft and light—this new VINYLITE* Metallized material adds a new fashion note to popular-priced rainwear.

Completely waterproof they won't stiffen, wrinkle, crack or stick when folded. They're unbelievably long-wearing and come in shimmering Blues, Greys, Fawns, Greens and exciting two-tone combinations.

They're the newest, most attractive, most comfortable thing in rainwear!

When you buy look for the VINYLITE* Trade Mark.

*Plastic

The word VINYLITE is the registered Trade Mark of



CANADIAN RESINS AND CHEMICALS LIMITED — MONTREAL, QUE. • TORONTO, ONT.

Serve this Sunny Blossom Cake



So easy to make with MAGIC!

Bright as a buttercup, light as a breeze, your Magic Blossom Cake spreads sunshine 'round the table. Of course, it's delicious . . . of course, it's fluffy, tender and snowy-white . . . that's the way Magic makes it!

Put your trust in pure, wholesome Magic Baking Powder for cake successes

every time. It's the no-risk way of getting the best from fine ingredients — perfect, even texture, and delectable flavor, everything just as you hoped. And Magic costs less than 1¢ per average baking, yet protects other costly ingredients. So, to keep your baking at its best—use Magic Baking Powder.

MAGIC BLOSSOM CAKE

2½ cups sifted cake flour
4 tps. Magic Baking Powder

¾ tsp. salt
12 tbsps. shortening
1½ cups fine granulated sugar

¾ cup milk
1½ tps. vanilla
4 egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together 3 times. Cream shortening (or mixture of butter and shortening); gradually blend in 1 cup of the sugar and cream well. Measure milk and add vanilla. Very gradually blend about a third of the flavored milk into creamed mixture. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; gradually beat in remaining ¼ cup sugar, beating after each addition until mixture will stand in peaks. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with three additions of the remaining milk and combining lightly after each addition. Add meringue and fold gently until combined. Turn into two 8" round cake pans which have been greased and lined on the bottom with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 30 to 35 minutes. Put cold cakes together with lemon filling; when set, frost all over with yellow-tinted vanilla butter icing and decorate with candy "blossoms".



"They don't know. I think they believe he won't, but they didn't say so."

"It's all strange, so incredible—for Laurence," he said. "I—I've thought of you both a lot, Kitty. But I didn't know what to do."

"You've been kind," she said. "Awfully kind, Eliot. Funny, I used to think maybe you didn't know what kindness was, but you've been kind."

"I don't think I have, not very. And I expect your first opinion of me was correct, Kitty. I—I said it was incredible, Laurence's complex, but I want to tell you, Kitty, that it isn't so awfully incredible to me as it was just a little while ago. I wonder if it isn't quite common, after all."

His voice was troubled, with nothing of the surface comfort he could assume so easily.

"Maybe it is," she said. "He will miss me so, that's what I felt as if I couldn't stand. He will want to get back to me. Do you think you could bear thinking about that, Eliot?"

"No," he said. "I couldn't. But it's better, even that way, than having no one who wants to get back to you. And you're very strong, Kitty."

"Yes," she said. "I am strong, I hope. He must get well, and I must wait. That's all there is to it."

"Where is he?"

"It's a place in the country."

"I could take you any Sunday, or Saturday afternoon," he said. "Will you let me?"

"Yes. Yes, Eliot. Thank you."

"Could we have some coffee, do you think?"

She gave him a sudden smile, though the bleakness did not die out of her eyes.

"Of course," she said.

They had coffee together down in the kitchen and then he went away.

Tonight he had a real engagement, a dinner party at the home of a theatrical

producer he knew. He had always been stimulated by talk of the theatre. But when he got home he said to Joe: "Joe, will you call Winfield and tell him I can't make the party. Tell him I'm ill—I've been called out of town—anything."

"Are you ill, sir?" Joe asked with concern.

"No, no. But I don't want to go out."

He went into his decorative living room, sat down in a deep chair and let his head sink back tiredly. It was true, he thought with dim surprise, he didn't want to go. He wanted to sit right here and rest. He knew how important it was to be meticulous about keeping engagements, about fostering a friendship such as his and Winfield's. But tonight he just couldn't seem to care. He slept in the big chair and didn't wake till Joe brought him an omelet and salad and coffee.

"I didn't like to wake you, you seemed so sound asleep," Joe said.

And all the next day he found he couldn't think at all. He did finish up the patent matter, but it was slow going. Jennie said to him, "Is your friend better?"

"No. He's not better," he said, so slowly that Jennie said, "He didn't—die?"

"No. He didn't die," he said.

At noon he had a call from Joe. "Mr. Jordan asked me to let you know he wouldn't be able to join you for bridge tonight, Mr. Paige. He said to say he was happily occupied otherwise."

"Oh, fine, Joe," Paige said. "Fine."

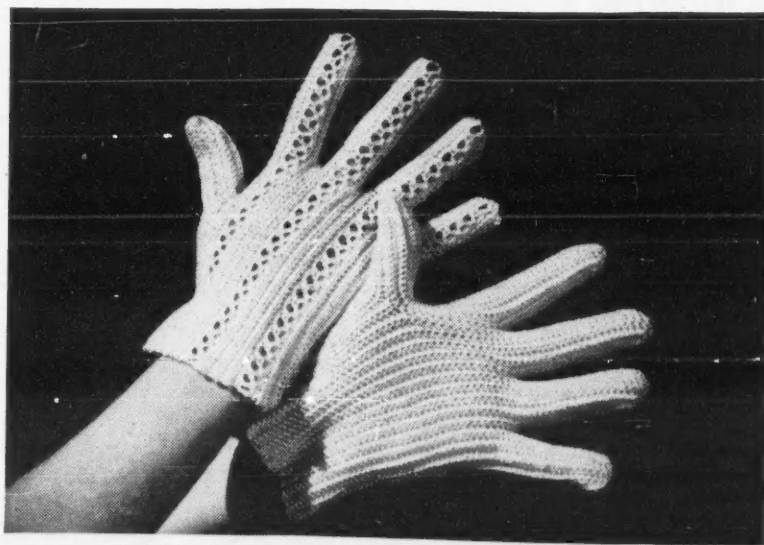
"Yes, sir!" Joe said, with something that for him amounted almost to enthusiasm.

Paige sat there at his desk for some minutes. It was queer, but he found he was not regretting the bridge game at all.

At a quarter to one he rang the

Continued on page 54

Easy to Work—Smart to Wear



TO BE CHIC and well-groomed this season! Whether you swing a mean golf club or your game is just medium—or your chief outdoor sport is a daily trip to the grocery store—you'll make news with the crowd when you wear these brightly white crocheted gloves. Pic-easy to work, paint-smart to wear, they launder in no time at all.

Instructions for making may be obtained from Chatelaine Handicrafts, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Order No. S-214, price 5 cents.

Mother was a Cinderella 40 years ago...

by
Ruth Parsons.



If you were growing up when this century was young, probably one of the sharpest memories of your childhood is the incomparable fragrance of the grocer's shop at which your mother dealt.

Never did so great a mingling of smells demand so much of one small nose! The open barrels of pickles, olives, crackers, dried herring and candy—the open bins of coffee beans, spices, tea, biscuits and brown sugar—the kegs of vinegar and molasses—the great mill-wheel of cheese—the kerosene pump at the rear—all combined to create a clashing mixture of offensive odours and benign fragrances.

But though such a memory may create a feeling of nostalgia in many of us, it is to our benefit that it is only a memory—not a present-day reality.

Charming though it may seem in retrospect, the way that foods were sold in the past was perilous to the health of the entire population. The very fact that their odours got out meant that their freshness escaped, and the dust and the germs got in. Back of most stores a heap of decaying refuse grew larger as each



day wore on, and blue-bottle flies feasted mightily both indoors and out. The flavours of different grocery products were woven together as were the odours.

And once the food was home, what a chore it was to prepare and conserve! Back in that era—the day of long hair, long skirts and many petticoats—the day when cosmetics were still frowned on—the average housewife did all her own cooking on a huge, black coal and wood range.

Three hearty meals a day to get! The ritual of baking and bread-making made domesticity strenuous. Stews, chowders, pork and beans, puddings, mincemeat, relishes, ketchup—she started with the raw materials and made them all—often by a long, slow, arduous process. She made soup when she had a coal fire going and could keep a soup bone simmering for several hours or days.

Since mother's cinderella days, what a magic wand has been waved over the food habits of a nation! Rare is the grocery store today in which one detects more than a faint whiff of food. Instead, the neat orderly shelves abound with a wondrous variety of packaged products. Protected by glass, by tin, by foil, by transparent plastics and many other

Make a fancy fish loaf this simple, thrifty way

As a first course for dinner or a mainstay for lunch, Heinz Vegetable Soup is grand and glorious eating. And here it plays another stellar role—adds the garden goodness of 14 vegetables to a fish loaf and changes it to a fancy feast.

FISH LOAF

- | | |
|---|--|
| 2 cups flaked cooked fish | 1/4 cup finely-chopped onion |
| 1 1/2 cups tiny cubes dry bread | 3 eggs, beaten |
| 1/4 cup chopped Heinz Sweet Mixed Pickles | 1 can (10 oz.) Heinz Condensed Vegetable Soup, undiluted |
| 1/2 cup finely-diced celery | |

Combine fish, bread cubes, pickle, celery and onion. Combine beaten eggs and soup; add to fish mixture and mix lightly. Line greased loaf pan (4 1/2" x 8 1/2") with greased paper; fill with fish mixture. Bake in a moderate oven (350°), until set—about 1 1/2 hours. Let stand in warm place 10 minutes, then turn out and garnish attractively. Cut into thick slices and serve with suitable sauce; or loaf may be served cold. Yield—6 servings.



Delicious . . . nourishing . . . brimming with real home-made flavour, the 17 varieties of Heinz Condensed Soups offer you superior quality, variety and convenience. Whether you serve them as soups or use them in recipes, you'll save on food bills. For a wealth of tested and practical soup-cookery recipes, drop a letter to the H. J. Heinz Co. Ltd., Toronto. Ask for the booklet "57 Ways to Use Heinz Condensed Soups".



materials—with all their freshness and flavour locked in—they can be made ready for the table in a matter of minutes.

With a twist of the wrist or a turn of the can-opener, the modern housewife can set before her family a wealth of good eating that would have taken her forebears hours of toil and trouble to prepare.



In bringing such advantages to the women of Canada, the House of Heinz has blazed a pioneering trail. Way back in 1909 the first Heinz kitchens were established in the midst of the sunny gardenland around Leamington, Ontario. Within a year or two, 4 kinds of oven-baked beans, tomato ketchup, many kinds of pickles, prepared mustard and relishes, olives, olive oil, horse radish and three kinds of vinegar—all bearing the famous sign of the "57"—were wending their way into homes across the nation. They were made in spotless kitchens from quality ingredients. They were carefully, scientifically packed in tins and bottles. Their flavour and quality never varied.

When gas and electric ranges swept the nation, the simmering soup pot was swept into near-oblivion. Heinz came to the rescue with many thrifty, savory, distinctly individual varieties of soup—all made from tried-and-tested recipes—the work of a minute to heat and serve.

Later Heinz introduced Heinz Strained Baby Foods and Heinz Junior Foods. Now baby, too, was assured of delicious, nourishing, and easily digestible fare . . . and mother could feed him at any hour of the day or night with ease and speed.



This year marks the fortieth Canadian anniversary of the House of Heinz. In today's streamlined grocery stores, Heinz products in their protective containers represent a flourishing garden where all year 'round all good things grow—and where it is always harvest time. They save us time and work . . . at home, at the cottage, on camping trips and automobile jaunts.

Once an array of Heinz products is on her pantry shelves, today's housewife can close the door on her kitchen until a few minutes before mealtime. Then she can open it, and without donning an apron, whip up a quick and hearty repast to please the most famished family. Most of the work has been done by somebody else.

That "somebody else" is in reality a staff of workers larger than the most luxurious household could afford. Drawing the ingredients of its products from the Canadian soil . . . keeping an army of Canadian farmers occupied from seeding time to harvest . . . employing hundreds of Canadians in its kitchens, laboratories, offices, warehouses and sales force . . . Heinz has built a Canadian business of surprising stature. But also by its purchases, payrolls, investments, and widespread domestic and export activities, it has added much to the general prosperity of our fortunate country.

YOUR NEW SINGER

pays for itself—

YOU SAVE SO MUCH BY SEWING !

HOW WONDERFUL, to be able to make the latest styles for *half* what they cost in a store! How easy, with a smooth-stitching new SINGER! Prices start at \$79.50†.

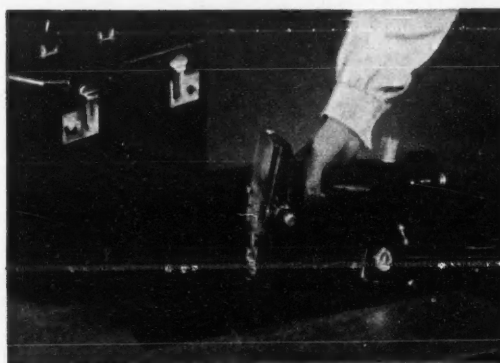
Before long, you save so much your SINGER pays for itself. And you go on saving for years

when you choose a dependable machine.

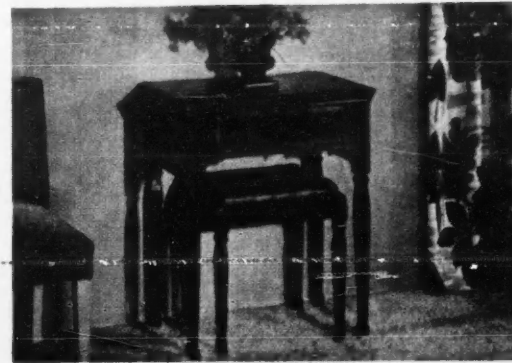
See the new models tomorrow. Finest models in 98 years of SINGER designing!

And whenever you need notions, lessons, services, or sewing advice just call on your friendly SINGER SEWING CENTER.

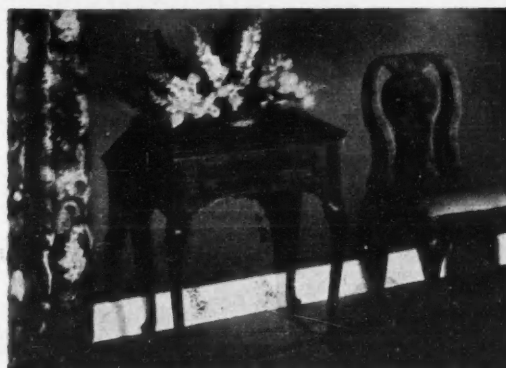
*Choose yours now!
The smoothest-sewing machines ever made!*



• **There's a SINGER* Sewing Machine** priced for you. Easy terms, liberal trade-in allowance. Featherweight Portable does work of a full-size machine.



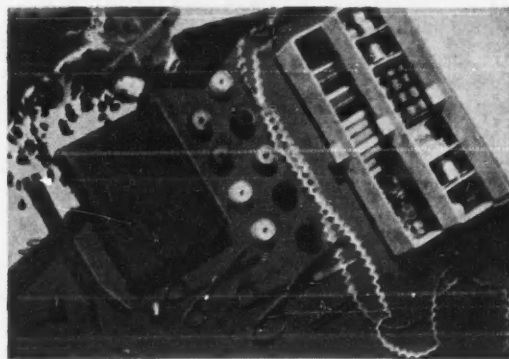
• **It's built to last a lifetime** if it's built by SINGER! Supplies and service always available from any SINGER SEWING CENTER. Above is handsome console model.



• **So many smart styles!** Queen Anne model has graceful charm. Sews forward, backward. Has non-glare light, tension indicator, full range of speeds.



• **You get basic attachments** with every new SINGER. Many others available. Folding table holds SINGER* Featherweight Portable, world's most popular model.



• **Need notions?** Shop at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. They cover buttons, make buttonholes, too. Give sewing course as a gift when you buy your new machine.



FOR YOUR PROTECTION SINGER sells its Sewing Machines and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" on the window, and never through department stores or other outlets.

Above is SINGER SEWING CENTER, at 321 North Main St., Moose Jaw, Sask. More than a hundred from coast to coast. For address of *your* SINGER SEWING CENTER see phone directory. SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.



The charming print dress above is made from Vogue Pattern No. S-3225. Buttons and buttonholes by SINGER SEWING CENTER.

Copyright, U.S.A., 1949, by the SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY. All rights reserved for all countries.
*A Trade Mark of THE SINGER MANUFACTURING COMPANY

†Prices subject to change without notice.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU

From me to you—A Merry May-Day.

The trout are rising to the bait, allapping in the creel. Prepare to listen to some tall fish stories, acting—if you can manage it—as though you believed them. Just hook on to the catch and develop a good line with it. Remember, no sauces; no fancy fixin's; you can't expect to improve on nature—troutwise.

As a cake is to a birthday, sandwiches and devilled eggs are to the Twenty-Fourth. Surely you're having a picnic, come Victoria Day. Surely it won't have the heart to rain.

Young tender dandelion leaves make a fine mess of greens. Cost you nothing but the patience to pick 'em. —and wash 'em. And wash 'em. Got patience?

Women are funny; show them a shapely field stone and they're dreaming up a rock garden. Men are funnier; let their eyes light on the same stone and before you know it they're out back building a barbecue.

You'll never muff breakfast by serving muffins. Ever think of folding a cup of diced raw rhubarb into your two-cup-flour batter? S'nice. Up the shortening a little and the sugar a lot; rhubarb's an awful sourpuss. Good with sauce as a pudding, these.

What's become of the gremlins—the pin-up girls (are they all married to the pinner-uppers?) . . . the word "Roger" . . . Lili Marlene . . . bomber moons . . . postwar wonders and prewar apartments . . . those left-over ration coupons (not that I ever want to see them) . . . first-aid notebooks and air-raid warden's paraphernalia—remember?

Brush up on brushes before you dip them into the paint bucket. Do you know a good brush when you see one; do you know enough to treat it well when you have it?

Quotation: "The fundamental reason that woman do not achieve so greatly as man do" (which I don't for a minute admit—H.C.) "is that women have no wives."

Bend down, lady, bend down; those seedlings in your garden need thinning out. Or you'll be in the same boat as Ogden Nash who "toiled with the patience of Job and Buddha. But nothing turned out the way it shuddha."

Some like it hot—boiled tongue, I'm talking about. Served with green beans, a snowy mound of whipped potatoes and this mustard sauce— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup dry mustard, 3 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ pound butter or margarine and a can of consommé, all mixed together and brought to a boil. Not cheap—but good. Nice with ham, too.

Some like it cold. If you like tongue cold, cool after skinning in the water in which it cooked. For sauce whip up a

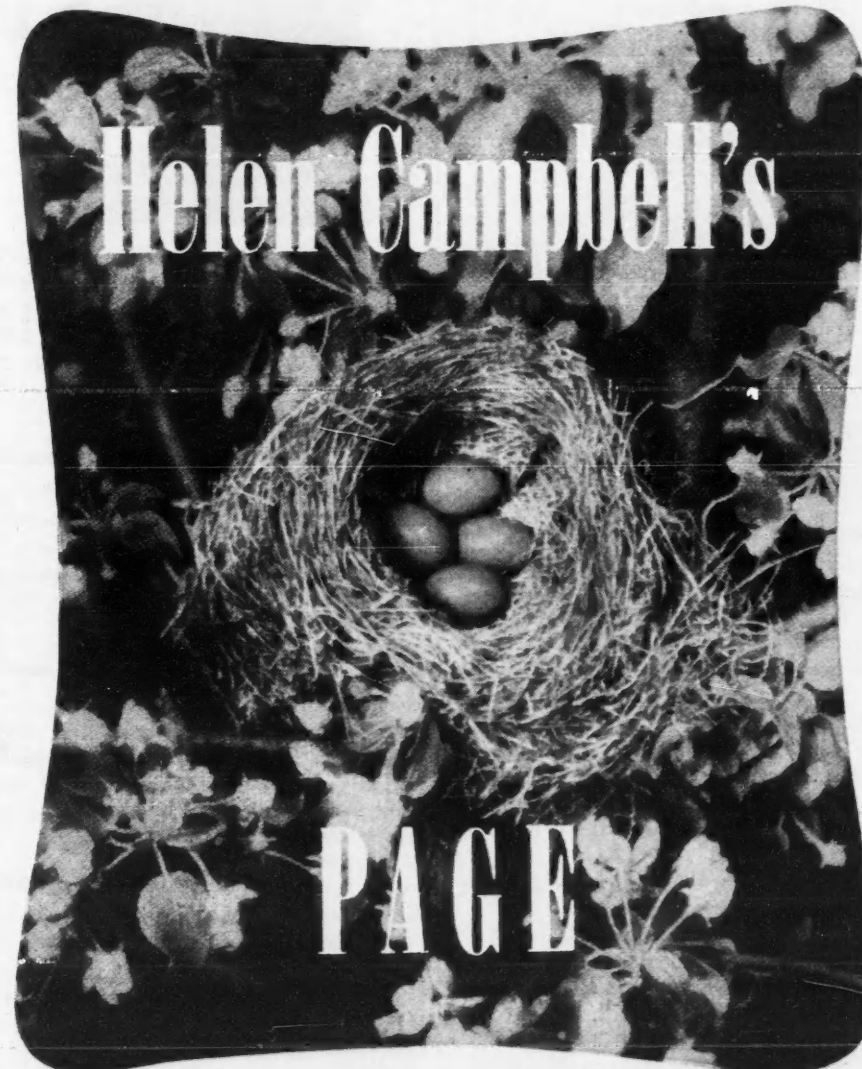
glass of red currant jelly; blend in 3 tablespoons or thereabouts of prepared mustard. Or stir 4 tablespoons of prepared mustard into a cup of mayonnaise, then blend with 2 teaspoons plain unflavored gelatine soaked in 2 tablespoons cold water, then melted over hot water. Smart in eggcup-sized molds; turned out for serving.

Planting any pumpkins? Great things, pumpkins. For pies, you know. Or, according to Peter, Peter, a fine place for keeping a wife. Fellow in the U.S.A. used one for hiding state papers. You might store the family jewels there—safe from Raffles. Or take the skeleton

Those blood-red splotches on the grass out back are from nothing more sinister than a repaint job on the porch chairs. No accident's happened. Nor has murder been done.

Any mint agrowing? You'll be wanting to make some mint jelly, ma'm. Or sip a mint julep, suh.

Milk'n spice. Tie 6 cinnamon sticks and a dozen or so whole cloves in a little cheesecloth bag. Sink into 4 cupfuls of milk, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon ginger, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses, pinch of salt. Heat to scalding. Remove bag, serve in mugs with a blob of whipped cream floating.



out of your closet and keep it in the garden.

A tip or two anent asparagus: Spoon on butter dressing— $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, pepper and a few chopped pecans. Or toss a half cupful of fine dry bread crumbs in the same of butter. Brown nicely, add lemon and seasonings; sprinkle over.

One of the secrets of creamy fudge (there are others, but I'm not telling all I know) is to let the syrup cool right down—in peace and quiet—before you begin to beat.

Like King Richard longed for a horse, I begin about this time of year to long for a mess of trout. Brook trout fresh flipped from its watery home and cooked, instant, over a picnic fire. Then borne to me by willing hands at the place where I am gracefully reclining against a tree trunk.

Thumbing through a very old magazine, catching up with the past, I learned that the etiquette adviser saw no objection to dancing—"in the presence of parents and chaperons, of course."

I learned too, from the same source, that the well-dressed summer porch was wearing "at least two stout and comfortable hammocks . . . half a dozen cushions covered in turkey-red cotton and blue denim with ruffles, dropped on the floor to add beauty and luxury."

To season your new wooden salad bowl give the inside a few rubdowns with hot olive or salad oil, wiping off after each. Now go over it with a cut clove of garlic (you like garlic?). Repeat the treatment several times in the next two or three weeks. After use, wipe with a clean cloth, then with a piece of bread to take up any oil. Don't wash. Keep just for salads.

May brings in the eat-out season. At the back garden barbecue the line forms to the right—and if that isn't a second Escoffier presiding at the grill! (That's what he thinks.)

Let your salad greens be bone-dry, cracker-crisp, button-bright. Before the tossup.

Give a man a steak he can broil, give him an outdoor fireplace at which he can officiate, and you've hit on one sure way of getting some work out of the brute.

Try these, won't you? For lunch or supper, or maybe breakfast. Beat up an egg, add a cup of milk, and one of cooked rice, then $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of flour already sifted with 4 teaspoons of baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of salt. Line 12 muffin tins with 12 strips of bacon—one to each, you know. Pour in your batter—whoa there, not too full!—and bake half an hour at 425 or roundabouts. Turn out; top each timbale with a good dab of red currant or grape jelly.

You can do a lot of things with fresh pineapple. Put some in potato salad for one. Yes, you can; use about half as much as potatoes. Nice change and any change in most potato salads is a change for the better. But this one's good—honest. Tip from Hawaii.

The marriage of cocoa and prepared coffee produces a fine mocha flavor. For beverages or butter icings.

Creamed eggs—but different. Slice, put with a can of peas, a nip of minced onion in casserole. Add a little ketchup, a little Worcestershire to a can of mushroom soup; spread over the eggs, etc. Scatter crumbs on top. Twenty minutes in moderate oven.

Pineapple in a butter icing turns the most rugged individual into a cake-eater.

Cabbage, orange and pineapple tied together with dressing makes a grand slaw for your salad bowl.

Alternate slices of orange and cold cooked beets on lettuce or endive—with vinaigrette dressing—makes a nice salad, they tell me. I wouldn't know and I'm not going to eat it to find out. Not with beets in it; you know what I think of beets.

A chicken in the pot? Whyn't you try stirring a can of mushroom soup into the gravy?

Baking a fish? Reader Reta sends this tip for free. Brush a good-sized piece of cheesecloth with cooking oil and lay out on the pan. When fish is done, use this net for transferring to the platter. Then gently yank (can you yank gently?) from under.

To help you wait patiently for the berry season, whip a cup of cream, fold in a cup of finely crushed peanut brittle and a cup of orange segments freed of membrane and cut up. Pile in sherbet glasses; chill. Happy ending. ♦



**Works at Home—
Sells Articles Regularly**
"After only seven lessons, I asked the editor of the Lacombe Globe to consider my stories. Now he accepts my weekly news reports regularly, paying space rates. One item was reread from the Globe by a Radio commentator. To think I can accomplish all this sitting right here at home, thanks to N.I.A." —Mrs. Minnie E. H. Long, Alberta, Canada.

Why Can't You Write?

It's much simpler than you think!

SO many people with the "germ" of writing in them simply can't get started. They suffer from inertia. Or they set up imaginary barriers to taking the first step.

Many are convinced the field is confined to persons gifted with a genius for writing.

Few realize that the great bulk of commercial writing is done by so-called "unknowns."

Not only do these thousands of men and women produce most of the fiction published, but countless articles on business, hobbies, homemaking, social matters, sports, travel, human interest stories, local and club activities, etc., as well.

Such material is in constant demand. Every week thousands of cheques for \$25, \$50 and \$100 go out to writers whose latest ability was perhaps no greater than yours.

The Practical Method

Newspaper work demonstrates that the way to learn to write is by writing! Newspaper copy desk editors waste no time on theories or ancient classics. The story is the thing. Every copy "cub" goes through the course of practical criticism—a training that turns out more successful authors than any other experience.

That is why Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on the Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. And upon the very same kind of actual assignments given daily to metropolitan reporters. Thus you learn by doing, not by studying the individual styles of model authors.

Each week your work is analyzed constructively by practical writers. Gradually they help to clarify your own distinctive style. Writing soon becomes easy, absorbing. Profitable, too, as you gain the "professional" touch that gets your material accepted by editors. Above all, you can see constant progress week by week as your faults are corrected and your writing ability grows.

Have You Natural Ability?

Our Writing Aptitude Test will reveal whether or not you have natural talent for writing. It will analyze your powers of observation, your imagination and dramatic instinct. You'll enjoy taking this test. There is no cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon below, today. Newspaper Institute of America, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y., U.S.A. (Founded 1925).

NOTICE TO CANADIANS

Newspaper Institute's operations in Canada have been approved by the Foreign Exchange Control Board. To facilitate all financial transactions, a special permit has been assigned to their account with The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal.

Free

NEWSPAPER INSTITUTE OF AMERICA, One Park Ave., New York 16, N.Y., U.S.A.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your Writing Aptitude Test and further information about writing for profit as promised in CHATELAINE, May.

Mr. _____
Mrs. _____
Miss _____

Address _____

(All correspondence confidential. No salesman will call on you) 72-E-599

Copyright 1949. Newspaper Institute of America

His Kind of Woman

Continued from page 50

buzzer for Jennie. She came in at once, but stood there before him, not sitting down.

"Jennie," he said, "I wonder if you wouldn't go with me to see a friend this afternoon? She's the wife of my friend who is ill. I think you'd like her."

She looked down at her shoes, then up again.

"Me? You want me to go with you?" she said.

"Yes, you. I—well, you'll see. She needs friends right now."

Jennie hesitated. "But she wouldn't want me, a stranger," she said at last.

"I think she would... had you planned anything else?"

"No."

"Well, let's have a bite of lunch first, shall we?"

"All right," she said, as if it were an order that she had to obey.

He reached for his coat and hat. Jennie went off and got her coat. She wore no hat. They went down in the elevator together and out into the street. He said, "I haven't my car here. I'll get a taxi."

She was utterly silent while he found a taxi and all the way to the restaurant. They sat at a corner table and he said, "It's kind of you to come."

"Kind?" she said slowly. "Not particularly."

They ordered and then he said, "I'd better tell you about Laurence." And he told her all the sad story. "It's upset me a good deal," he said at the end. "I'm afraid I've thought of little else for weeks, it's hard to tell you why it's been so important..."

"You love his wife," she said a little flatly.

"Kitty? Oh, no. Not at all... no, it isn't that at all," he ended lamely.

"I'm sorry. I hadn't any business saying that," she said. "It—it must be horrible for her."

"It is. I want to help her, but I hardly know how, except by standing by."

They were in the taxi and almost to Kitty's before she said, "But I don't see why you want me to come."

"I don't quite see, either," he confessed. "Here it is."

They went up the steps so close to the sidewalk. He rang the bell. Then he turned and Jennie was looking up at him, still asking why he had brought her, but saying, too, with her wide grey eyes, that no matter what he asked of her, she would do it.

He answered her then as if there had been no pause in the conversation.

"I didn't know anyone else who would do. Anyone real enough, anyone who had a heart..."

"But you don't know whether I'm real or not," she said stubbornly. "You didn't even know my name three weeks ago."

"Well, I know it now. Jennie Pyke. Oh, hello, Kitty. I've brought the nicest girl I know to see you—I don't share her often, so you'd better be pleased. Her name's Jennie Pyke and she likes coffee, too."

Kitty had her hair up in braids again and her bony face looked singularly pure and strong.

"Why, Eliot," she said. "I am flattered. Hello, Jennie Pyke, come in."

They were all in the kitchen. He saw

What to tell 3 friends

about Tampax



Are you ahead of your friends in trying a wholly different kind of monthly sanitary protection? Are you planning to convert them to Tampax for their own good? Perhaps you have a variety of friends—no two alike. Try these arguments on them.

"Don't be a die-hard!"

Why be the last girl in our set to give up that belt-and-pin routine every month? Why not switch to Tampax, which is worn internally? No odor, no chafing, no bulky pads to dispose of. How about it?

"Don't be a timid soul!"

Remember this: Tampax is doctor-invented, is only 1/9 the bulk of older forms, can be worn in tub or shower. Finally, remember that millions of girls and women use it. Why think you are any different?

"Don't be a know-it-all!"

Don't follow hearsay information. Get a few facts straight. Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton firmly stitched for security and compressed into dainty applicators. When in place Tampax is conforming in shape; you cannot even feel it!

At drug and notion counters, in 3 absorbency-sizes—Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ont.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ TX9-8

Kitty's strong steady hands moving on dishes, on bread and cheese. He heard Jennie say, "Let's have it here. It's such a good kitchen." Standing by, Jennie. He let his eyes go to Jennie, to her funny pointed face and the brown bangs that had annoyed him so. "Why, she's been standing by for a year and three months," he thought. "If I went away, like Laurence, she'd still stand by." It was an important moment, he knew. The pattern fell away to nothingness, and the fear of the pattern as well. He knew he was walking into a new path, away from anything he had ever known, but he was more at peace than he had ever been, not afraid at all.

They sat at the table and the winter sun came briefly through the window and fell across the dishes, the bright yellow of the cheese, across Jennie Pyke's hands as they put butter on rye bread. It was Kitty who broke the small peaceful silence.

"I do believe Eliot's right," she said, with a smile at Jennie. "You are the nicest girl he knows. I didn't think he had the sense."

"It's newly acquired. I'm a slow developer, Kitty," he said.

The sunlight left the window and the world outside was grey. But it seemed to still lie over them, warm and comforting.

Last Chance for Love

Continued from page 28

part—no reaching. He released the emergency brake.

"Don't start yet, Tom."

He glanced at her. She was in the other corner, her head tilted, eyes slanting at him... studying him. Then she moved toward him.

When she finally drew away, her lipstick was smeared just a little, but her eyes were shining. "Since you're making comparisons," she observed, "I just thought I'd better get in my side of the story."

Tom started the car. There was a shakiness in his fingers resting on the steering wheel. The flippant indifference he'd built up so carefully as a defense against her was gone, melted into nothing. He even felt guilty about it. She was leaning close to him, as though she belonged there, and everything was as it ought to have been always. His last summer at the lake—maybe it wouldn't be an ending for them—maybe only a beginning. The thought glowed in him. The road, unwinding in the white radiance of the headlights, had become a leaf-lined tunnel of enchantment. After a while he said, "Glad to see me again?"

Her fingers pressed his arm. "So very glad. It's been dull." Her voice was rueful. "Not for you, though, with all your new women."

"Confidentially, there haven't been any."

"Uh-uh. Kissing technique doesn't evolve. You've been practicing."

"Well, no one that meant anything, anyhow."

"I'd like to believe that, Tom."

He swung the car into the parking lot of the country club. "You can."

He rolled in next to the others and braked to a stop. She looked sideways and up at him, not stirring. A shaft of moonlight slipped through the trees and caressed the soft curve of her cheek.



Actual Unretouched Photo

FOUND

Look at this woman — isn't she pretty? There's not a line or wrinkle in her lovely face—no wonder so many think she's years younger than her age—35! Yes, she's *found* the secret of youthful-looking skin.

How about you... are you giving your skin the care it needs? Watch out for rough, dry skin and tell-tale lines that can add years to your face.

Here's a unique triple-action cream — Noxzema Cold Cream — that can help your skin look so much younger. It *deep-cleanses* while it dissolves dulling surface film. It softens, helps smooth away roughness and dry skin lines. It *stimulates*—helps wake tired skins to a new glow.

Try Noxzema Cold Cream for just 10 days. See if your skin doesn't look fresher, lovelier, younger! At all drug and cosmetic counters. 21¢, 39¢, 63¢.

Tortured with

CORNS?



Blue-Jay acts three ways. Pain-relieving Nupercaine* eases surface pain. Soft, Dura-felt pad relieves shoe pressure pain. Gentle medication loosens hard

core of the corn so you can lift it right out in a few days. Get quick corn relief with Blue-Jay Corn Plasters.

*Reg. in Canada. Ciba's brand of Dibucaine

BLUE JAY

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of the Kendall Company (Canada) Limited
Toronto, Ontario

Tom could feel the tightness in his throat again. "It's been you, Gail. I think it always will be."

She smiled. Her eyes were all surrender.

Tom bent. His mouth brushed her hair, sought her lips. But her face had turned slightly. She seemed to slide away from him—from his kiss. She said, "Tom, really! Let's not be adolescent."

AND THERE he was again, flat on his face. The clumsy schoolboy. He'd forgotten not to reach. He was just where he'd been last summer—sprawling. It had been done quickly, so quickly he hadn't had time to consider what was happening. Tom opened his door grimly. A year ago he'd have taken it, mumbled an apology, acted as though he'd been out of order. But he'd promised himself that this summer would be different, that he wasn't just slipping back into anyone's stag line.

He didn't talk on the way to the clubhouse. Gail gazed up at him innocently after she'd left her wrap. "What is it, Tom? You look so broody."

He shrugged. "Let's dance."

It was hard to hold onto the anger when she was in his arms. She was all so much everything he wanted. That was the worst of it. She knew it. She used it. But he wasn't proof against the light intimacy of her hand on his shoulder, the fragrance of her hair, the hint of yearning in the relaxed body moving with his to the music. Tom's resentment ebbed. When the music stopped and she smiled up at him as though secret things had been passing between them during the dance, he wasn't mad any more. The evening was young. Maybe it was just that she needed more time to make sure of how she felt. He might have been a little pushing—

"There's Alan Douglass," Gail said. She waved.

The tall blond young man moved toward them eagerly. Tom grunted. "I know that look. He wants to take over. Brush him off gently, will you?"

"Tom, I couldn't be rude."

Tom watched them dance away together. He should have remembered. Taking Gail to a dance had always been just taking her. From the moment they arrived he'd never had any more claim on her time than anyone else—maybe a little less. She was like trying to pick up mercury with your fingers... there was nothing to hang on to. He lit a cigarette, forcing himself not to look after her on the floor, knowing she'd be gazing up at Alan in that very flattering, completely absorbed way. No use kidding himself. Things would be the same, only more so, if he let them be. He'd made a promise to himself that he wouldn't. This was his cue to bow out.

He looked around. There were enough girls, most of whom he knew—glossy attractive girls, laughing, playing games with their men. He was very tired of games. Then he saw Lydia.

She was standing near the French windows with a group of others... a little on the outside. Lydia generally stood on the outside of groups. Physically she'd changed quite a bit. The extreme thinness was gone. The angles had softened into curves, somehow, and she no longer seemed particularly tall. She looked almost attractive in the rather pretty pale blue dress. Tom had

Stop! You're in the Picture!



Tex-made

COLONIAL SHEETS

... make a very pleasing picture to any

housewife who is lucky enough to be able to

hang them out on wash day. They come to you

sparkling white, soft yet strong, and will wear for years.

No matter what your budget, you can afford

"Tex-made" sheets for there is a quality to suit

every requirement — "Colonial" the top

quality sheet — "Hospital" a heavy duty sheet for hard

rough usage — "Bungalow" the best buy in the

popular priced field and "Four Star"

the inexpensive utility sheet.

Available at leading stores from coast to coast.

Tex-made
T.M. REG'D.
IS WELL MADE

by DOMINION TEXTILE COMPANY LIMITED • MONTREAL



"YOUR SCREENS CAN REALLY TAKE IT... WISH I HAD BRONZE!"

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT. There's just no telling how long bronze screens will last. Their life-span is subject only to accidental breakage, and bronze wire is tough and strong. As for the flies, mosquitoes and other insects, who are trying to invade your home, they are searching for rust holes to let them in... but bronze wire screening can *never* rust.

The cost of new screens is largely the labor of putting them together. So, you see... if you need new ones, the extra pennies you pay for bronze screening make a sound, long-term investment.

Worth remembering, too, is the name **Anaconda**, your assurance of highest quality in copper, brass and bronze. Write for free booklet, "Your Enduring Home".

Anaconda American Brass Limited does not weave insect wire screening, but supplies Anaconda Bronze Wire to leading manufacturers.



ANACONDA AMERICAN BRASS LIMITED

Main Office and Plant: New Toronto, Ont.
Montreal Office: 939 Dominion Sq. Bldg.

Since 1922 Headquarters in Canada for Copper and Brass

Anaconda Copper & Brass
FOR LONGER SERVICE... LOWER UPKEEP

always felt a little sorry for Lydia—had tried to make conversation with her at the parties to which Lydia's mother's friends insisted their daughters invite her. It had been hard going. It was almost impossible to relax when you were with her. But she didn't play games. He was glad to see that she seemed to have got in with people.

The music stopped. Tom rigidly held himself where he was, not looking for Gail, not trying to get her back. Another of her entourage would be there to take over from Alan. She'd look back at Tom over the new one's shoulder regretfully, as though she preferred dancing with Tom, but what could she do? Tom had had enough of that.

He glanced back at Lydia as the music started again. Her group was thinning out as the couples paired off. And Lydia was suddenly standing by herself. She looked brightly at the dancers for a moment. Then, as though she had to account for her being alone to anyone who might be watching her—to assure people somehow that it was of her own choosing—she moved quickly to a painting on the wall and started studying it with determined interest. Tom sensed her feeling of aloneness. People were so darned unkind, he thought. They toss a wisp of being sorry for someone out and then go on about their own affairs. Including him. He could do better things with his summer than chase after Gail.

LYDIA TURNED from the painting as though she could feel his approach. He could sense the tightening inside her—the readiness to accept that he would probably just nod and pass by on his way to someone else. Tom stopped, putting all the warmth he could into his smile. "Hello. That man is back."

The slightly long face did have a certain charm when she smiled. There was a moment's groping for the correct thing to say. Then she held out her hand. "I—I want to congratulate you on your graduation, Tom."

"Thanks. Knowing me you'd say it was quite a matter for congratulation, I guess."

There was sudden anxiety in the clear hazel eyes. "Tom, I—I didn't mean it that way. I think you're very intelligent... really."

There it was again. No give and take, only a self-conscious eagerness to please. What was it about people like Lydia that you couldn't talk to them? He felt uncomfortable suddenly—trapped—wanting to get away. But Lydia was a nice person. And Tom wasn't getting onto the Gail merry-go-round again if he could help it. He said, "At last someone to appreciate me. Dance?"

Her dancing had the same self-consciousness—the eagerness to anticipate his next step so that she could do the right thing—the fear of displeasing him. Gail danced by in the arms of someone Tom didn't know, observing him in mild surprise. He thought he saw a hint of irritation in her eyes. Probably because he hadn't been around between dances to try to claim her. It gave him a grim sort of satisfaction. He was mulling this over and clumsily stepped on Lydia's foot. She said, "Oh! I—I'm sorry, Tom." He stopped dancing, took her arm and led her off the floor onto the veranda. He observed her severely. "You and I are going to have an understanding."

Her eyes were confused. "Is anything wrong?"

"Everything is. I'm a clumsy oaf on the dance floor, but I have my rights. When I step on someone's foot, I do the apologizing. Let's go for a walk on the golf course."

She hesitated. "Uh... should we, Tom? People might get the... well... the wrong idea."

He leered darkly at her. "What gives you the notion they'll be wrong?"

"Tom!" She observed him in some alarm, then burst into a laugh as he twirled imaginary mustachios. It was a fresh, unaffected laugh... startled out of her. It had nothing to do with trying to please. The uneasiness between them was gone. She said, "I'd love a walk."

TOM DROVE unconcernedly on the way home, his elbow resting on the door, making no overtures to Gail. He could feel her watching him from the other side of the seat. Her voice was a little irritated. "I certainly didn't see much of you this evening. Where were you?"

"Oh, I did a little wandering on the golf course."

"With whom?"

"Lydia. We found we had quite a bit in common."

"Well." She laughed. "I suppose she wanted you over for a nice old-fashioned taffy-pull with her father and mother. For a moment there you had me worried."

"Lydia's a very nice girl."

"That's what I mean." She moved over close to him. "Tom, the crowd's going picnicking at the creek Saturday. Alan asked me to go with him. I said no."

"Interesting. Lydia asked me to go with her. I said yes."

"You didn't! Tom, I wanted you to take me."

He pulled into the driveway and stopped the car. His voice was level. "What's the difference? This way saves you the trouble of getting rid of me after we get there."

"Now you're being difficult." She put a hand on his arm. "Tom, don't let's be like this—not on your first day back." She smiled up at him softly, waiting.

Tom knew what she was waiting for. His groping for the good-night kiss... the seeking for her quickly withdrawn lips that always left him flushed and feeling foolish as she pushed him back and escaped from his arms. He manufactured a yawn and smothered it. "Guess I'm not used to these late hours. I'm really sleepy."

"It's the company, no doubt." She slammed the door of the car behind her.

He watched her up the steps and into the house, realizing again that she was all he wanted. But he didn't call after her. His chasing days were over.

He knew she'd expect him to break his date with Lydia... to stop by or telephone. He didn't. He called Lydia instead and stopped over at her house for an evening of dancing and toasting marshmallows in front of the fire. He kidded the self-consciousness all out of Lydia and discovered that when she was being herself it was fun being with her. And she didn't play games.

Gail wasn't at the picnic when he arrived at the creek with Lydia. There was still that curious awareness in Tom about her, though... the expectancy

They've prospered Dad!



and were doing very well. Our first year shows we have accumulated more money than we started with.

Write home to comfort anxious minds when you are far away. Write often—write reassuring letters, on paper that expresses a feeling of well-being.

Choose the finest—Eaton, Crane & Pike Stationery—as a reflection of success and a compliment to those who receive your letters.



Highland LINEN

This fine, textured paper has a hand-made look about it that sets off every word on a distinguished background. Highland Linen is sold at all better stationery stores. Ask for it by name.

OUR BOOKLET "IT'S FUN TO WRITE LETTERS" MAKES WRITING EASY. SEND 10c FOR A COPY

EATON, CRANE & PIKE
COMPANY OF CANADA LTD.
TORONTO

that kept him from being really interested in anything that was happening around him... as though nothing began until she arrived. Lydia and he swam with the others. Then they leaned against each other's back and munched sandwiches and pickles and cheese. Tom was beginning to enjoy being with her.

Then he saw Gail. She was standing waist-deep in the creek, the sun shining yellow on her hair, in a wisp of a blue bathing suit. She was waving and beckoning to him.

Tom got up so fast, Lydia lost her balance. He steadied her, then said, "See you in a few minutes," and headed for the creek.

Gail had disappeared behind the trees. Tom splashed into the deeper water, looking around for her. He felt fingers on his ankles suddenly. There was a sharp tug, and he was up-ended and tumbled into the water.

He came up gasping. Gail was in front of him, laughing, droplets of water sparkling at the ends of her lashes, her eyes more vividly blue than the sky. "That, you mean man, is for avoiding me."

"I didn't know you were here."

"Well, you know now." She floated away from him and caught hold of a low overhanging branch, trying to draw herself up. She relaxed back into the water. "Lift me onto this, will you?"

Tom swam over. Her arms slipped around his neck as he lifted her. She looked up at him. "This is nicer than the branch." She twisted her fingers

Continued on page 69

I Learned About Beauty

Continued from page 31

be coy about it. She can remain a woman but be a friend as well. Then, to me, she is honestly beautiful.

WALTER PIDGEON: I was asked once in private conversation what my ideal woman would be. I picked a girl I know well: Janet Leigh. Such a girl is not beautiful in the sense that Hedy Lamarr is, but she has a quality which makes her beautiful—she gets an enormous kick out of being alive. She is sweet, and very natural. Those two elements go into my ideal of beauty. Sweetness and charm are vital to a woman, I think. And naturalness—the business of being you and not 14 other people—is so important that I think everyone must know it by now.

But the most vital thing is something I call joy of living. I don't mean that a girl must go round with a silly smirk on her face. I don't even mean that she need laugh more than other people. But such a girl, even though she may be worried, faces her ordeal with a kind of faith-filled courage, as if she knew that things would work out all right, as if even the challenge of the moment was an adventure. We forget this. We get all wrapped up in problems actually too minute to expend our energies on. We lose track of the sheer delight there is in facing a new day, in what that day may bring, in the excitement of human commerce. This type of woman does not. She runs to meet life. She bubbles with her happiness in it. And, watching her joy, you know that she is truly... and permanently... beautiful.

Trapped!

OUT OF CIRCULATION

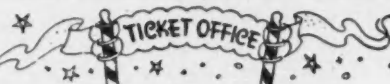
Sediment trap catches the dirt and keeps it from re-circulating through your freshly cleaned clothes. It's one of the many exclusive "extra" features that you get with your new Maytag—gives extra whiteness to your wash -- saves soap, water, time, and effort.

Exclusive features like this make Maytag "Canada's Finest Low-priced Washer"

Maytag

Over Five Million Satisfied Users

MAYTAG COMPANY LIMITED, WINNIPEG

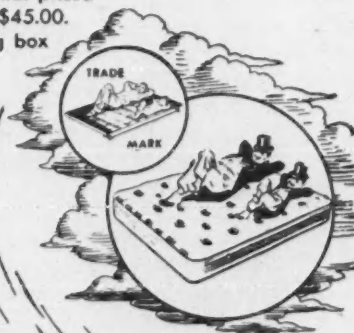


First Class ticket to DREAMLAND

The "400" by Way Sagless—the quality mattress that will float you into Dreamland. Here's years of marvelous comfort... insured by the finest materials and a construction that has been "torture-tested." Price \$65.00. Two lower-priced companions: The "300" at \$55.00; the "200" at \$45.00. All three mattresses in three standard sizes. Matching box springs available.

*Prices slightly higher in Eastern and Western Canada.

it's the "400" by **WAY Sagless**



WAY Sagless SPRING COMPANY LIMITED, TORONTO 3, CANADA

My! But meat
helps build a
husky baby!



**Here's how Swift's Strained Meats help
your baby grow sturdy and strong**

Meat's a gold mine of baby-building nourishment! Just look at what baby gets in every luscious serving of Swift's Strained Meats!

Complete, high-quality proteins—your baby needs for growth. Actually, baby needs 3 to 4 times more of these proteins, for his size, than you do!

NOTE: Meat proteins are complete, Mother, because they provide all the essential amino acids (body builders). Baby must get all of them at the same time for soundest, sturdiest growth.

Food iron—an essential mineral baby needs to help build good red blood—avoid infant anemia.

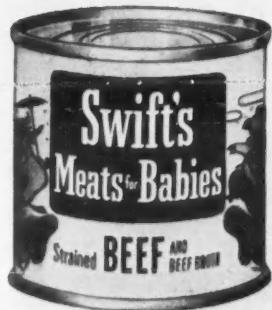
Yes, Mother, meat gives baby all this essential nourishment. That's why Swift's Strained Meats help keep your youngster fit as a little fiddle!

Extra-soft and smooth textures make Swift's Strained Meats easy to feed *earlier* in life. Baby's choice of delicious beef, lamb, pork, veal, liver, heart. Each one 100% meat. Feeding all six helps baby acquire a taste for variety and form sound eating habits.

Easy on you, Mother. No sieving, scraping or cooking needed! Simply heat and serve Swift's Strained Meats. Easy on your budget, too. Swift's Strained Meats cost lots *less* than if you prepared them at home!

**YOUR
DOCTOR**

*is best qualified to say how
early your baby should
start Swift's Strained
Meats—ask him.*



SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED

**P.S. (PERFECTLY
SUPER) Diced Meats for—**



CRAWLERS
(just starting
to chew)



"FUSSY" EATERS
(to tempt lagging
appetites)



MOTHER'S CONVENIENCE
(no chopping or cooking—
just heat and serve)

Tempting—Thrifty—Time-saving

*All nutritional statements made in this advertise-
ment are accepted by the Council on Foods and
Nutrition of the American Medical Association.*



SWIFT ...foremost name in meats...first with 100% Meats for Babies



"You Can't Beat Canadian Food"



Atlantic Clam Chowder . . . French Canadian-Family Soup
 . . . Alberta Beefsteak Pie . . . B. C. Lion's Gate Pancakes

Recipes from the 10 provinces worked out by Chatelaine Institute with Canadian Junior Chambers of Commerce, who will publish them in booklet form this summer. To make our tourists hurry back for more, and to give your own family a new feeling about the food of the country.

by Marie Holmes Director Chatelaine Institute

SIT DOWN to the table, folks, and "set to." Here are dishes that can't be beat, ones you'll be proud to serve those cousins coming over from the U. S. this summer. They'll want second helpings, and when they leave, we'll wager they'll say, "We're coming back next year for another feast of your Canadian dishes."

Yes, these *are* Canadian dishes, the kind you can make in your own kitchen and serve the family any time.

Every one of Canada's 10 provinces can boast of at least one fine food product that deserves a prominent place in the hall-of-fame repertoire of this country's kitchens. Some of them are photographed above—like the French-Canadian Family Soup, that's more like a stew than its name implies. Ontario's northland contributes the blueberries for an unforgettable dessert—Blueberry Crisp. Popovers,

See the HOTPOINT

with

activator WASHING ACTION



Triple-action Activator creates powerful but gentle 3-zone washing action that *water-flexes*, *water-turns* and *water-rubs* for fast, thorough cushioned washing of your most delicate fabrics.

amazing NEW SUB-TUB

Fits in a jiffy right inside the tub of your Hotpoint Washer — ideal for 'in-between' washes — for soaking, starching or sterilizing small batches. Convenient. Economical.



♪ SING A SONG OF CHEER
THE NEW HOTPOINT IS HERE! ♪



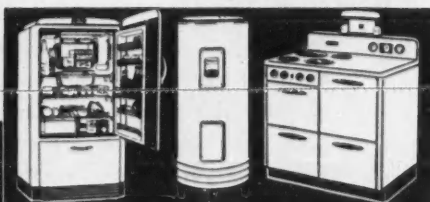
SAVES TIME
SAVES WORK
SAVES MONEY
SAVES CLOTHES

PRICES FROM
\$139.50 to \$199.50
Available with quick-emptying
pump at slight extra cost.
Sub-Tub . . . only **\$16.50**
If your home is beyond the power lines,
there's a gas engine Hotpoint Washer
for you!

Distributed in Canada
exclusively by

RCA VICTOR
COMPANY LIMITED

Hotpoint
APPLIANCES



crusty and golden, typify Manitoba, the gateway to our famous wheat fields. Maple sugar in pinwheel rolls is synonymous with Canada's national emblem. Fruits like peaches, apples and strawberries, in the salad bowl are taste reminders of Ontario, British Columbia and Nova Scotia. A trio of top-raters—macaroni, Cheddar cheese and bacon—go into a casserole dish our families as well as our tourists will acclaim.

Come across Canada with us on a coast-to-coast recipe tour. There's a stopover in each province.



NEWFOUNDLAND

From the icy depths of the ocean the fishermen of this new Canadian province haul up tons of codfish every year. Newfoundlanders will tell you there's nothing to equal boiled codfish with plenty of salt pork "cracklings" poured over it. Here's another version of this same combination.

Codfish With Salt Pork

- 1 pound salt pork
- 2 pounds fresh codfish
- 1 onion, diced
- 1 stalk of celery, diced
- 2 carrots, diced
- Salt and pepper
- 2 tablespoons margarine or cooking oil
- 2 tablespoons flour
- ½ cup milk

METHOD: Boil the pork in water to cover, for an hour. Drain, set aside to cool. (This removes salt.) When cool, slice it in two-inch strips. Roll in flour and fry in hot pan, turning occasionally until golden brown and crisp. Set aside until ready to serve.

Cut codfish into serving pieces. Place with vegetables in saucepan. Add 1½ cups water and seasonings. Cover and simmer for 12 to 15 minutes, or until vegetables and fish are tender. Drain off liquid and reserve ½ cup.

Make a sauce with the margarine or cooking oil, flour, milk and the ½ cup of reserved fish stock. Place the fish and vegetables in a casserole and cover with the sauce. Top with slices of prepared salt pork. Place in oven to heat through.

Yield: 5 to 6 servings.

Note: If salt codfish is used, soak in cold water overnight. Drain. Cover with water, bring to a boil then drain. This removes strong salt flavor.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Salt-water clams are raked from the sea that surrounds this island province off the Atlantic coast. "Spuds," dug up from its rich inland soil, are appreciated the country over. Best way to feature these typical foods is to combine them in a chowder like this one. Serve it

with toasted crackers for a long-to-be-remembered dish.

Clam Chowder Atlantic Style

- 1 quart fresh OR 2 cans clams
- ¼ pound salt pork
- 2 tablespoons margarine or cooking oil
- 2 medium onions, diced
- 4 fresh tomatoes, diced OR 1½ cups canned
- 6 large potatoes, diced
- Salt and pepper
- 5 cups cold water

METHOD: Wash and drain the clams and chop them up. Set aside until needed. Dice pork and fry it in margarine or cooking oil. Add prepared vegetables, season with salt and pepper and cover with the cold water. Cook slowly for 30 minutes. Add the clams and cook for 15 minutes longer. (Add more water if desired.)
Yield: 5 to 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



NOVA SCOTIA

It's hard to choose between the lobster and the apple of this province—both are justly famous. Visitors in the spring are thrilled with the beauty of the apple blossoms in the Annapolis Valley and everyone who likes sea food has at least one feast of lobster while he's in Nova Scotia. Take your pick, but we've chosen the apple and put it into a good old-fashioned pudding.

Down East Pudding

- 6 medium-sized tart apples
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 1½ cups sifted bread flour
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup soft shortening
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- 1 egg, well beaten
- ¾ cup water or milk

METHOD: Grease a 10 x 6 x 2 inch baking dish. Slice peeled apples and arrange in bottom of baking dish. Sprinkle with the 3 tablespoons sugar. Sift together flour, baking powder and salt. Cream shortening until fluffy. Gradually add sugar, mixing until creamy. Add beaten egg. Beat well. Add dry ingredients alternately with water or milk, folding in lightly after each addition. Pour over apples. Sprinkle with combined sugar and cinnamon (1 tablespoon sugar and 1

teaspoon cinnamon). Bake at 350 degrees F. for 45 to 50 minutes. Serve warm, cut in squares, with brown sugar sauce or with plain or whipped cream. Yield: 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



NEW BRUNSWICK

The earliest settlers baked their beans in old-time brick ovens. In fact this dish is so closely connected with the eating customs of New Brunswick, it might well be a museum piece. Through the years, no better or quicker way to make it has been found. The secret's in the very long slow baking.

Baked Beans Canadian Style

- 1 pound Canadian white beans
- 1/2 teaspoon mustard
- 1/4 cup molasses
- 1/4 pound salt pork, diced
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 2 medium carrots, diced
- 2 stalks celery, diced
- Salt and pepper to taste

PREPARATION: Wash beans, cover with cold water and let stand overnight.

METHOD: In the morning drain, cover with boiling water and simmer for 30 minutes. Turn into stone crock or glass ovenware baking dish. Add remaining ingredients and sufficient boiling water to cover. Mix well. Cover and place in slow oven (250 degrees F.). Bake from 6 to 8 hours, adding more boiling water if mixture seems dry. Remove cover for last hour of baking period.

Yield: 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



QUEBEC

Maple syrup is one of Quebec's special contributions to the Canadian table. It's made into sugar, too, for a distinctive confection. Spread maple sugar and butter over rolled-out yeast dough, roll up, slice and bake. There's a treat for any day in the week. But for an outstandingly unique dish, symbolic of the province, we recommend the French-Canadian version of soup. It's a meal in a bowl—a blending of many vegetables and meat stock—with added heartiness of a bread and cheese garnish.

French-Canadian Family Soup

- 1 small cabbage
- 1 carrot
- 1/2 small turnip
- 2 onions
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarine
- Salt and pepper
- 2 cloves
- 2 quarts beef stock
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley
- French bread
- Grated cheese

METHOD: Wash cabbage, peel carrot, turnip and onions; cut in small cubes. Melt the butter in saucepan, add the vegetables, stir. Season with salt and pepper and add cloves. Cover and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Then add the stock and simmer for 20 minutes. Add parsley and a little grated nutmeg. Brown thin slices of French bread. Sprinkle with cheese. Place on top of each serving of soup—OR put in bowls, then fill bowls with soup.

YIELD: 8 to 10 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



ONTARIO

"Just can't get enough of those blueberries that grow wild up there in Northern Ontario," say visitors from the U. S. So how about more and better blueberry dishes on our menus! Here's one that will impress your family as well as your summer guests. Make it now from frozen blueberries. Come July and August use the fresh berries. Good too, made with Niagara peaches.

Blueberry Crisp Pudding

- 4 cups fresh blueberries
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons lemon juice
- 4 tablespoons butter
- 1/2 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 cup quick-cooking oats

METHOD: Place blueberries in greased deep baking dish (1 1/2-quart size). Sprinkle with sugar and lemon juice. Cream butter, gradually add sugar. Blend in flour and oats. Spread over blueberries. Bake in oven preheated to 375 degrees F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



MANITOBA

Where the "West" begins, so does the vast farmland where the finest hard wheat in the world is produced. What better to remember this province by than crusty popovers fresh from the oven. To pop high they must be made from hard wheat (bread) flour.

Popovers

- 2 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup sifted bread flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt

PREPARATION: Preheat oven to 475 degrees F. Thoroughly grease 9 muffin cups of glass, iron or heavy aluminum with butter. Place in preheated oven

Families Rave about this Swans Down Spice Cake

Feather-light, down-soft and melting, here's the kind of cake it's so easy to make — if you use *Swans Down Cake Flour*.

Swans Down is made by cake-flour specialists, expressly to make better cakes. Milled by a "Controlled Milling" process from selected wheat, Swans Down is sifted again and again until 27 times as fine as ordinary flour. Swans Down cakes taste better — stay fresh longer.



GRANDMA'S SPICE CAKE

- 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- 2 teaspoons Columet Baking Powder
- 1/4 teaspoon (each) salt, allspice, ginger, mace
- 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg

- 3/4 teaspoon (each) cloves and cinnamon
- 1/2 cup butter or other shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons molasses
- 1/2 cup milk

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, salt and spices; sift 3 times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually; cream until light. Add eggs, one at a time; beat well after each. Add molasses; mix thoroughly. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Bake in 2 greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375°F.) about 25 minutes. Wonderful with a lemon frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.



CAKE TALK

Frances Barton

Today I'd like to give you two little hints that will help you quite a lot in making better cakes, every time you bake.

I've found that women like very much the results they get when they follow this suggestion. It's just the matter of having all ingredients at the same temperature before you start combining your cake.

If you are making a butter-type cake, take the butter or shortening . . . the eggs . . . and the milk . . . from the refrigerator, an hour before you start to make your cake. For angel or sponge cakes, it's only the eggs that you must remember.

Try that next time you make a cake. Your ingredients will blend better . . . the eggs will beat up lighter. And your cake will taste good longer.

Now for my second cake-making suggestion. When your recipe calls for eggs by number, it's best to use eggs of average size. But if the eggs you have on hand happen to be very small or unusually large, allow about 3 1/2 tablespoonfuls of slightly mixed whole egg for each egg called for.

MORE BAKING HINTS IN

"LEARN TO BAKE — YOU'LL LOVE IT"

Success-making cake information and recipes. Send 2¢ in coins or postal note, together with your name and address, to Dept. 46K, General Foods, Limited, Cobourg, Ontario.



Swans Down CAKE FLOUR

A Product of General Foods

TESTED RECIPES
ON THE PACKAGE

S-219M



Britain's best known bakers—Mr. Freen & Mrs. Freen.

For
Afternoon
Tea



or an
Evening Snack

Try Digestive with
old cheese.



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE VI

PEEK FREAN'S

MAKERS OF

Famous ENGLISH Biscuits

YOU'LL LIKE PEEK FREAN'S DIGESTIVE

... a slightly sweet meal biscuit
suitable for serving on so many
occasions.



"MOTHS? NOT IN MY HOUSE!"

MRS. W. L. DANIELS, of Montreal, solved her household pest problem easily and inexpensively. She says "Part of my housecleaning is a regular and thorough spraying with Green Cross Household Spray. Then I don't have to worry about moths, flies, silverfish and other exasperating household pests. My home stays pest-free for two months or more with every spraying."

How right you are, Mrs. Daniels! Green Cross Household Spray solves every one of your household pest problems. A thorough spraying of clothes and closets takes care of moths—and at less cost than ordinary moth-killers. Household Spray has no disagreeable odour nor will it stain even the finest fabric.



GREEN CROSS HOUSEHOLD SPRAY

DO YOU REALIZE how often Green Cross comes into your life? Even the apples you eat may have been held up on the tree until they were fully ripened by Stop-Drop, a Green Cross product for orchardists.

Spray walls, ceilings, drapes and upholstered furniture, too. That gets rid of germ-laden flies, silverfish and other irritating insects. The almost invisible DDT deposit that remains after spraying is a death trap for any insect that touches it. And a single, thorough application is effective 8-10 weeks.

Make your home a more pleasant place to live in—keep it pest-free with Green Cross Household Spray. You'll find it at your neighbourhood grocery, drug, hardware or department store.



until piping hot. Then quickly prepare batter:

METHOD: Beat eggs well, beat in milk, then flour and salt, using rotary beater. Pour into piping-hot muffin pans, filling about one half full. Bake 45 minutes. Use very hot oven (475 degrees F.) for 15 minutes, then moderate oven (350 degrees F.) to finish baking. Serve hot. Yield: 9 popovers.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



SASKATCHEWAN

There's no finer macaroni than that made from the durum wheat of Canada's prairie farms. Hats off to the province where much of this internationally famous grain is produced! To this "quality" macaroni add Canadian cheddar cheese and Canadian bacon and you have a three-star dish that deserves top-rating. Here's how you make it:

Baked Macaroni and Cheese

- 1/2 eight-ounce package macaroni
- 1/4 cup butter or margarine
- 1 tablespoon chopped onion
- 4 tablespoons flour
- 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups milk
- 1 cup grated nippy cheese
- Bacon

METHOD: Cook macaroni until tender in boiling, salted water and drain. In the meantime make sauce as follows: Melt butter or margarine in top part of double boiler over direct heat, add onion and cook slowly for about 5 minutes until tender but not browned. Add flour, mustard, salt and pepper and blend. Place over boiling water, add milk gradually, stirring constantly, until thick and smooth. Add grated cheese and stir until melted. Combine sauce and macaroni and pour into greased 1 1/2- to 2-quart casserole dish. Bake in oven (400 degrees F.) for 20 minutes or until brown. Top with strips of cooked side bacon.

Yield: 4 to 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



ALBERTA

Ranches, ranches, everywhere. That's Alberta, the province noted for its vast herds of cattle. True it can boast of oil and gold—and wheat. But for a typical dish—we nominate beefsteak pie—juicy rich-flavored meat with gravy—under a flaky crust!

Beefsteak Pie

- Plain pastry
- 1 1/2 pounds beef (round or chuck steak)

- 4 tablespoons drippings
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 1/4 teaspoon pepper
- 2 cups sliced onions
- 3 cups hot water
- 4 tablespoons bread flour
- 6 tablespoons cold water
- 1 tablespoon thick condiment sauce

METHOD: Prepare pastry and roll out top crust and chill. Cut beef into 2-inch pieces. Brown in hot drippings in deep frying pan. Add salt, pepper, sliced onions and hot water. Cover and simmer for 2 hours. Remove meat to baking dish. Thicken gravy with flour mixed with cold water. (There should be about 2 cups of gravy.) Add condiment sauce or other seasonings to taste. Pour gravy over meat in baking dish and let mixture cool. When meat and gravy are thoroughly cooled, cover with top crust. Place pie on lowest rack in oven preheated to 450 degrees F. Bake for 10 minutes, then reduce oven temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for 35 minutes longer. Serve hot.

Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.



BRITISH COLUMBIA

Will it be apples, apricots, cherries or strawberries from the fertile valley of the Okanagan? OR the much-prized sockeye salmon caught and canned where this province's mighty rivers join the sea? Any one of these could justifiably be featured in a typically Canadian menu. How about a salmon loaf for supper? With, maybe, an apricot upside-down cake for dessert? But for one dish that's "different" we suggest Lion's Gate pancakes—named in honor of the giant bridge that spans Vancouver Sound.

Lion's Gate Pancakes

- 2 cups sifted pasty flour
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 4 teaspoons baking powder
- 2 eggs
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 3 tablespoons melted shortening

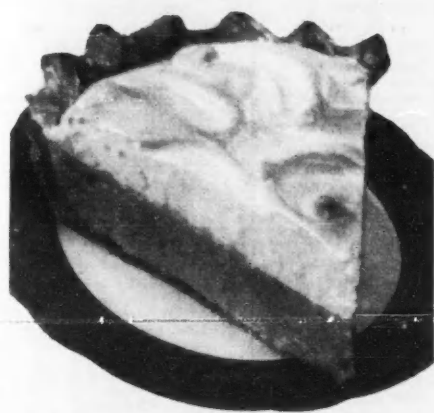
METHOD: Sift dry ingredients into bowl; add beaten eggs, milk and melted shortening. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls onto a hot greased griddle. When bubbles appear, turn cakes and brown on other side. Serve immediately on hot plates.

Serve with hot applesauce and whipped cream instead of the usual syrup. Sweeten the cream with brown sugar or ground-up maple sugar. Put hot applesauce and whipped cream into separate large bowls, sprinkle both with grated nutmeg and let each person help himself.

Yield: 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

how to make a perfect lemon pie



Only fresh lemons can give your pies true, delicious lemon flavour. So easy, too. Just follow these tested recipes from the famous Sunkist Kitchen:

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Bring to a boil in saucepan on direct heat:

- 1 cup water or milk
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon peel

Add: 5 tablespoons cornstarch, blended with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water

Cook over low heat until thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly.

Remove from heat. Add separately, mixing well each time:

- 2 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 6 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice

Pour into an 8-inch baked or crumb crust pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

LEMON ANGEL PIE

- 4 egg yolks
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar

Cream together thoroughly:

Add: $\frac{1}{4}$ cup Sunkist lemon juice

Cook in double boiler until thickened (about 10 minutes), stirring often

Add: 1 tablespoon butter

Remove from heat and fold in: 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Pour into an 8-inch baked pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

SUNKIST MERINGUE

For meringue to cover an 8-inch pie, add gradually:

- 4 tablespoons sugar, to
- 2 egg whites, first beaten until frothy

Continue beating. Beat only until egg holds its shape in peaks. Fold in: 1 teaspoon Sunkist lemon juice.

For scores of wonderful new recipes, and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier — Send for that

Famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book. Free. Just write Sunkist, Sec. 5505 Box 39, Toronto, Ont.



Good Grooming for Floors

by Jane Monteith

EVERY WOMAN dreams of having spotless, shining floors without any trouble at all. That's a pretty big order, but floor care is easier now than it was even a few years ago. For the new liquid waxes, electric floor polishers, long-handled wax applicators and cellulose sponge mops certainly do lessen the housewife's work and help her to do a more efficient job.

Before cleaning or waxing your floor, be sure to know the material in it.

Hardwood Floors

To clean a hardwood floor, first remove any old wax with cloths dampened in liquid floor cleaner. (Be sure it's flame-proof.) Clean completely a small area at a time before going on to the next area. Or scrub with soap and water, then rinse well and dry. Use very fine steel wool to remove stubborn stains.

When floor is thoroughly dry, apply a very thin coating of paste or liquid wax with a lamb's wool applicator, cheesecloth pad or one of the new wax applicators. (Use self-polishing waxes only on floors that have a waterproof finish such as varnish.) Let the wax dry for half an hour, then polish with a weighted or electric polisher. For a good finish, repeat this waxing and polishing two or three times.

Then daily or weekly dusting with an untreated dust mop, plus monthly polishing, should be enough to keep the floor in excellent condition. "Patch" areas which receive a great deal of heavy wear with new wax if necessary. Any soil spots may be removed with a cloth dampened in liquid floor cleaner followed by a light patching with fresh wax.

A well-kept floor should need complete rewaxing only twice a year. The old wax need not be removed unless the floor is very dirty.

A waterproof-varnished or glass-lacquered floor may be washed with a mop wrung out of a mild soap solution. (Always wash, rinse and dry a small area at a time.)

An unfinished or a shellacked floor must be protected from water. Spilled water, or dampness caused by wet shoes, should be wiped up at once. Otherwise there'll be a white stain that can be removed only by refinishing.

Linoleum Floors

Linoleum is much easier to keep looking at its best if waxed. Paste, liquid or self-polishing wax may be used. If paste or liquid wax is used, follow cleaning directions for hardwood floors.

Kitchen and bathroom floors need to be washed every week; the linoleum in other rooms less frequently, according to the amount of use. Use your tank-type vacuum cleaner or an untreated mop for daily dusting.

Wash unwaxed linoleum floors (or floors coated with self-polishing wax) with a cloth wrung out in warm mild soapsuds, rinse and dry thoroughly.

Self-polishing wax is particularly good for inlaid linoleum floors. It is not only easier to apply and remove than the

Continued on page 67

"It's the New...
Coffield
for me!"

I never dreamed that washing could be done with so little fuss and bother—until I got my New Coffield. New efficiency, modern design . . . a new Coffield wringer with exclusive features — safety switch control at fingertips, plus the Coffield exclusive double-water action that gets clothes really clean . . . Now my whole week's laundry is done in less than two hours! Yes, it is the New Coffield for me!"



FOR CAREFREE EFFORTLESS
WASH-DAYS

Look for the seal of approval on the washing machine you buy. It is your guarantee of "Certified Quality"—backed by over a quarter-century of experience in home laundry equipment.

See your Coffield dealer today. He will gladly show you the full range of Coffield models. For those homes without electricity there is also a gasoline motor-operated Coffield.

Coffield
WASHING MACHINES

THE COFFIELD WASHER COMPANY LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

Special sparkle for a simple meal

Honey-sweet, crunchy PECAN BUNS



they're a tempting treat!

• Luscious for lunch—delicious for dinner—any meal of the day, these fragrant Honey Pecan Buns are delectable eating . . . made with modern Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast.

If you bake at home—use it for speedy rising action and perfect results—amazing new convenience, too! You can keep Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast for weeks on your pantry shelf without refrigeration! Then dissolve it and use exactly like fresh yeast—for delicious flavor and fine crumb in everything you bake. Get several packages at your grocer's.

* * *

HONEY PECAN BUNS New Time-Saving Recipe Makes 24 Buns

Measure into bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.
Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Royal
Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well;
In the meantime, scald

1/2 cup milk
Remove from heat and stir in

1/4 cup granulated sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast
mixture. Stir in

1 egg, well beaten

Stir in

1 cup once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth; work in

2 1/2 cups once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and

knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic.

Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening.

Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught and let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, grease 24 large muffin pans.

Combine

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly
pressed down)
2/3 cup liquid honey
3 tablespoons butter or
margarine, melted

Divide this mixture evenly into prepared muffin pans and drop 3 pecan halves into each pan. Punch down dough and divide into 2 equal portions; form into smooth balls. Roll each piece into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 12 inches long; loosen dough. Brush with melted butter or margarine.

Sprinkle with a mixture of

1/3 cup brown sugar (lightly
pressed down)
1/3 cup chopped pecans

Beginning at a 12-inch edge, roll up each piece loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place a cut-side up, in prepared muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes. Turn out of pans immediately and serve hot, or reheated.



Meals of the Month

MAY 1949

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SUN 1	Tomato Juice Cereal Scrambled Eggs Whole-wheat Toast Coffee Tea	Vegetable Soup Crackers Fruit Salad Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Lamb Shoulder Mint Jelly Baked Potatoes Peas Butterscotch Pie Coffee Tea
MON 2	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	French Toasted Salmon Sandwich Lettuce Wedges Garlic French Dressing Stewed Prunes Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Sliced Lamb Mint Sauce Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Lemon Sponge Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 3	Apple and Lemon Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Salad Plate (Cold Meat, Tomato Jelly Cabbage Salad) Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea Cocoa	Individual Meat Pies (leftover meat) Parsley Potatoes Green Beans Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea
WED 4	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Spaghetti Casserole with Tomato Sauce Tossed Salad Maple Nut Rennet Dessert Tea Cocoa	Roast Stuffed Spareribs Baked Potatoes Spinach Deep Apple Pie Coffee Tea
THU 5	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwich Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Browned Potatoes Harvard Beets Coleslaw Raspberry Jelly Roll Coffee Tea
FRI 6	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Curried Eggs on Rice Carrot and Celery Curls Canned Peaches Fruit Bread Tea Cocoa	Baked Halibut with Spanish Sauce Mashed Potatoes Peas Cottage Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 7	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Consommé Peanut Butter and Carrot Sandwiches Stewed Rhubarb Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Sausage Tomato Casserole Baked Potatoes Green Beans Chocolate Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
SUN 8	Half Grapefruit Cereal Waffles and Syrup Coffee Tea	Fruit Salad on Lettuce Hot Cheese Tea Biscuits Ice Cream Cocoa Cake	Rolls Rib Roast of Beef Brown Gravy Roast Potatoes Glazed Carrots Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
MON 9	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Canadian Style Salad Greens Boston Brown Bread Canned Fruit (leftover) Cake Tea Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Mustard Pickles Scalloped Potatoes Caraway Cabbage Butter Tarts Coffee Tea
TUE 10	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Tea	Poached Eggs on Toast Tossed Salad Orange Slices Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat and Potato Patties (using leftover meat) Horse-radish Gravy Vegetable Macedoine Caramel Rice Pudding Coffee Tea
WED 11	Grapefruit Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Chicken Soup Cottage Cheese and Jelly Sandwich Celery Sticks Stewed Figs Cookies Tea Cocoa	Grilled Liver and Bacon Browned Potatoes Creamed Onions Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
THU 12	Prune Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Cold Meat Plate (with potato salad and raw relishes) Jellied Fruits Cinnamon Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Baked Pork Chops Corn Pudding Tomato Casserole Orange Raisin Pie Coffee Tea
FRI 13	Orange Slices Cereal Pancakes and Syrup Coffee Tea	Cheese Soufflé Chili Sauce Celery Curls Sliced Applesauce Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie à la King French Fried Potatoes Green Beans Peach Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
SAT 14	Blended Fruit Juices Scrambled Eggs Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Lima Beans in Tomato Casserole Tossed Salad Whole-wheat Rolls Stewed Rhubarb Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Potato Dumplings Lyonnais Beets Canned Fruit Cookies Coffee Tea
SUN 15	Half Grapefruit Cereal Grilled Bacon Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Fruit Salad on Lettuce Hot Bran Muffins Chilled Lemon Pudding Tea Cocoa	Shank of Ham Boiled Potatoes Sauerkraut Chocolate Cake à la mode Coffee Tea
MON 16	Tomato Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Sherry Consommé Crackers Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Fruit Cup (leftover) Cake Tea Cocoa	Cold Ham Scalloped Potatoes Peas and Carrots Tossed Salad Creamy Rice with Maple Syrup Coffee Tea
TUE 17	Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Lentil Soup (using ham bone) Bread Sticks Celery and Carrot Curls Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Heart Mustard Pickles Fluffy Mashed Potatoes Creamed Asparagus Jelly Whip Coffee Tea
WED 18	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Toasted Muffins Coffee Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Noodles Mushroom Soup Sauce Assorted Pickles Vanilla Rennet Dessert with Shaved Chocolate Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew Boiled Potatoes Carrots Tossed Salad Plum Roly-poly Coffee Tea
THU 19	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Tomato Juice Creamed Asparagus on Toast Celery and Carrot Curls Maple Sugar Pin Wheels Tea Cocoa	Wieners with Mustard Sauce Home-fried Potatoes Sauerkraut Ice-Cream with Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
FRI 20	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toasted Scones Coffee Tea	Clam Chowder Vegetable Salad with Potato Chips Lion's Gate Pancakes Tea Cocoa	Salmon Loaf with Tomato Sauce Mashed Potatoes Peas Pickle Relish Rhubarb Shortcake Coffee Tea

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
SAT 21	Half Grapefruit Cereal Jam Tea	Hamburger and Onion Slice on a Bun Tossed Salad Chocolate Mint Blancmange Tea	Grilled Sausages Parsley Potatoes Creamed Corn Blueberry Crisp Coffee
SUN 22	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Waffles Coffee	Creamed Mushrooms in Patty Shells Potato Chips Sliced Tomato Ice Cream Sponge Cake Tea	Roast Veal Currant Jelly Mashed Potatoes Creole Celery Lemon Meringue Tarts Coffee
MON 23	Prune Juice Cereal Marmalade Tea	Tomato Juice Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Celery Hearts Fruit Cup Tea	Baked Veal Hash Creamed Carrots Buttered Asparagus Cherry Trifle Coffee
TUE 24	Apple Juice Cereal Toasted Muffins Honey Coffee	Noodle Ring with Meat à la King Carrot, Raisin and Onion Salad Grilled Half Grapefruit Tea	Beefsteak Pie Corn Relish Boiled Potatoes Savory Green Beans Individual Baked Custards Coffee
WED 25	Stewed Figs Cereal Marmalade Tea	Spanish Omelet Crunchy Biscuits Coleslaw Sliced Oranges and Shredded Coconut Tea	Rolled Stuffed Flank Steak Mashed Potatoes Baked Stuffed Onions Deep Apple Pie and Cream Coffee
THU 26	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Peanut Butter and Marmalade Sandwiches Sliced Bananas in Strawberry Jelly Tea	Grilled Lamb Chops Riced Potatoes Sweet-Sour Cabbage Cream Puff with Butterscotch Sauce Coffee
FRI 27	Blended Vegetable Juices Cereal Waffles Coffee	Macaroni and Cheese Grated Cabbage and Carrot Salad Raspberry Sherbet Wafers Tea	Broiled Fillets of Haddock Raw-fried Potatoes Beets in Orange Sauce Cottage Pudding with Fruit Sauce Coffee
SAT 28	Sliced Oranges Cereal Tea	Cream of Chicken Soup in Toast Cases Tossed Salad Butter Tarts Tea	Broiled Lamb Kidney and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Tips Lemon Snow Coffee
SUN 29	Half Grapefruit Cereal Hot Popovers Bacon Coffee	Assorted Sandwiches Waldorf Salad Maple Bavarian Tea	Short Rib Roast of Beef Hot Mustard Roast Potatoes Ginger Carrots Foamy Jelly Coffee
MON 30	Blended Fruit Juices Cereal Jam Tea	Jellied Consommé Baked Bean and Dill Pickle Sandwich Lettuce Salad Tapioca Cream Tea	Cold Roast Beef Mashed Potatoes Creamed Corn with Grated Onion Rhubarb Cottage Pudding Coffee
TUE 31	Sliced Oranges Cereal Grilled Bacon Toast Coffee	Creamed Hard-cooked Eggs on Toast Spring Salad Corn Muffins Maple Syrup Tea	Fricassee of Leftover Beef French Fried Potatoes Buttered Spinach Peach Halves Broiled in Corn Syrup Coffee

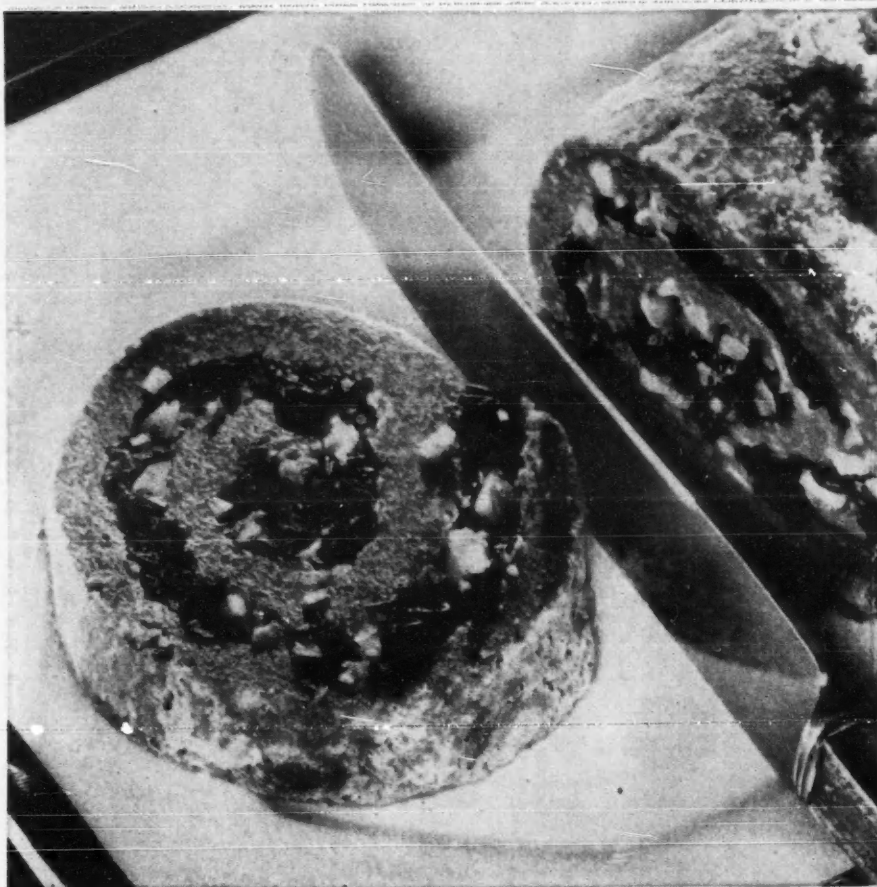


Crunchy Biscuits

Roll 2 cereal wheat biscuits until shreds are crumblike. Add 2 tablespoons softened margarine and combine well. Turn onto bakeboard. Make baking powder biscuit dough by the usual recipe, using 2 cups flour, or use 2 cups prepared biscuit mix, and turn out on top of wheat crumbs. Knead crumbs lightly into biscuit dough. Pat out to $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch thickness and cut in 2-inch rounds. Place on ungreased cookie sheet and bake at 450 degrees F. for 12 to 15 minutes, or until lightly browned. Yield: 8 to 10 biscuits.

Try these with a large glass of tomato juice for an afternoon pick-up.

Now that EAGLE BRAND IS BACK...



you can again enjoy this DATE and NUT ROLL

CHILL AND SERVE—NO COOKING!

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened
Condensed Milk
2 cups ($\frac{1}{2}$ pound) vanilla
wafer crumbs

2 teaspoons lemon juice
1 cup finely chopped dates
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nut meats
icing sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Sprinkle flat surface with icing sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 or 10-inch rectangle.

Mix dates and nut meats and spread on crumb mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice and serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.



MAKE IT THE DAY BEFORE—
A MAGIC DESSERT MADE
WITH EAGLE BRAND!

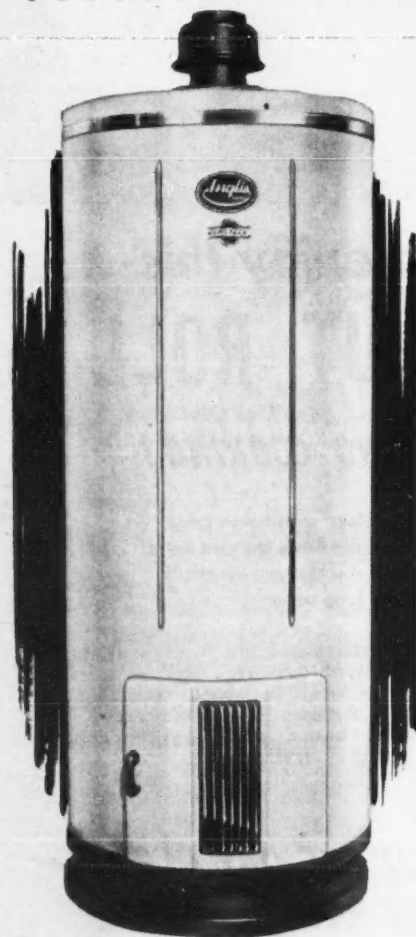
It's so quick and easy to make exciting desserts! And you know they'll always come out just right—when you use Eagle Brand, the original Sweetened Condensed Milk! A smooth ready-to-use blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Made to Borden's high standard of quality.

FREE! 70 foolproof recipes for luscious cookies, puddings, frostings, ice creams in the Book of Eagle Brand Magic Recipes. Send post card to The Borden Company, Limited, Grocery Products Div., Dept. C602, Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ont.



You can benefit by this NEW DISCOVERY about Hot Water

THIS NEW DISCOVERY gives you hot water "Packaged-in-Glass". Always ready, always hot, *always clean!* It's water heated and stored in a glass "package" . . . sanitary as a clean drinking glass.



*Completely Automatic
No Rusting -
No Corroding*

Of course you'd like a constant, ever-ready supply of hot water . . . all the hot water you need for dishes, laundry, bathing and house-cleaning.

Inglis Glasteel Water Heaters give you all the benefits that go with an adequate hot water supply. Inglis Glasteel Water Heaters are completely automatic. Once you install it the Inglis Glasteel Water Heater becomes your most faithful servant; you'll always have hot water, whenever you want it, at the turn of a tap.

What's more—the Inglis Glasteel Water Heater banishes tank rust and corrosion. The storage tank of the Glasteel Water Heater is made of glass-fused-to-steel . . . CANNOT rust or corrode under any water condition.

See this beautiful, truly modern water heater soon. At better plumbers and appliance dealers everywhere.

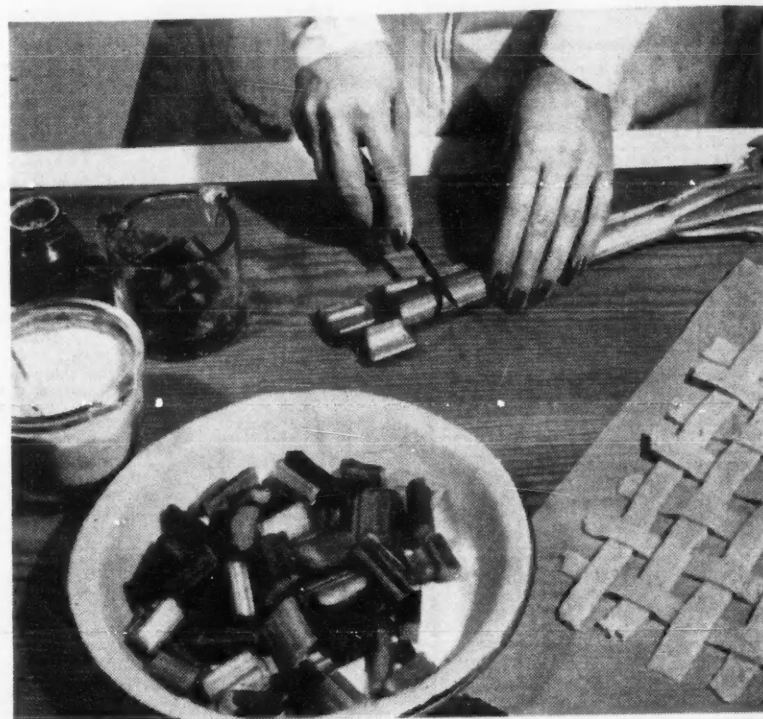
Inglis

CANADA

Inglis Glasteel Water Heaters are manufactured under license from A. O. Smith Corp., Milwaukee, U.S.A.

Consumer Products Division, John Inglis Co. Limited, Toronto

Dessert Treats with Rhubarb



Pink spring rhubarb, sugar 'n spice make piquant filling for Fresh Rhubarb Pie. Weave lattice top on waxed paper for easy transfer.

by Jacqueline Roy

WHEN THE first young stalks of rhubarb appear in the garden start cutting them for dessert treats. This early rhubarb is tender and not nearly so tart as the later crop. Because it's young and tender it doesn't need to be peeled. So use it in pies aplenty, or in Bettys, or under feathery cake batters for a hot pudding.

When it's delicately cooked in its own juice and sweetened just right you've a fruit sauce that's good by itself, with cookies or cake for dessert. This same stewed rhubarb has all kinds of possibilities as a topping or in combination with other fruits such as bananas. We're giving two methods for cooking rhubarb and listing some of the ways in which it can add flavorful interest to the dessert course.

Baked Rhubarb

Put washed and cut-up rhubarb (1 pound) in bake dish. Add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar and combine thoroughly. Top with a slice of lemon or orange. Cover bake dish. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 30 minutes or until rhubarb is tender but not broken. Serve cold.

Stewed Rhubarb

(Double Boiler Method)

Wash and dry stalks of rhubarb (1 pound or 8 medium stalks). Cut stalks in 1-inch pieces with scissors or sharp knife. Put into top part of double boiler and add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar. Mix well with fork. Cover and cook over boiling water for 30 minutes or until rhubarb is tender but not mushy. Stir lightly with fork several times during cooking so all

rhubarb will be evenly cooked. Cool and serve plain or in any one of these ways:

1. **Rhubarb Shortcake** — pour freshly cooked rhubarb over hot biscuits that have been split and buttered. Serve with whipped cream or pouring cream.

2. **Blancmange** will be even more appetizing with a topping of rhubarb sauce.

3. **To a soft or baked custard**, rhubarb adds interest and flavor contrast.

4. **Bananas and rhubarb**—there's a combination! Just pour a little cooked rhubarb over freshly sliced bananas. It's quick and a dessert the children will like.

5. **Sponge Cake and rhubarb** take to one another—particularly if each serving's topped with a spoonful of custard or whipped cream. Add a little shredded coconut for extra goodness.

Fresh Rhubarb Pie

Plain pastry

3 cups cut rhubarb
1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon
 $4\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons flour
2 teaspoons butter

PREPARATION: Line an 8-inch pie plate with pastry, allowing pastry to hang $\frac{1}{2}$ inch over edge of pan. Make lattice top crust this way: Roll pastry to exact size of pan. Cut in strips $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide. Lay every other strip one way on a piece of waxed paper. Lay the other strips across the other way and weave them in and out . . . beginning with the centre strip and working out to sides. Preheat oven to 450 degrees F.

METHOD: Wash and cut rhubarb, then measure. If rhubarb is tender and pink

Wedded to a sloshy dishrag?



Don't rub and scrub crusty muffin tins with a slimy dishrag! Use a metal-fiber Brillo pad-with-soap!

Shine pans easy with **BRILLO**



A Brillo pad-with-soap cleans scorchy pots and pans fast! Shines 'em, too! Use Brillo every day!

GREEN box—pads and cake soap
RED box—soap-filled pads



contains JEWELER'S POLISH

Shines aluminum fast!



New Skin Tightener does Wonders!

Surprise! Delight! Awaits your first trial of **NEW SAXOLITE ASTRINGENT CREAM!** It not only gives more youthful appearance by temporarily firming, tightening soft skin surface but likewise tends to close up premature fine lines and wrinkles, subduing their prominence! The effect of this skin surface tightening is thrilling! This cream dries smoothly and evenly, forming an excellent powder base, and makes soft skin surface of face and neck look and feel youthfully firmer!

Saxolite Astringent Cream
Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere

I SAVE A LOT OF STEPS BY KEEPING AN EXTRA CAN OF **3-IN-ONE** IN THE BASEMENT!



do not peel. Combine sugar, cinnamon and flour. Sprinkle one quarter of it over pastry in pie plate. Heap rhubarb over this mixture. Sprinkle with remaining sugar and flour. Dot with small pieces of butter. Moisten the edge of pastry with a little cold water. Place waxed paper with lattice onto top of filling; adjust to correct position, then gently slip out waxed paper. Turn overhanging bottom pastry back over ends of lattice strips, and build up fluted or crimped edge. Place pie on lowest rack in oven preheated to 450 degrees F. Bake for 15 minutes, then reduce oven temperature to 350 degrees F. and bake for 40 to 45 minutes longer.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Rhubarb Bread Pudding

2 cups cut rhubarb
2/3 cup sugar
2 cups soft bread crumbs
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
1 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk

PREPARATION: Wash, peel and dice rhubarb and measure. Lightly grease a casserole (1 1/2-quart size). Preheat oven to 375 degrees F.

METHOD: Combine rhubarb, sugar, bread crumbs, grated lemon rind and juice. Combine beaten egg and milk and stir into rhubarb mixture. Turn into prepared casserole and dot the top generously with butter, about 1 tablespoon altogether. Cover and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Yield: 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute.

Good Grooming

Continued from page 63

other waxes, but it will also stand an occasional wiping with a damp mop. Be sure to let self-polishing wax dry thoroughly before walking on the floor. A light polishing after it dries will give a more lustrous and a harder finish.

Liquid waxes have a tendency to splash up on the baseboard if they're not carefully handled. Apply a little at a time and, if a bit does splash, wipe it off immediately.

Other Types of Floors

Painted floors are cared for in the same way as linoleum floors. Be sure all wax is removed before repainting.

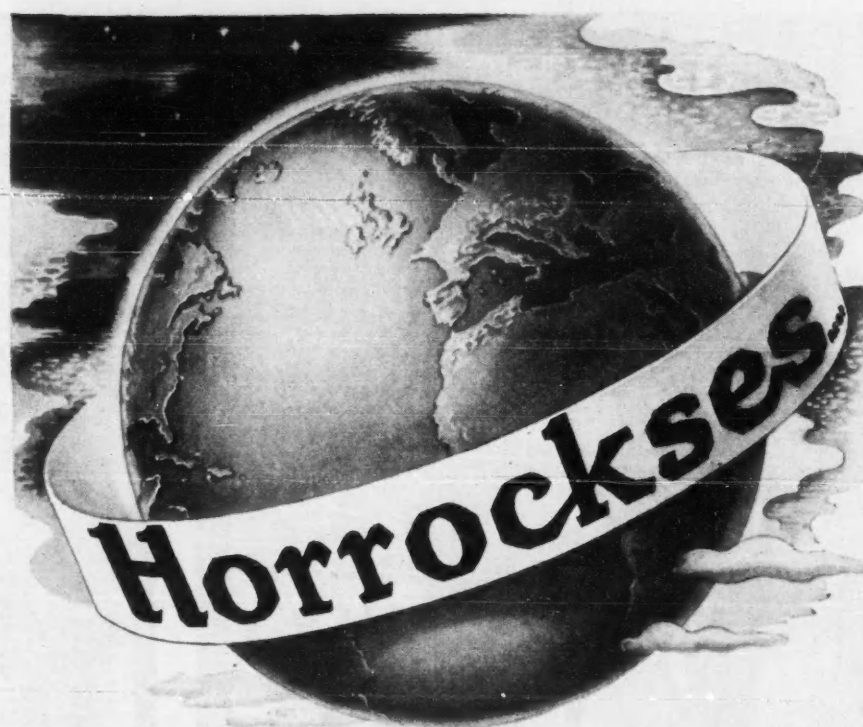
Marble, state tile and terrazzo floors may be cleaned by washing with a solution of mild soapflakes in warm water, rinsing and drying. For very soiled marble floors, use a cleansing powder that contains volcanic ash; sprinkle the powder over the floor, scrub, rinse and dry.

Rubber tile and composition (plastic) tile floors require special care.

Rubber tile is attacked by soap, so always use the cleaning solution recommended by the manufacturer.

Composition (plastic) tile floors may be washed with mild soapsuds or with the special cleaner recommended by the manufacturer.

A water base (usually called self-polishing) wax is the only kind of wax that is safe to use on these floors. The manufacturer of your floor may recommend a brand of wax or special finish to use; be sure to follow his advice. +



the Greatest Name in Cotton

FOR OVER

150

YEARS

the name **HORROCKSES** has stood for quality. The leading Stores in Canada are now receiving supplies of their well-known Pillow Cases, Sheets and Flannelettes.

Agents:

ROSS BROS.,
137, Wellington Street West,
Toronto.



Hilmar

HORROCKSES, CREWDSON & CO. LTD., ENGLAND

Rinse Hair Off Legs In 5 Minutes

... without rubbing or risk of bristly razor-stubble!

Amazing improvement—is the new Neet with lanolin. Creamy, pleasantly scented, Neet works faster, better. You simply spread Neet on, rinse off in 5 minutes, then thrill to the super-smooth feel of your lovely hair-free legs... to their sleek as satin look. Neet removes hair closer to the follicle itself to avoid prickly razor-stubble. And just see—each time you use Neet—how long it keeps your skin hair-free! Get Neet Cream Hair Remover today at drug or cosmetic counters.



The finest RUBBER HEELS & SOLES

YOU'LL BE PROUD TO OWN

Electrohome

THE Furniture-Styled RADIO



CABINETS BY
Deilcraft

THE WESTMOUNT

RADIO DIVISION
DOMINION ELECTROHOME INDUSTRIES LIMITED
KITCHENER - ONTARIO




BY APPOINTMENT
BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI

*Quality counts
the whole world over*

ENJOY

HUNTLEY & PALMERS

BISCUITS

from England



Some of the delicious kinds now available
SHORTCAKE - NICE - BERKELEY
MILK & HONEY - PETIT BEURRE
CURRANT SHORTCAKE - OSBORNE
CUSTARD CREAMS - SUNCAKE
all the above are available in
CARNIVAL ASSORTED

FRESHPAK the new 1/2 lb.
airtight carton available
for most of the popular
H. & P. varieties.

Delightful Gift Parcels for
friends in Europe.
ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
PARTICULARS

AGENTS

W. L. Mackenzie & Co. Ltd.,
141, Bannatyne Av., Winnipeg.
MacLaren Wright Ltd.,
69, Front St. East, Toronto.

Rose & Laflamme Ltd.,
400, St. Paul St. West, Montreal.
Kelly Douglas & Co. Ltd.,
367/377, Water Street, Vancouver.

HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD., READING & LONDON, ENGLAND



Take a Tip from The Institute

Housekeeping Hints

Use a large tray to remove vases, candlesticks and other bric-a-brac from a room you're readying for housecleaning. It will save you many steps. Make a habit of using a tray for daily picking up as well—for the children's toys, magazines and other oddments that are out of their usual places.

Remove putty smears from windows with household ammonia. Sponge lightly with a damp cloth sprinkled with ammonia. An ammonia solution is good too for cleaning the glass on pictures. Use a lintless cloth or a chamois that's been dipped in the solution, then wrung almost dry.

Remove grease on wallpaper by applying a "poultice" of French chalk or a commercial cleaning powder moistened with benzine or carbon tetrachloride. Let dry and brush off with a damp cloth. Crayon marks may be removed by sponging lightly with carbon tetrachloride. If a ring is left, use a "poultice" as above.

To store winter blankets: Wrap freshly washed blankets in heavy paper and completely seal with gummed paper. Then place in drawers, cedar chest or closet—mothproofed, if possible.

Hang pictures on freshly painted or papered walls with care. Stick a piece of adhesive tape on the wall before driving in the nail—it helps prevent the plaster from cracking. Fasten sand-paper strips 1/2 inch wide to the bottom edge of the picture frame (on the underside, of course) to keep it from sliding crooked.

A small magnet tied to a string will recover pins, paper clips or tacks lost behind the radiator or under a bed. Keep one in your sewing basket to pick up lost needles and pins after a sewing session.

Transparent sticky tape has many household uses. Use it to fasten down paper or oilcloth linings in cupboards and drawers, to protect jar labels, to mend the pages of your cookbook, to seal gift parcels or to fasten trailing ivy to the window frame. Be sure to fold the free end back a quarter inch after you've torn off a length of the tape, then you'll have no trouble the next time you use it.

Freshen faded fibre porch rugs with a coat of paint. Mix 1 part of turpentine with 3 parts of canvas, awning or flat paint, to thin it a little, and work well into the rug with a paintbrush. Lay a thick pad of newspapers under the rug you're painting to protect the surface underneath. (This is not recommended for loosely woven rush mats.)

A housecleaning record book will help greatly next year, so start one now. On one page list the names, addresses and telephone numbers of such people as the upholsterer, the painter and decorator and the cleaners for furnace, rugs, draperies and eaves troughs. On another page jot down the number of rolls of paper required to repaper the living room, the cost of painting the kitchen or the outside of the house, as a guide to future improvement. Keep a record, too, of your own housecleaning problems and how they were solved as well as special techniques for special jobs.

To remove white marks on furniture caused by water, use silver polish. Try warm camphorated oil applied with a soft cloth for heat marks. Let dry thoroughly, then polish.

Last Chance for Love

Continued from page 57

in his hair, pulled his head down and rubbed her small nose against his. "Like me, Tom?"

"You aren't exactly repulsive."

"Lift me."

He raised her to the thick branch. She grinned impishly and splashed her toes at him. Tom ducked under. He came up behind her, pulled her over backward into his arms and kissed her soundly. She smiled up at him. "You and your Lydia." There was a small gleam of triumph in her eyes. "Who do you think you're kidding?"

He realized suddenly that she was no longer looking at him. He followed her glance through the trees up the bank. The group had picked up. Lydia was standing there, strangely lost. Tom looked down at Gail. Little dents of satisfaction were nibbling at the corners of her mouth. His teeth clenched. Another game.

SHE MADE a nice solid splash. Her voice, reaching him as he climbed out of the creek, sounded waterlogged. "Oh! Oh, you—you treacherous thing!"

Tom didn't turn. Maybe this summer wouldn't be too much fun for him, but he'd make it the most fun Lydia had ever had. In the fall he'd be gone to where he could forget Gail. And that was all he wanted to do now. He was through.

It was rather remarkable how Lydia blossomed. Having someone around who preferred her company to that of anyone else seemed to give her the self-confidence to be herself. And it was a very nice self, Tom discovered that summer, with resources of humor and sincerity and honesty. It was no longer a strain to talk with her, and others were noticing. Tom was beginning to be cut in on at dances—and beginning to resent it a bit. He liked her very much. He knew that Lydia was aware that he did and wondered why he didn't make love to her. But something in Tom wasn't completely over Gail yet. And Tom was beginning to realize that it never would be if he continued to avoid her. He had to convince himself before he'd ever feel completely free.

He welcomed the chance to test himself when he saw Gail drifting in his direction at the final country-club dance. Her dress was a simple coral thing with a gold clasp at the waist, and she was radiant in it. But he was pleased that his voice could be casual and offhand, as though she were any attractive girl—as though her being Gail meant nothing special. "Hello."

Her eyes were troubled, curiously eager. "Hello, Tom. I—I haven't been seeing much of you. Where've you been?"

He shrugged casually. "Around. Care to dance?"

She nodded. She came into his arms as though she belonged there and had been away too long. But Tom had gained balance . . . perspective. He wasn't being fooled. She'd brought him to heel too often before. He knew the

technique now—could defend against it. He danced easily, impersonally, carefully brushing away the cobwebs of the old magic that had to do with Gail in his arms. Even when she whispered, "I've been lonely this summer, Tom . . . terribly," against his shoulder, he could act as though that had nothing to do with him. When the music stopped, he smiled at her, thanked her pleasantly for the dance, and went to look for Lydia.

He kissed Lydia under the big tree at the first tee. She didn't draw away. Her arms went up around his neck. He kissed her again, hard—much harder than he felt.

When he released her, she looked up at him. Her eyes were quiet. Then she put a hand on his sleeve . . . pressed his arm. Her voice was a whisper. "I don't mind, Tom. I really don't. I had a feeling it would never be you and me. But I'm changed. I'm all right now. And I'm very grateful."

She left him standing there, that emptiness inside him, looking after her. It wasn't the way it should have been.

The laugh behind him startled him.

He turned. Gail's face was pale in the moonlight. Her eyes seemed very big. He said, "How did you get here?"

"I followed you. I saw you kiss her. I didn't know that went with the escort service."

Tom was angry. "That isn't very funny . . . or fair to Lydia."

"Fair to her?" The bitterness in Gail's voice shocked him. "Why should I be? She has everything. Why does she need you?"

"Everything? Lydia?"

Her eyes were hot with jealousy. "She has a home . . . a family. Why does she have to go sneaking around after my man? I hate her." Her voice was brittle. "And I hate you too." She slapped him.

She seemed a queerly lonely figure running toward the clubhouse. Tom had an odd feeling in his chest—the uneasy impression that she was crying. He touched his cheek. It hadn't been a hard slap, and he didn't mind it. It meant that he was important to her. When someone important to you rejects you, it does something basic to you.

Tom walked slowly back to the clubhouse. He looked inside. Gail was dancing with Alan Douglass. But she wasn't gay. There was a curiously frightened look in her eyes. And Tom understood it . . . understood that Gail had always been jealous of Lydia and girls like her who were secure in the love of their families. She was lost now—rebuffed as she had been by her father and mother as a child. The games she played were to reassure herself constantly that she was wanted, but it was the deep fear of being rejected again that kept her from letting herself love anyone.

Tom smiled. He wasn't going to the west coast . . . not yet . . . not until Gail went with him. She loved him, and until she learned to trust that love, he'd be around.

He tapped Alan on the shoulder, cut in, and took Gail into his arms. +



picture-book bedroom:

Fix up a corner of your bedroom to read, write and relax in! You can do it so charmingly, yet so inexpensively if you start with a Gold Seal Congoleum Rug. It's bright and gay — and it stays that way. Keeps

on looking pretty because its wear-layer of heat-toughened paint and baked enamel is equal in thickness to 8 coats of the best floor paint applied by hand. Remember, of all enamel surface floor coverings, only Congoleum carries the famous money-back guarantee. Look for it!

CONGOLEUM

REGISTERED TRADEMARK

IF IT HASN'T THE GOLD SEAL, IT ISN'T CONGOLEUM



Beginning in June Chatelaine

THE FARNSWORTH CASE

A thrilling new murder mystery by Anne Homer Warner

CONGOLEUM CANADA
LIMITED MONTREAL



Stafford's

CHOCOLATE SYRUP



SOLD BY GROCERS,
DRUGGISTS AND DAIRY BARS

*6 Delicious and
Colourful Flavours*

CHOCOLATE
CARAMEL
BUTTERSCOTCH

STRAWBERRY
PINEAPPLE
MARSHMALLOW

As served at your favourite fountain
BUY THE 1 LB. ECONOMY SIZE TIN



All Alone

Continued from page 23

then returned her full attention to the eggs she was breaking in a bowl.

Bobby felt himself getting hot, especially his face and stomach. His stomach burned. What was the matter with her, anyway? Wasn't she even going to speak to him? Supposing he had got suspended. He wasn't a leper or anything, was he? Anyhow, he had to have it out, and he was going to have it out—and he was going to do it right now.

"Mom," he said, suddenly as shy as if she were the stranger she seemed to have become.

"Yes?" she asked without turning.

"I want to tell you—"

"About this morning at school?"

"Yes, I—"

She turned then and looked him in the eye. "I don't want to hear any more about it." Her voice was so cool and controlled that he shivered. "There's no point in discussing it, and not with Pop either. I've told him what Mr. Cameron said. Now, go read the paper or something and leave me alone. I'm busy."

Bobby sagged in the doorway. So that's the way it was, was it? He wasn't going to be allowed to tell his side. Anyone would think he was a criminal or something. Criminal? Heck, even criminals got a chance to defend themselves. Mom and Pop thought he was worse than a criminal. He'd show 'em!

He went to the dark living room and slumped into a chair. He felt rotten; he felt rotten all over. You'd think he didn't have a side. Had Cameron told Mom what old Wills had said? You bet he hadn't. Wills could say anything he liked. He was a teacher, and the way he'd jumped on him just because he'd shot a wad of paper and hit Tess on the snoot by accident. Wills had made him mad. He'd said Bobby had the classroom manners of an ill-bred sixth grader, that he was a horrible example of arrested development, a child trying to be a big shot and succeeding only in being a clumsy boor who couldn't even shoot a paper wad straight.

Who wouldn't answer back talk like that—right in front of the whole class, too? What was that crack he'd made about Wills thinking he was a big shot himself? Sure, and he'd told him he played for popularity, too. Gosh! Bobby sank deeper into the chair, weak at the memory. And Wills the most popular teacher in the whole school. Oh, gosh! That wasn't all he'd said either, but he didn't want to remember the rest. The other kids . . . they thought Wills was wonderful. When he went back to school. Oh no, he couldn't—not ever. They'd be mad because he was off the team—and mad about Wills. He wouldn't go back. He didn't have to, and he wouldn't—not ever.

The front door opened, and Bobby pushed against the back of the chair as if he were trying to escape through it to invisibility. Pop was home. He'd hang up his hat and coat—and then . . . Then he'd say like Mom, "There's no point in discussing it." He couldn't take that, not now—not from Pop. Later maybe, but not now. He jumped to his feet and raced up the stairs.

Bobby didn't want to go to dinner when his father called, but he was afraid to refuse; besides, he was hungry. It would be awful sitting there, he thought,

and it was awful. He kept his eyes on his plate, and his parents kept both their eyes and their talk carefully away from him. Drying the dishes for his mother was awful, too. She said nothing, nothing whatever. Bobby's whole body burned. Was his home going to be like this? He couldn't stay in it if it was. Gosh almighty, this was his mother—his *own* mother—wasn't it?

The minute the dishes were finished he put on his coat and hurried eagerly to the neighborhood drugstore. The gang would be there, and he needed the solace they were sure to give. He saw them through the window, clustered as usual around Tim Kelly. He had the door half open when he heard Bert Kislung say loudly, "It was a darned dirty thing to do to the team." Bobby let the door swing closed and turned away. His gang. His friends. The team! Didn't he matter at all? Not to them he didn't. Well, if he wasn't such a dumbell, he'd've known. He knew them, didn't he?

For two hours he roamed the dark streets trying to think, but loneliness and confusion clamped icy fingers on his mind and forbade thought. It wasn't any use talking; he'd thought the fellows would stand by him, but he could tell from Bert's voice how it was. They were sore. Mom and Pop were sore. Everybody was sore at him—and for nothing. He didn't have a friend in the whole world.

At last he went home. His parents were in the living room reading. Both of them looked up as he crossed the hall.

"Good night, Bobby," his father said.

Bobby muttered, "Good night," and hesitated. He'd be darned if he would, but custom was stronger than he was; he *had* to. Though his cheeks flushed and his eyes dulled with resentment, he walked to his mother's side, bent and kissed her cheek.

"Good night, Bobby," she said softly.

"Good night, Mom." He hurried out of the room and up the stairs. What a beating he was taking. What a beating! Nobody ought to have to take it—not for anything.

THE NEXT day it rained. His mother took care of her housework, changed her clothes, put on her coat and hat, came to the door of Bobby's room and said, "I shan't be home for lunch," and departed in the car. Another long day to spend by himself. Where in the heck was Mom going in this downpour? And the way she kept on talking to him, so cold and distant and polite. It made a guy's gizzard squirm.

He went downstairs and read a magazine that had come in the morning mail, at noon prepared a sizable stack of peanut butter sandwiches, wolfed them down along with two glasses of milk, and then went upstairs to his room to stare forlornly out of the window at the heavy slanting rain. What a day! What a life! Two weeks of this. He'd never be able to stand it—never. He might just as well be in prison.

More history? Heck, no. He'd almost caught up yesterday. He looked gloomily at the schoolbooks and finally picked up the English anthology. He guessed he might as well take a crack at it. All that poetry . . . He hadn't read any of it yet. Boy, did it give him the willies to hear Miss Stevens read it in class! That little, high, squealy voice—and half the time she broke the rhythm too. Well, he'd make a stab at it . . .



At 6,000 outlets from coast to coast B-A Service is outstanding.

You Can't Buy a Better Motor Oil



Oil, water, tires and battery are properly checked and serviced at B-A stations. Depend on your B-A dealer to give you all-round service.

No fumbling for change—no stepping out of the car, when you use a B-A Credit Card. You can use it in the U.S.A. as well.

Feel like a wash-up? B-A Washrooms are scrubbed to a sparkling cleanliness. Note the "Supervised" sign on the entrance door.



You will be pleased at the prompt and courteous service that is available to you at all B-A stations; some 6,000 outlets in Canada from coast to coast maintain a continuous welcome. B-A dealers are thoroughly trained to give your car the finest service available.

Try Peerless Premium Motor Oil today—facts prove "You can't buy a better Motor Oil."

Peerless is processed from the world's finest crudes—this assures your engine of improved engine performance, greater power and better oil mileage. It's economical too—helps to keep motor costs down, assuring longer engine life. Peerless "is alloyed," a process which forms a protective film around each oil molecule. This prevents breakdowns. Buy Peerless today.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN OIL COMPANY LIMITED



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H.M. QUEEN MARY, YARDLEY, LONDON



Yardley English
Lavender
\$1.25 to \$6.50.

Yardley English
Lavender Soap
50c a tablet
Box of 3 tablets
\$1.50.

Wherever hearts are young
and youthful—you'll find
the unaffected loveliness
of Yardley Lavender

YARDLEY
ENGLISH LAVENDER

Again the afternoon passed without his knowing, but this time he did not go downstairs when he heard his mother return. Instead, he switched on a light and went on reading until he was called to supper. Again the meal was a strain, and so was drying the dishes. The rain had stopped; the gang would be at the drugstore. He stayed in his room.

The sun shone the next day; otherwise nothing was different except that his mother did not take the car when she left the house. Bobby stood in his window and watched her. Was she going to the high school? If she turned the corner, she was. She turned it. Suddenly weak, sick almost to nausea, he fell into his easy chair. What was she going for? What was the use? She and Cameron would talk about him and talk about him, and he'd bet anything she'd get wet around the eyes and Cameron would see and—oh, darn, darn, darn, how was a fellow to stand it, anyway?

He couldn't stay in his room any longer—not in that prison. He rushed downstairs and out of the house. Now what? He had to do something. He had to! The whole yard was covered with fallen leaves. That was it! He'd rake them up and burn them. They'd be dry enough by the time he got them raked to burn.

He got the rake and went to work. The sun was warm on him, the lawn glistening green with every sweep of the rake, and for the first time in three days the heavy weight of depression lifted. He filled a bushel basket again and again with the yellow leaves and dumped them in the back yard. Only the west lawn remained to be raked when he saw his mother turn the corner. Inexplicably panic-stricken, he raced around to the west side of the house and stood there waiting. A few minutes later he heard the front door close, and then through a window he saw his mother come into the living room. She hadn't taken off her hat and coat. That was funny. She stood there with the queerest look on her face. It was blank, empty of all expression, and she just stared straight ahead. Then suddenly she sort of collapsed into a chair, hid her face in her hands, and sobbed so hard Bobby could hear her. Her whole body shook and jerked.

He stood there watching. Then as suddenly as she had dropped into the chair, he fell to his knees and bent his body far forward.

At that moment Mrs. Crawford, who lived next door, chanced to look out of her window. She saw the kneeling boy and, troubled, stared at him. What was the matter with Bobby Boone? Was he hurt? Why, he was crying. She'd go—

But to her surprise, Bobby jumped to his feet, bent and picked up the rake, and began to sweep the leaves toward him with furious energy. "He must have been looking at something," she thought, relieved, "but he certainly looked as if he were crying." She turned from her window and went back to her housework.

THEREAFTER, the days were routine. Mrs. Boone departed in the car every morning and did not return until late in the afternoon. Bobby rarely left his own room. His parents never mentioned his suspension from school, and neither did he. They were pleasantly polite to him, and he was pleasantly polite to them; but there was no real

friendliness in the house, no spontaneous affection, no family spirit. Bobby's thin cheeks were white and looked even thinner. In the evening he could hear his father and mother downstairs talking, and talking—and he was sure they were talking about him.

He was slated to return to school on Monday morning, but after the dishes were done Sunday evening, his mother said, "Come into the living room, Bobby. Pop and I have something to tell you."

"Yeah," he thought, "now it's coming." He felt sick, but he wasn't going to say a thing; no matter what they said, he wouldn't say one single thing.

Once the three of them were seated, Mr. Boone lighted a cigar, and Mrs. Boone turned to Bobby. "I'm not going to scold you," she began quietly, and "I'm not going to ask for any promises. We've tried them before. I'm just going to tell you our plans. I went over to the school and had a long talk with Mr. Cameron, and I'll have to tell you what he said. He said you were one of the brightest boys in the school—with really outstanding ability. He talked about your photographic memory, and he said your I.Q. and your aptitude tests proved you could do A work almost without trying, but you wouldn't try at all. You just picked up enough in class to get by when you weren't acting smartly and trying to impress everybody with what a toughy you were. He said they'd been patient on account of your ability, but that they couldn't be patient any longer. You'd either have to toe the line or get out, and he didn't think you'd toe the line."

She paused to sigh. "I didn't think you would either," she went on slowly and sadly, "and I had to admit it. I told him how you'd always been fine until last year when you got to running with Tim Kelly and his gang. He thought we had to get you away from those boys; so we've decided to send you to a private school."

Startled, Bobby stared at her. "What," he demanded, amazed, "a private school? We can't afford—"

"I know," his father interrupted, laying his cigar in a tray, "but we can't afford to have you grow up an ignorant bum either. You're all we have, and you're all we care about. The house is clear. We'll mortgage it."

Bobby tried to speak, but the words stuck in his throat, and he only half heard his mother explaining that she had gone to one boarding school after another trying for a scholarship, but none was to be had; anyway, most of the schools wouldn't take Bobby with his record. "We had to come down to a day school," she concluded. "Mayhew will take you. You and I are going over there in the morning to see Mr. Budling, the principal, you know."

Bobby stood up. His face was white, his brown eyes ablaze. "No," he said, his voice quivering with shame and anger; "no, I won't do it. I'm going back to high school. I'm going back tomorrow. I've got to go back." He started out of the room, but at the door he turned. "And you needn't worry either. I won't be expelled." Then in a wild rush he raced up the stairs to his own room and slammed the door so hard the whole house shook.

His parents stared blank-eyed at each other. Mr. Boone recovered first. "If he thinks he can dictate to us," he began, but his wife interrupted with, "No,

...an; it isn't that. He's trying—oh, I don't know, but he's different. It'll be worse if we dictate to him. Let's leave him alone. I have a feeling . . ."

The next morning Bobby accepted his lunch from his mother, picked up his books, and left the house. He was careful to enter the school only a minute before the bell rang. Nearly everybody was already in the auditorium waiting for the morning assembly. Bobby slipped into an aisle seat in the last row. Several students looked at him, but he spoke to nobody.

The assembly began. As usual, there was a little music, a brief address by a teacher, and announcements by other teachers. Then Mr. Cameron, the principal, asked if there were any student announcements. The school treasurer marched down to the front of the auditorium, faced about, and demanded dues; the cheer leader followed him with a plea for more pep at games; and the band leader announced marching practice that afternoon.

"Anything else?" Mr. Cameron asked.

BOBBY BOONE stood up and walked down the aisle. His face was very pale, and his hands at his sides were twitching. The teachers looked at each other and lifted enquiring eyebrows, but the students sat unmoving; the quiet was absolute.

Bobby turned and stood looking at his feet. Then he lifted his head and spoke. "I want to apologize," he began, his voice rough and unsure; "I want to apologize to Mr. Wills. I had no right to say what I did to him." He jerked his body about and looked at the grey-haired man on the stage. "I'm ashamed, Mr. Wills," he said more softly. "I'm sorry." His voice broke badly on the last word. He gulped, bent his head again, and hurried up the aisle. He stumbled once, and a girl giggled nervously, but no other sound broke the strained, astounded silence.

Mr. Cameron waited until Bobby reached his seat; then he said, "I think it only fair to Robert Boone to tell you he made his apology entirely of his own accord. It was not required of him. Assembly dismissed."

Bobby had no class the first period, and he almost ran to his home room. He dashed to his seat, opened a book, and bent his head low over it, miserably sure that every student who came into the room was staring at him. He had expected to feel free once the apology had been made, but, if anything, he felt more oppressed than he had before. He was being discussed all through the school, wondered at, probably laughed at; he knew he was, and the knowledge made him shrivel.

At the end of the period he followed his classmates into the hall. Other classmates passed him, and several said, "Hello." The self-consciousness of the greetings brought blood to his cheeks, and he almost wished nobody had spoken. Math was next. How could he go in there and face Mr. Wills? He had to, though. There wasn't any way out of it; he *had* to.

Again he hurried to his seat, opened a book, and bent his head over it. Lord, he felt rotten. Just as he entered the room, Tim Kelly had said, "Hi," but there had been no million-dollar smile; there hadn't been even a two-bit smile. Well, Bobby knew what was eating Tim. The team had lost the last two Saturdays; Kelly had been stopped cold.

He felt a hand on his shoulder and looked up. Mr. Wills was standing beside him, his round face kindly, his blue eyes gentle. "You're all right, Bob," he said softly. The hand on Bobby's shoulder pressed harder, squeezed a little, and was gone. Bobby bent his head low to hide the sudden tears.

A test made that hour easy. Everybody was busy, nobody was watching or whispering, and Bobby was freed of strain. He went to work at the test and was almost happy.

But at the end of the period the old strain was waiting. Somewhere during the morning he saw every member of the gang. Everyone spoke, but, like Tim Kelly, none smiled. Not one said, "Good work, keed," or, "Swell to see you back, Bobby." They just said, "Hi," or "Hello," and passed on.

AT NOON he went to the cafeteria with his lunch, and then paused. Where to sit? The gang didn't want him. Hurt, uncertain, he stood by the door while hungry students streamed by. "Bobby," someone said. He turned—and there was Louise Mainwaring. "I gobbled," she explained, "because I have to study French. I'm in an awful hurry, but I want to tell you I thought you were wonderful this morning. That was the bravest thing I ever saw. You must have almost died." She smiled unexpectedly. "How about coming over Friday night?"

The hot flush swept clear to Bobby's hair. "Oh, thanks!" he cried. "Gee, you bet. Sure thing. Thanks."

He sat down by a boy he didn't know, ate his lunch without knowing what he ate, and never once thought about the gang. Lunch over, however, he found that nothing had changed. There was no one he felt free to talk to, no one he could horse around with—and everyone who spoke to him was painfully formal and constrained. It seemed as if the bell would never ring.



Here's the secret of Lasting Refreshment

The secret's in one little word, "dry." In drinks, *dry* means not too sweet. And experts agree, only a dry drink *can* give you *lasting* refreshment. That's why world-famous Canada Dry is dry . . . not *too* dry . . . not too sweet. For lasting refreshment Canada Dry—It's dry, that's why!

AT WORK OR PLAY . . .
AT HOME OR AWAY

Three bottle sizes
for your convenience
Family • Club • Individual



CANADA . . . how to see it on a budget

Time to plan your yearly family jaunt . . . time to get away from it all! That's where Chatelaine comes in, with this special package of excursions. Choose your fare . . . choose your timetable.

Canadian Calendar of Events—Tips to Travelers—Travel in Style—Want a perfect vacation wardrobe? Here it is!

These and many more interesting features in the exciting pages of
JUNE CHATELAINE



Such Easy Dessert Sensations!

Perfect for a party, thrifty enough for any day, these stunning-looking JELL-O desserts offer *endless* inspiration for the busy cook. So easy to fix . . . and heavenly-tasting as only Jell-O, with its famous "locked-in" flavor, can make them.

Jell-O desserts are sure to be *just right* — always. Serve them plain . . . garnish them as illustrated here . . . vary as suggested on the packages. For desserts that are thrillingly beautiful, thrillingly delicious, amazingly economical, insist on Canada's best-loved jelly powder — the kind with the big red "JELL-O" letters on the box.

INTERESTING SERVING IDEAS

Prepare your favorite flavor of Jell-O by easy directions on the package. Decorate as suggested below.

Strawberry, Raspberry or Cherry Jell-O — Garnish with sliced bananas or sliced canned pears, and mint leaves.* Or top with whipped cream, and a slice of minted cherry* or fresh or frozen strawberries*.

Orange, Lemon or Pineapple Jell-O — Most attractive with whipped cream, fresh or frozen raspberries, and mint leaves* . . . or with peach halves, whipped cream and maraschino cherry.

Lime Jell-O — For a most effective color and flavor combination, garnish with grapefruit segments*, or with whipped cream and canned apricot halves.

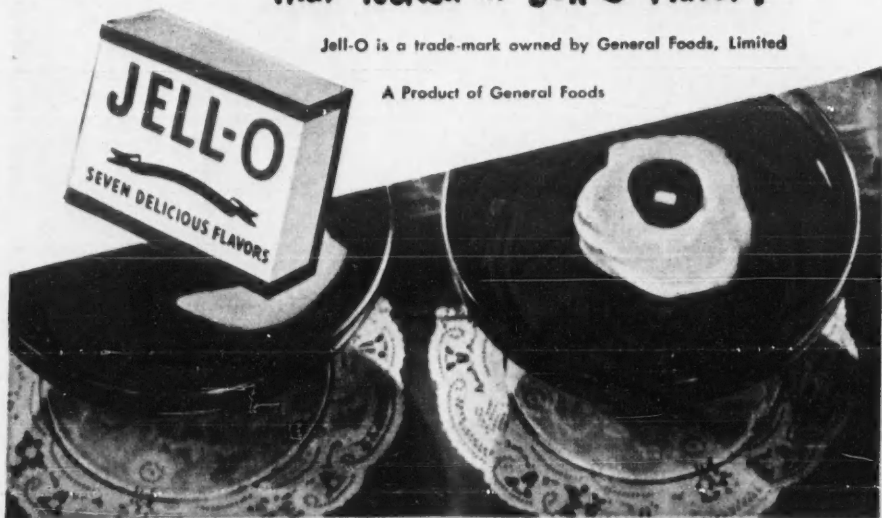
What's found only in Jell-O?

*Illustrated here

That "locked-in" Jell-O Flavor!

Jell-O is a trade-mark owned by General Foods, Limited

A Product of General Foods



It did ring eventually, and eventually the last period ended. In the hall he passed Tim Kelly and his cronies. They were so deep in talk they did not notice him, but he heard Tim say, "Well, it was one way to get off pro. I hope it works. We sure need him at tackle."

Bobby's temper flared high. For them to think that. His friends! *Friends?* Gah! The dirty stinkers . . .

Mr. Cameron was standing in the door of his office. "Bob," he called. "One minute, please."

Bobby turned and worked his way through the rushing tide of students. "You called me?" he asked Mr. Cameron.

"Yes. I was looking for you. I didn't say anything in assembly, but I want you to know I admire what you did. I happen to know you did it, too, entirely of your own accord." He smiled. "Mr. Wills tells me you passed a test today with a cool hundred. Does that mean you've caught up?"

"Yes, sir, in everything."

"Good. I hope you've really turned over a new leaf."

"I—I woke up."

"Woke up?" Mr. Cameron waited for an explanation.

"Yes sir, my mother. I saw—well, something."

"Never mind what it was. I want to warn you, though, you won't find it easy. There's a lot of resentment about the team—and you can't shuck off your old reputation in a day. And, oh yes, I thought you were going to Mayhew Academy."

"I wouldn't go," Bobby said shortly.

Mr. Cameron laughed, said "Good," nodded dismissal, and turned into his office.

Bobby knew he ought to feel happy as he walked home, but he didn't. He'd done what he'd promised himself he would do; he'd done something he'd thought he never could do, but he felt no pride in his act, no relief, no exaltation. He was still in the doghouse. Not with Louise, of course, but the fellows . . . Gee, he missed them. Not one had phoned while he was out of school, not one had come around, and not one had said a friendly word today. He had to start all over, make new friends—and the old friends were enemies now. Tough! Boy, was it tough?

He reached home, opened the door, and placed his books on the hall table. "Bobby!"

HE TURNED. His mother was standing in the living room doorway. "Bobby," she said again. Her cheeks were pink, and her eyes were shining; they were so bright they almost blazed. "I've been waiting for you. Mr. Cameron phoned and told me." She took a step forward, and her hands went out to him. "I'm so proud of you. I—" Her voice broke, and then somehow they were together, her arms around him and his around her, her cheek against his shoulder, his resting on her hair.

He hadn't known it, but this was what he had been waiting for. This—this alone was all that mattered. Everything, absolutely everything, was all right now. ♦

The Liar

Continued from page 24

Later, he had an opportunity to talk to her alone. She was having a good time at the party. One of the traits he was to find most attractive in her was her ability to believe the best of every individual and to make the best of every situation. At the moment she was interested in the canapé she was about to nibble because she thought it was going to be caviar. But now she was looking at him in astonishment.

"Why, it's marmalade, I do believe."

He laughed aloud, and she was pleased to have amused him although she did not understand the reason.

"Anyway it's awfully good," she said.

"Natalie!"

"Yes?"

"I want to ask you something."

"All right."

"It's about 'War and Peace.' You've never really read it, have you? Don't worry—no one can hear us."

"But of course I've read it."

"What's it about?"

"Haven't you read it?"

"Yes."

"Then you know what it's about."

"Natalie, you've never read that book. You go on saying things like that, you'll stick your neck out."

"You're terribly serious about a little conversation at a cocktail party."

"Maybe I am. I'm serious about you. I want to know all about you."

SHE WAS a bit perplexed by this demand, but readily enough she gave him an outline of her own past history. Her parents having separated when she was hardly out of babyhood, she had spent part of the time with her mother

and someone called Bill, part of the time with her father and someone called Gracie. There had also been a variety of boarding schools and summer camps. The recital afforded the first clue to her character, as far as Jed was concerned. Never in the girl's life had she known the security of a settled home. Continually she had been forced to adjust herself to the diverse individuals who had been given authority over her. There could never have been a single Natalie Colby satisfactory to any single person in charge; there had to be any number of Natalie Colbys, satisfactory to people of quite varying backgrounds and temperaments. Although Natalie herself had never defined her situation in these terms, it came clear enough to Jed, between the lines of what she actually told him. It was no wonder, he thought, that she had no sense of security. It was no wonder she was a liar.

"You haven't had an easy time," he observed with some caution.

She looked a trifle puzzled.

"Oh, well, they've all been so good to me, really . . ."

He smiled at her.

"It's just that I'm trying to understand you."

Her eyes were gentle.

"You're kind," she said.

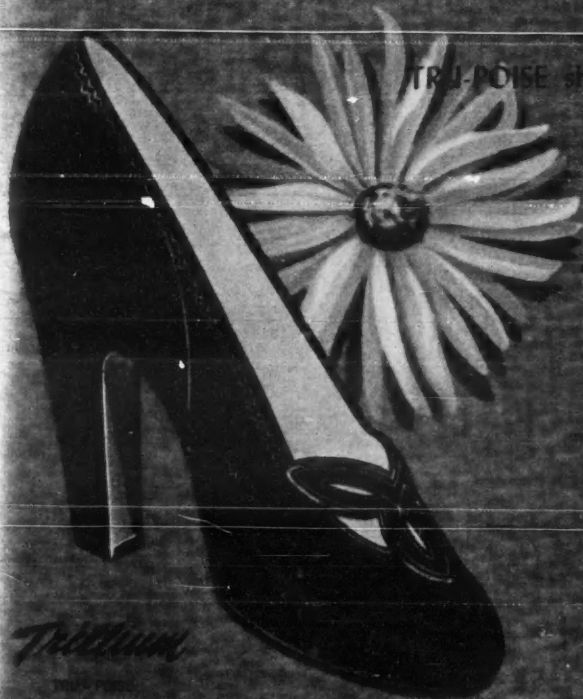
He was intelligent enough to know what that meant. It was a pretty girl's way of laying a wreath on a man. Nor was he altogether surprised. To a woman, there had always been something touching but absurd about him: the over-lean frame, the thinning sand-colored hair, the twinkling little blue eyes behind their lopsided spectacles. He suffered, too, in comparison with Myron. It was Myron who drove Natalie, the Tolstoy-worshipper, home from the Jordans' party.



ARCH PRESERVER

and TRU-POISE

Shoes



Professional beauties, that's what

TRU-POISE shoes are. Thoroughly imbued

with fashion, fit and quality. Mindful, too, of straighter, prettier

ankles with every cradle cup heel.

High or low as to heel. Selby ARCH PRESERVERS.

open or closed, have a particular genius

for fashion with comfort.

Sold at Retail Stores from Coast to Coast

MURRAY SELBY SHOES LTD.

LONDON, CANADA

The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio

20th Ave. or 26th St., New York, U.S.A.



... a thrill
to serve
a thrill to eat!

Oh the variety! Oh the richness of the tempting flavours Shirriff's Desserts bring to your table! Creamy vanilla! Smooth, mellow Caramel! Chocolate-y chocolate! Golden, buttery butterscotch! What tasty desserts they make—as well as tempting pies, tarts, fillings and other good things!

The flavour is kept at its peak, sealed inside the Flavour "Bud." Always rich and tempting. Get some Shirriff's Desserts today.

SHIRRIFF'S
"BUD" DESSERTS



SHIRRIFF'S Lushus

Fresh as new picked fruit, because the flavour "Bud" keeps those superb flavours sealed liquid-fresh. Seven rich fruity flavours.

From that time Jed was to accept, without rancor, the role of faithful friend. Within three months of their meeting, Natalie and Myron were engaged.

"You'll be happy," Jed told her. "Myron's a good guy."

She smiled down on her ring, a large and flawless diamond.

"Do you think I can run that big house?"

"You won't have to. The servants run it. Old Brent has been in the family for centuries."

"Well, yes, he's all bones, I've noticed. And he sort of rattles and creaks. But I like it. I'll like feeling settled in an old house like that. Settled and secure."

He considered her with troubled eyes, wondering if security would be possible to a girl who did not think of life as a straight and difficult path, but as a veritable labyrinth of happy little deceptions.

"Now look here," he said, abruptly. "You told Myron you were going to the dentist's yesterday."

"Well?"

"You didn't. You went to the movies."

She nodded.

"I'd promised to go to a movie with Maggie Lawrence, so I couldn't very well go to the yacht club with Myron. But I thought he might be put out. He might just feel better to think of me at the dentist's."

"He'd not like it if he knew you lied to him, Natalie."

"But that's not a lie, for heaven's sake!"

"What is it?"

"Why, it's just feminine! I love him so much, Jed, I don't want him ever being put out about anything or having his mind distracted from his work. Oh, it's all just purely feminine," she repeated, with dignity.

It had been impossible to go on with this argument because Myron

had rejoined them just then, coming from the tennis court, looking flushed and handsome and strong—but laughing off, as usual, his triumph at the net . . .

IT WAS an odd thing, when war came, that Myron should have been rejected by the services and that Jed, spectacles and all, should have been welcomed, after a restrained fashion, by the army. Jed, however, spent most of his time in England. He brought home no medals.

"I have been as heroic," he said, "as a teapot."

"At least you were in it," said Myron. "Stupid business, not having been in it."

Jed looked at Myron sympathetically. Knowing his friend, he knew the comment hid a pride that would give him a twinge now and then for the rest of his life. Myron, as this conversation was taking place, was driving Jed to his country home. Now that the queer initial shyness of their meeting had worn off a bit, they were going over the ground they had covered in their letters, giving it a greater reality. Myron had been married to Natalie for three years. His father had died the previous winter and Myron had taken his place as the head of Rhodes House, Publishers. Jed, who had worked for Myron's father, was going to work for Myron. These were eventful changes: yet the past was merging smoothly into the present. Meanwhile the rural landscape had spread out around them.

"It doesn't seem," said Jed, "as if I'd ever been away. I suppose everyone says that. All the big moments are hackneyed."

Myron gave him an affectionate smile.

"But good?"

"But good," Jed agreed.

They were pulling into the familiar driveway and Natalie was running across the terrace to greet him.

"Jed! Oh, Jed!"

He kissed her, and held both her hands for a moment.

Holiday Handbags



"You look wonderful." He winked at Myron. "You treat her all right."

"That's it," said Natalie. "I get all the best vegetables. But you, Jed—the Army improved you."

"It did what it could," Jed admitted, cautiously.

He was greeting old Brent, then, and one of the maids he remembered. Old Brent, still creaking and rattling, was running the house, he gathered, but Natalie was a delightful hostess.

At first it seemed to Jed that these few years of marriage had given her a certain maturity. Later he decided it was simply a charming semblance of maturity. Myron had provided a haven for her—an exceedingly luxurious haven—but it was built on the sands. That, Jed conceded, was not Myron's fault. It was altogether Natalie's. She had never been honest with Myron. She had offered him pictures of a woman, and never the woman herself. That being the case, it was impossible that she could feel safe, and sure of her own position. Still, Jed reflected, it was early in the marriage. He reminded himself that he had always been almost foolishly apprehensive where Natalie was concerned—and resolutely he turned his eyes to the brighter side of things.

THAT WEEK END, two of the writers from Myron's stable were in the house. These scribes, Howard Waring and Leo Humboldt, were there on the pretext of getting advice from their publisher, but as far as Jed could discern, they were merely enjoying the country air.

Myron laughed when this was pointed out to him.

"That's all right," he said. "The country air will do them more good than my advice."

Jed looked at him doubtfully. He was on the verge of commenting on another discovery: the fact that Howard Waring was falling in love with his publisher's wife. But he thought better of it.

On the whole, the week end passed agreeably enough. It was good tennis weather; old Brent's wife had not lost her magic touch with a soufflé; there was, moreover, plenty of good talk, with Natalie conducting herself adroitly among all these men. There was nothing in this first visit to account for Jed's uneasiness, but it was an uneasiness that increased as the time went on.

It became the custom for Jed to spend almost all his week ends with Myron and Natalie. He and Myron would leave the city with at least a dozen manuscripts tossed in the back of a car. Jed would come to a fairly valid conclusion about a script after he had read the first page; Myron would skim the thing through to the end, because if he was not interested in the material itself he would still be looking for something he called "latent talent." It was characteristic of him to have a sense of obligation toward all the writers, known or unknown, who sought to please the House of Rhodes.

Howard Waring was working on a novel, promised for Myron's fall list. He had taken furnished rooms in a house in the village to escape, he said, the distractions of life in town.

"His book," Natalie reported, "is still in the talking stage. He tells me I help him."

"Where did you see him?"

"The yacht club. We played gin rummy."

"I don't see much well-rounded prose coming out of that. He's in love with you, I think."

"If he is, you don't need to worry, darling. I don't take to him. I think he's too old to be so eager and boyish."

Myron smiled at his wife.

"In any case you might use your influence to get my writers to a typewriter once in a while."

Natalie began peeling the skin from a peach with a little silver knife.

"I'll try," she said, "but they're lazy. A good-for-nothing tribe, I think."

You Can Make

YOU'LL WANT one of the new, smart basket bags this season. Because they have such a charmingly casual air.

For the set illustrated, you will need two baskets—one 8 in., one 6 in., in diameter; $\frac{3}{8}$ yd. corduroy 35 in. wide; $\frac{1}{2}$ yd. broadcloth 35 in. wide; $2\frac{1}{2}$ yd. silk cord. Cut corduroy into pieces 35 in. by 13 in. and 22 in. by 11 in. Placing baskets on remaining material, trace bases and cut circles to fit. Cut lining to correspond.

To put the bag together: Fold the corduroy rectangle; join two short edges to within 4 in. of top. On the fold, slit material 4 in. down from top. Roll-hem these two openings (through which drawstring will pass). Gather bottom edge to large matching circle. Fold in material to make heading for top of bag, finishing with two stitched rows—one $\frac{1}{2}$ in., the other 2 in., from top. Sew up side seam of lining; gather around corresponding broadcloth circle. Fit lining into outer bag and whipstitch to lower edge of heading. Arrange bag in basket and whipstitch around rim. Insert drawstring, running it through heading twice, and tie ends.

Peach Ambrosia — Ever try Ambrosia — oranges and coconut? Well, this time blend juicy canned cling peaches with Baker's Coconut . . . either style . . . creamy-fresh Southern Style, tender-sweet Premium Shred. Easiest dessert that ever was — and sure of a big hand every time!

Let's celebrate — Baker's Coconut is back!

THEY'RE SINGING in the kitchen — they're smiling at the table. Everybody's rediscovering how utterly delicious Baker's Coconut is!

Today—snow Baker's Coconut on a velvety cake; toast it and sprinkle it over a creamy custard pie; bake it into crisp cookies or macaroons; use it to add quick-and-easy glamour to almost any pudding or fruit dessert. Now

everywhere — in home kitchens, in fine food shops and bakeries and restaurants — tempting coconut treats take the centre of the stage!

Look for them! Make them yourself. Get Baker's Coconut today!

Yours — wonderful recipes! Send 10¢ for glamorous new Baker's Coconut recipe book. Address Baker's Coconut, Dept. 46, Cobourg, Ontario.

Coconut Frosting

1 recipe Coconut Frosting
(See Baker's Coconut package)

1½ cups Baker's Coconut

Tint frosting a delicate pink; swirl over your favorite devil's food cake. Then drift it high with snowy Baker's Coconut — sweet, tender-moist, delicious!

BAKER'S COCONUT

Grocers have two kinds of Baker's Coconut — Baker's Southern Style (so good it seems like fresh-shredded coconut — sweetened) and Baker's Premium Shred (more moist and tender than ever before). Either kind is a heavenly treat!



"RUFFIES"

BY HEWETSON
... FOR ALL AGES ...

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For BABIES
Cradle and Protect
Little Growing Feet

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For CHILDREN
Sturdy, Ventilated,
Strong Rubber Soles

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For GROWING GIRLS
and WOMEN
Crepe Soles

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For GROWING GIRLS
and WOMEN
Rubber Soles

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For BOYS and MEN
Crepe Soles
Vacation and Sports

HEWETSON'S "RUFFIES"



For BOYS and MEN
Cleat Soles
Provide Sure Footing

HEWETSON
Shoes

ALWAYS
POPULAR
PRICED

WITH DEALERS ALL OVER CANADA READY TO SERVE YOU

Jed had the feeling, for a moment, that everything was a little too light and gay. Natalie had evidently decided on a marital relationship as sleek as glazed porcelain.

"Speaking of that," she went on, "I've just finished Lee Humboldt's novel. You were absolutely right about it. It's wonderful."

Myron considered her for a moment. "That's odd, Natalie. When I came in tonight you were talking to Lila Jordan on the telephone. I heard you telling her that Humboldt's book bored you 'beyond belief.'"

Jed stared at the little silver knife, which continued to be skilfully manipulated.

"Yes," said Natalie. "So I did."

"Then why tell me you thought it was wonderful?"

"Because I do think it's wonderful, darling. Only it bores me because I'm just not up to it, that's all. You can understand that, can't you, Jed?"

Jed essayed, not too successfully, a carefree laugh.

"Oh, yes. Yes, of course. I feel the same way about Boswell's Johnson. Now there's a tremendous book. Only, of course, I could never bring myself to read it."

Natalie smiled at her husband.

"You see? Jed agrees with me."

"But," Myron said, "I don't agree with Jed."

The comment, Jed thought, had not been altogether casual. Concealing his nervousness as best he could, he joined Natalie in some bright and inconsequential chat. The Humboldt episode lodged, uncomfortably, in the back of his mind.

AS THE time went on there was no sign of any rift in the marriage. The house continued to be beautifully managed. Natalie continued to be light and gay, kind and charming. And Myron continued to be a man of good faith, considerate of everyone around him, just and honorable in all his dealings. Jed had begun to feel a bit easier. The difficulties, he told himself, had existed entirely in his own overfertile imagination. Then came the Saturday evening he spent alone with Myron.

Natalie had left a note, explaining that she had gone to spend the night with her mother, convalescing from a knee injury. Myron had not been distressed about it. In fact, he had smiled indulgently.

"She gets these impulses," he said. "Anyhow it leaves us free for work. You know we've got a lot of reading to do."

"That's just dandy," Jed said, irritably.

Then he pulled himself together, realizing what was wrong with him. He was simply disappointed over Natalie's absence. His sense of guilt lasted all through dinner and, afterward, sent him wading through a very dull book on ceramics.

"It has a public," said Myron.

"Sure. Three people. The author—the author's mother—and you."

Myron smiled a bit sheepishly.

"I guess you're right, at that. But now I've something else for you to look at. A novel—that Kramer thing. Natalie was reading it. I wonder what she did with it."

The house was searched, in vain, for the Kramer book.

"I'll call Natalie," Myron said.

"Oh, don't bother with it," cried Jed.

But he was at a loss to account for his own objection. Myron was smiling as he reached for the telephone.

"It gives me an excuse," he said, "to say hello to her."

He was no longer smiling as he put the telephone back in its cradle. He looked at Jed with an expression that gave no hint of his thought.

"Natalie isn't there. Her mother wasn't even expecting her."

Jed was struggling with a thousand formless fears.

"Well, there's some quite simple explanation," he stated flatly. "We'd have heard if there had been an accident."

Yet it was agreed that Myron should telephone the local police and the railroad station. No one had anything to report about Natalie. It was a full two hours before the message came, from the hospital in the next town. The message was brief enough, and reassuring, but there was something disquieting about it, something cautious.

Myron repeated it, without emphasis, to Jed.

"Mrs. Rhodes and a companion had been in an automobile accident. The companion had been injured, but not critically. Mrs. Rhodes was only shaken from the shock."

"Did they say who was with her?" asked Jed, and his voice sounded false.

"Howard Waring."

"Well—" said Jed. "Well, thank heaven she's all right."

Myron made no comment. They drove to the hospital almost in silence. In his mind Jed turned over a number of conciliatory phrases, but he rejected them all. He could think of nothing to say that would not sound like an anxious defense of Natalie who, in theory, should need no defense. Howard Waring's name was mentioned by neither of them.

It was not, as they heard it first, from the hospital attendant, a story that would come gratefully to any husband's ears. Waring's car had crashed into a giant tree bordering the drive into Perry's Rest, an inn whose very name had the odor of a swamp. Natalie herself, still shaken a little, made no attempt to amplify the story during the trip home. When the three came into the living room Jed murmured some awkward excuse about leaving them, but Myron put up a hand to stay him. Jed could read nothing in this protest. Perhaps Myron meant to make much of Natalie's adventure. Perhaps he meant to make little.

Natalie, Jed thought, looked like a schoolgirl in the principal's office. Once she brushed her hair with her palm, once or twice she smoothed down her skirt.

"It's all so easy to explain, darling! I was going to mother's the way I said—you know. I left you the note—?"

"Oh, yes. I got the note."

"Yes. Well, just when I got to the station the train arrived, and who should hop off but Howard. Well, he was all keyed up about a new idea for a book—and it was such a lovely evening—and then he made a song and dance about my having dinner with him before I went to mother's. I didn't think it would matter if I took a later train—mother wasn't expecting me—it was going to be a surprise anyhow—"

She waved her hands helplessly, as if to struggle through the maze of her own words. After a moment she went on.

"We drove out to the country and had dinner—I don't know, some crazy place, not much better than a jukebox joint, but Howard was in such a state about this new idea—you know how it usually hits 'em, Myron—"

"Yes," said Myron. "Go on."

"We danced a few times and it got pretty late—oh, this all sounds so stupid really! I decided to give up the idea of seeing mother and just come on home. But then Howard had some notion about a short cut—he'd had a few drinks and he was stubborn about it—well, you know that stubborn streak of his?"

"Yes."

"I forget where I was."

"The short cut."

"Oh, yes. Well, he didn't have any road map and we kept trying this way and that. It was getting later and later by that time—I persuaded him to drive into this—this inn—and just ask someone—and that was how it—Oh! You believe me, don't you, Myron?"

"No," Myron said, slowly. "No, I don't think so."

"But it's the truth."

"Is it?" he said.

Natalie was not insulted.

"There just ought to be some way to prove it," she said. "As long as it's the truth."

"No. There isn't any way."

"But you know I don't even like Howard very much."

"Don't you?"

"You're just being so mean about it—"

Myron bit his lip. His face, Jed saw, was extremely pale.

"There's not much point," he said, "in going on with this."

"But you're being so dreadfully unreasonable. Jed! Tell him he's being unreasonable."

"I don't think he'd listen to me," Jed said.

"There ought to be proof then. Just some sort of proof that—if I'd only told mother I was intending to—" Natalie broke off, suddenly, and gave a little cry of delight. Her eye, going hurriedly around, had fallen on the small overnight case that Myron had put by the door. "Myron! There it is. I mean it's in that thing—that awful old housecoat of mother's! The blue one with the yellow parrots all over it. You know I hated it and I couldn't wear it anyhow because mother's twice my size—but, Myron, she left it here the last time she visited us, and I was taking it back to her. That would be proof, wouldn't it? That would be proof I intended going to see her?"

"Oh, yes," said Myron.

Natalie had already unlocked the little case. She was on her knees, throwing out a shower of lingerie, unearthing a hideous blue-and-yellow housecoat. She sank back on her heels and held up the garment in triumph.

"There! There now!"

IT WAS like her, Jed thought, to have forgiven Myron. Meanwhile he was conscious of his own little feeling of triumph. He found himself smiling broadly as he, too, turned toward Myron, waiting for his embarrassment to reveal itself, for his first stammered words of apology. He was to wonder, afterward, that he had been such a witless optimist.

Myron spoke slowly.

"Yes," he said, "but that doesn't alter things between us."

"But I proved I was going to mother's. I proved it to you."

"I know, my dear. But it isn't just a

Continued on page 89

Song for the Ridiculous

Blanche Pownall Garrett

Now in May the world is suddenly brimful of comical things —
buttery-yellow chickens with puffs of down on their wings;
ducklings wobbly-new learning to gaggle and quack;
woolly lambs with gangly legs and faces smudgy and black;
sprawling smoke-grey kittens that can't quite open their eyes;
roly-poly puppies of every color and size;
bewildered young brown calves mottled with patches of white;
a nuzzling sleek new foal kicking his heels with delight.

Nothing is ordered and of-a-piece; nothing fits or matches —
wings are too short, legs are too long, voices are squeaks and snatches . . .
But every morning chuckles, and every evening sings,
for now in May the world is alive with quaint droll comical things.



Charles Champness

Prem dresses for Dinner

WITH A CHOICE OF THREE DELICIOUS NEW TOPPINGS

Martha Logan

Swift's
Prem

A
SWIFT
QUALITY
FOOD

Bakes in 20 minutes!

Look what we have here—a dressed-for-dinner platter of tempting vegetables nestled around savoury slices of Swift's Prem. Here's a satisfying main dish that "fixes fast." And wait'll you taste that special blend that gives Prem its distinctive two-meat flavour. For Prem, you know, is different. It's the one that's both juicy pork and tender beef.

Martha Logan's PREM DINNER PLATTER

Out of the oven and ready to serve in a matter of minutes

(4 servings)

- 1 can Prem cut in 8 slices
- Cooked potatoes
- Whole or sliced carrots (cooked)
- Cooked broccoli (quick-frozen)
- Toppings—(choice of three)

Arrange slices of Prem on shallow baking dish with cooked vegetables. (Prem really does things for all vegetables.) Pour melted butter over vegetables.

*Top Prem with one of these: (1) Mayonnaise, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mixed with 2 tablespoons each prepared mustard and minced sweet pickle; (2) Sour cream, 1 cup, with chopped chives (pictured); (3) Blue cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup, crumbled; mixed with 2 tablespoons prepared mustard.

Bake in moderately quick oven (375°) for 20 minutes. Whichever topping you choose, you'll find this a tempting, nutritious way to serve THAT DELICIOUS COMBINATION

OF PORK AND TENDER BEEF...

Swift's Prem

SWIFT CANADIAN CO. LIMITED



Your place in the Sun and Under the Stars

by Eileen Morris

Illustrated by Perry Peterson

YOU'VE got the sun in the morning and the moon at night. And the ol' man in the moon will rub his eyes and stare when you appear under the stars, looking every inch a cool charmer. Summer evenings are so-o romantic . . . stardust, moonlight on water, music drifting through open windows. But this walking in beauty like the night takes a little effort, especially when it's a *summer* night. For it may be romantic . . . but sticky; gay . . . but oh-so wilting! How to look frosty fresh—enjoy the after-sundown fun—not retreat to a rocker behind the piazza post?

Start off with a lukewarm tubbing—with all the fixings. For, aside from this business of getting clean, a bath can be a beauty treat. Soak in a fragrant bubble bath, pat dry, then splash on refreshing toilet water to lift your spirits—a fluff of talc in the same fragrance to quell that sticky feeling—a favorite cream deodorant or perspiration check to guarantee daintiness.

Go at your preening feet-first. Summer heat has a way of making the sprightliest metatarsals lose their bounce. Bathe your tootsies with loving care, scrub and cream those heels, then follow through with a pat of cologne for tingly freshness. If you're going bare-legged and intend wearing sandals, deck your toes in the same shade polish you use on your fingernails. Now, who said something about walking in beauty?

Long to bloom in the blossom-filled night air . . . but your face only stands out as a shiny blur? Why not cultivate a cool-brow look? Pack away rich lubricating creams, and smooth your skin with hand lotion. Then a dash of skin freshener, cool as a shaded brook. Use a nonoily foundation, and let the luminous life of your toast-brown skin show through its perfecting veil—resist the temptation to use too much! Concerning powder: don't pile it on with the idea of achieving a mat finish . . . in less time than it takes to say "heat wave," your complexion will cake. Instead, a light dust of powder now—another later in the evening. Accent your suntint. Don't rouge; use little if any mascara. A warm clear red lipstick looks good with tan.

Keep your hair shining clean, and wear it simply, brushed away from your features. Looks neat, feels cool. If the sun has made the ends brittle and hay-dry, use plenty of hair cream. A nice notion on a summer eve is to wipe your hair strand by strand with a tissue moistened in cologne.

This is to be an open season for necks. Low-cut necklines on summer dresses promise to be downright flattering—if you avoid a zebra tan. But there's no need to stay home if you do acquire telltale strap marks; match 'em with your tan by using a bronze-tinted foundation—either lotion, cake or cream.

Perfume is particularly lovely when worn on a summer night. Touch the stopper to your brows, eartips, the curve of your throat, your wrists. You'll be flower fresh . . . look cool, feel cool. Written in the stars of some midsummer knight's dream!

Moonlight becomes you when you're lovely to look at . . . lovely to hold. That's the dream of every summer Eve

Coty GIVES YOU THIS Double Choice



No other face powder has the wide range of Coty shades. No other is so richly fragrant with great perfumes. Besides Muguet des Bois, Coty's Air Spun face powder can be yours, scented in Paris, L'Aimant, L'Origan and Emeraude. At your favorite cosmetics counter, \$1.25.

"Air-Spun"
FACE POWDER BY

Coty

Here are a few of the exciting new shades —
SOLEIL D'OR • CAFE CREME • RACHEL NACRE • VIBRANT

The Operation

Continued from page 34

performed in its operating rooms were total hysterectomies. By 1945 the figure had risen to 25%. Today, according to one gynecologist, that figure, for that same particular hospital, is close to 80%!

"No first-class surgeon today does a subtotal hysterectomy if he can help it," the head of the gynecological department of an important Ontario hospital told me.

Nevertheless, there is a minority opinion on the subject. Some doctors believe that the possibility of cancer at some future date does not warrant the number of total hysterectomies being performed. Furthermore, they hold that a total hysterectomy done badly is a dangerous thing, and foresee a swing back to the kind of operation they prefer, namely, the subtotal kind.

How Serious Is the Operation?

When I asked a well-known gynecologist, "Are hysterectomies serious?" he replied sharply, "Of course they are! Any operation that requires a doctor to open up a patient's abdomen and remove some organ, or do a vaginal operation is serious! How could it be otherwise? There's no sense in telling a woman that having her uterus removed is no more serious than having her tonsils out, or her ears pierced for earrings."

Then, having delivered this blast, he went on to assure me that with recent advances in surgical techniques, the mortality rate for hysterectomies has been reduced steadily, until today it is little higher than that for an appendectomy.

"I'd say that in large cities, where specialists are available, the mortality rate for subtotal hysterectomies is practically nil. Total hysterectomies, of course, are more serious."

While this writer was unable to locate official figures on the mortality rate for hysterectomies for Canada, a perusal of medical literature and interviews with different practicing surgeons seem to bear out this doctor's statements.

"For a woman in otherwise good health, having her uterus removed can be no more dangerous than having her appendix out," is the general opinion.

Does a hysterectomy "make an old woman out of you"? I asked this question of three of my friends who have had hysterectomies in the past few years and they laughed in my face.

"Don't be silly," they said. "That's an old wives' tale, nothing more. Why, we feel better than we ever felt before! In our opinion a hysterectomy makes a young woman out of you."

Old or Young? Married or Single?

Glance at the average age of the women requiring a hysterectomy today, and you'll get a shock! Most of them are in their late thirties or early forties!

Canadian figures, here again, are not readily available, but as evidence take the figures resulting from a survey of 246 hysterectomies performed in 10 different midwestern American hospitals in the first four months of 1945:

Age of patient	Number of operations
20 to 29 years	30
30 to 39 years	78
40 to 49 years	108
Over 49 years	30

The Canadian situation does not seem to be very much different. Says a Toronto surgeon, "I've done them at 25 years and I've done them at 75 years, but most of my patients are women in their 40's. As far as recovering from the operation, all of them—if they're otherwise in good health—come through nicely."

A large proportion of hysterectomies are performed as a result of fibroid tumors, and fibroid tumors, strangely enough, prefer to grow in single, childless women. It's as if nature abhorred a vacuum and, as the uterus is not producing babies as it is meant for, decides that it must grow something—in this case, tumors. So prevalent is the condition of fibroid tumors in the unmarried woman that not so long ago tumors were referred to as "Old Maids' Babies." However, many married women, and many women who have had several children, do develop fibroid tumors in the uterus, as well as the other numerous causes for a hysterectomy. Such fibroids are, however, very rarely malignant.

Reasons for a Hysterectomy

Mrs. T. was 38, but she looked 10 years older.

"It's just that I feel so miserable lately," she told friends when they commented on her appearance. "I'm tired all the time, and nervous, and depressed. I'm sure I don't know what's the matter with me!"

What Every Woman Should Do About Hysterectomies

Consult a good doctor at the first sign of trouble. Don't delay.

If he advises a hysterectomy and you have confidence in him, give him your full co-operation. If you are still doubtful, get the opinion of one or two other qualified men, if you wish. If the decision is still for a hysterectomy, submit with good grace for your own sake.

Leave it to the doctor to decide what

kind of operation you are going to have. He knows more about surgery than you do.

Don't worry before the operation and don't worry after it. Your recovery will be as fast as your attitude is cheerful and constructive.

Remember that most of the warnings you hear about hysterectomies are Old Wives' Tales, with no foundation in fact.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE

may have made history but K.B. Quality Specialties are much better for making and mending.

Kirby Beard

Regd. Trade Mark

NEEDLES • PINS
AND SAFETY PINS

Also Bob Pins, Hairpins, etc.



Made in England by Kirby Beard & Co. Ltd. Birmingham 12, & available from your stores.



"Little Princess" Set Delights New Mothers

This becoming little jacket of P.K. Princess Yarn has a smocked yoke. Add matching bonnet, mitts, booties and carriage cover—and you'll have a layette you'd be proud to own, or to give.

Knitting instructions for this outfit—and many more—are in the new P.K. Baby Book, at P.K. Mothproof Yarn dealers. Or send coupon today.

Maitland Spinning Mills, Ltd. CHS
Hamilton, Canada.
Send me the new P.K. Baby Book.
25c money order enclosed.

Name
Address
City Prov.



Then one day she noticed something else: she had begun to bleed. True, it was only a small amount at first, but as two or three more weeks slipped by the bleeding became steadily worse and Mrs. T. really got frightened.

Her husband insisted she consult a doctor. And he, after a thorough examination in hospital, told her that she had that frequent cause for a hysterectomy—a large tumor in her uterus.

"Is it . . . ?" but Mrs. T. couldn't quite bring herself to say the dread word cancer.

"Is it malignant?" her doctor replied, as if he knew exactly what she was thinking. "No, not likely. Only a small number of tumors ever become malignant. Most tumors are what we call 'benign'—that is, harmless in themselves."

However, he went on to tell her, benign tumors can make a woman feel thoroughly miserable. They can drain her strength; drag her down physically, mentally and emotionally until she has no interest in anything. They can cause her pain, discomfort and embarrassment. They can grow bigger and bigger, until they disfigure her body. Worse than that, they usually end up by pressing against some other organ of the body, like the kidney or the bladder, thereby causing real trouble.

Finally, there is always the possibility that some day, if they are not removed in time, they may become malignant.

"In other words," Mrs. T.'s doctor told her, "I strongly advise you to have this tumor out right now, before it causes any more trouble."

Other conditions which Mrs. T. might have had, which would have warranted a similar operation, are *endometriosis*, or a condition having to do with the lining membrane of the womb; disordered glands; fibroid tumors; cancer; tumors (malignant or otherwise) of the ovary, or falling of the womb, medically referred to as "prolapse."

Symptoms which Mrs. T. and every other woman should watch out for and report to her doctor immediately are vaginal bleeding—especially abnormal vaginal bleeding after the menopause; any other kind of vaginal discharge; chronic constipation; difficulty in retaining water; and, of course, any kind of pain in the lower part of the body.

The woman who approaches her physician immediately upon discovering any of these symptoms for the first time stands an excellent chance of an easy operation and a speedy recovery. It is the woman who procrastinates, who hates to go to the doctor because "he may find something wrong with me," who is making things hard for herself.

Doctors warn: *At the first sign of trouble, seek competent medical help. Your life may depend on it.*

Why an Operation? Why Not Radium?

Sometimes, but not often, a woman's doctor will give her a choice of a hysterectomy (that is, surgery) or irradiation (that is, treatment of the diseased uterus by X-ray or radium).

There doesn't seem much to choose between them.

On the credit side, irradiation usually requires only a two-day stay in the hospital, and may not be quite so expensive as a hysterectomy, which requires expert surgical skill and a much longer hospital stay.

Isn't this
what you want
in a bra?



Natural uplift—firm support

—figure control—auto-

matic perfect fit!

A clever laced back design

that does more for you

than any other bra you've

ever worn.



Rose Marx
FRENCH-UP LIFT
Braz
Reg'd

lucky is the Bride ... who loves IRISH LINEN

- The beauty and luxury you've dreamed of, for the home you've dreamed of . . . is yours, with *practical* Irish Linen. Irish Linen is practical . . . for economy, because it outlasts other fabrics by years and years . . . for beauty, because Irish Linen actually grows more lustrous each time it is washed . . . for convenience, because Irish Linen will not shed lint. From damasks to tea towelling, Irish Linen is the practical fabric for daily living.



What every
professional
beautician
knows*



* Helene Curtis SHAMPOOS

make the loveliest hair lovelier!

Four out of five professional beauticians use Helene Curtis Shampoos . . . the shampoos that leave hair misty-soft, dazzling clean, manageable, glowing. Billows of foam even in hard water. No soap film! Rich *emulsified* Lanolin prevents drying.



EGG SHAMPOO for normal hair
for dry hair MILKY SHAMPOO
COLD-WAVE SHAMPOO for oily hair

Use the shampoos
professionals
use most

AT YOUR BEAUTY SHOP,
DRUG STORE, DEPARTMENT STORE

On the debit side one gynecologist sums up the situation by stating, "Radium is a very serious thing and should be used with great care. We don't know its full possibilities yet." Radium burns have been known to affect the bladder. It may result in intestinal disturbances. The tumor which caused all the trouble in the first place may be killed for the time being, but it may grow again some time in the future, along with other tumors. Some doctors go so far as to believe that cancer of the uterus may some day develop after treatment by radium. (Other doctors disagree.)

The most drastic thing about radium treatment is the severe menopause it brings about *immediately*. A hysterectomy, while it does deny a woman any more children, does not bring on the menopause. Radium does. "At least if you get enough of the stuff to do you any good, it does," a doctor qualifies. He conceded that there might be the rare instance where a small amount of radium was necessary to clear up some minor ailment, and that in this case there was the possibility of a woman still being able to have children. But he didn't sound too optimistic about it. "If your doctor has prescribed a hysterectomy and you still want children, radium isn't the answer," he says.

Generally, from what this writer could gather, irradiation is only done where an operation is not considered a good risk: say on account of serious heart disease. However, occasionally an older woman, long past the child-bearing age, will refuse to be operated on, or an immigrant woman with an Old Country fear of "the knife" will shy away from the hysterectomy her doctor advises. Then radium is called in.

Are the Ovaries Removed Too?

Although a routine hysterectomy does not include the removal of the ovaries, sometimes a surgeon finds that the ovaries as well as the uterus are diseased, and in this case, naturally, he has no choice but to remove them too.

When this happens, the woman's menopause commences immediately, and is often something of a shock to her entire system. After all, the ovaries are an important part of the system of "ductless glands," and normally their action slackens down over many months and even years in a process known as "change of life." When, instead of this normal slow action, the ovaries are removed surgically, the body experiences a sudden change that it is not prepared for. All at once a woman may experience the many uncomfortable manifestations of menopause: hot flushes, poor sleep, fatigue, and miserable unending depression.

However, the picture is not all gloomy, for once again modern science has come to the aid of women, and many a modern doctor tides his patient over the first unpleasant months of her menopause by prescribing small doses of hormones. Usually he starts off by giving her a moderate amount of the preparation, and then tapers it off.

Although a surgical menopause is naturally more sudden (and therefore more severe) than an ordinary menopause, most women—given an understanding doctor and a thoughtful husband—come through it without mishap and are usually healthier and happier than before.

Continued on page 97

*Setting's
easier, hair
stays lovelier*



...with NEW Rubber Tipped Bob Pins!

● The humble bobby pin is so important to the beauty of your hair! Why put up with old-style bob pins with sharp, metallic ends that damage hair, teeth, nails? Do as lovely women everywhere are doing—switch to gentle, efficient Babs Rubber Tipped Bob Pins! They go in easier, hold better! . . .

6 WAYS BETTER!

1. Rubber tips protect hair—don't split or break it.
2. Rubber Tipped Bob Pins stay put, keep hair in place!
3. No sharp end to damage teeth or nail polish. Open easier!
4. Slide into hair more easily, don't pull.
5. Can't hurt scalp.
6. New improved rubber tip is flat, practically invisible. Ask for Babs Rubber Tipped Bob Pins at any drug or notions counter!

ONLY 10c
PER CARD!

IF YOU DON'T
SEE THEM,
ASK FOR
THEM!



Suiting Summer

by Mildred Spicer
Fashion Editor

The suit below is an all-rayon tropical worsted-type fabric patterned in Glen check. The hat blends in natural straw spiced with wide royal blue velvet ribbon, by Piko. The suit by California Casuals.



Here it is! The wonderful suit of Miracord, the fabric featured on our cover and here made up in a wearable style that will carry you through the hottest of summer weather. Reliable Dress Co. Miracord by Bruck Mills Ltd.

SUMMER is the time when looking pretty, feeling cool, and being fresh are essential. Problem is to find clothes that combine these three qualities. Let's consider what is new in warm-weather fabrics.

A hot-weather delight made of cotton and rayon is Miracord. Light in weight when the temperature defies you to feel cool, it's a fabric versatile enough to be made into sports clothes, suits, housecoats, dresses.

If suits are your specialty you'll be interested to know there's a newly improved *worsted type* fabric that's a star performer in heat waves. Looks like wool, feels like wool in hand, yet to wear it is cool and light—an all-rayon material that holds a press to the very last pleat.

An old favorite, *shantung*, turns up this year in the most dramatic of iridescent weaves and brocaded effects as well as in rayon and pure silk.

These are the fabrics you'll be hearing about—the ones you'll be wearing. For as well as suiting the temperature to a capital T these Canadian-manufactured materials are holding their own in the world of fashion.



Two tones of grey silk shantung make up this trim two-piecer with its sculptured lines for the gal who is five-foot-five and under. Varden Petite.



we're good at figures...

- at adding greater beauty of line, more graceful contours.
- at taking away awkward bulging and unwanted strain.
- at multiplying easy freedom and comfort of motion.

Exquisite Brassiere of smooth fine satin, giving full support on youthful uplifted lines. Tearose and White. Style No. 5077.

LaDéesse Pantie Girdle of gleaming resilient lastex, daintily frilled at leg. Note the firm elastic belting that prevents rolling at waist. The special removable crotch* is an exclusive E.T. feature. Tearose only. Style No. 9021.

*Patent pending.

ET CORSET
COMPANY LIMITED
MONTREAL, QUEBEC

Makers of fine
Garments Since 1880

naturally...
YOUR HAIR IS DIFFERENT

Be glad there's something special about your hair—and give it the special care it deserves... every day!

Different hair problems need different care—the specialized kind of care you get with Ogilvie Sisters PREPARATION for DRY HAIR... or with Ogilvie Sisters special-purpose SHAMPOOS. If your hair is a problem—the right answer is Ogilvie Sisters specialized HAIR PREPARATIONS.

Ogilvie Sisters
HAIR PREPARATIONS
at drug and department stores

CASTILE SOAP SHAMPOO • CREME SHAMPOO WITH LANOLIN • PERMANENT WAVE SHAMPOO • CREME SET • HAIRBRUSHES • POMADES • FRAGRANCES

Canadian Distributors: Lillico Limited, 380 Adelaide St. W., Toronto 901

Four Reasons Why We Picked Cotton



MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT dream dress. A lovely floral design, screen printed on pastel poplin. By Horrockses of England.

YOU'LL NEVER know cotton this year! We shopped the market and found it's no longer just used for Monday's wash frocks. Cotton has developed a whole new set of manners. Believe it or not your entire summer wardrobe could be made of it, with a special one for each and every occasion. For sportswear there's piqué, perky in full flaring jackets and fresh as a black-eyed Susan. There's denim—paler and prettier each time it's washed. You'll see cotton cord made up in summer suits and jaunty little shorts. For dressed-up occasions there's polished chambray, rustling poplin and fine-combed Egyptian cotton... all with

SUN WORSHIPER... Fine-combed Egyptian cotton makes this strapless dress in powder blue, covering up with a short jacket with a wing collar and back fullness. Fashion Guild.



by Mildred Spicer
Fashion Editor

a smooth-as-cream look. Cotton lace and whispering batiste goes dancing on a summer's night. And just imagine . . . cotton with a taffeta look!

They're all washable! And the cool feel matches the fresh appearance. Cottons have a way of staying crisp on the hottest of days. Some are even crease-resistant. But best of all they take kindly to the soap and water treatment. No summer laundry bills to cope with. Color-fast cottons are here to stay. Dyes that were scarce during the war are now more plentiful and at the end of a wilting day it's a job to know that after a washing and ironing your dress will look as fresh as the day you bought it, that is, provided you don't dry it in strong sunlight.

Now cotton is as exciting to feel as it is to look at. The colors are old-fashioned ones revived; the weaves are new. Inspiration for some of them comes from colonial wallpapers. You'll see tiny sprigs and little medallions—the kind that adorned grandmother's dormer rooms, in soft shades of mauve, emerald, coral and violet. You'll see shaded colors in pale chambrays and sunny ones in calicos. Dark plaids are highlighted by

spanking-white piqué trim. Iridescent cotton shimmers, as the light picks up metallic threads changing color like a chameleon. The weaves will fool you completely. Some look like old-fashioned damasks, others remind you of brocade, and the newest one is grained like pigskin leather with a subtle finish. Yet every one is cotton.

Styling this year is keyed to every occasion and mood of summer. Shoulders are gentle, waistlines are natural and skirts are softly flared. Necklines are sweet and low. Collars roll out crisply in deep dipping revers or in wide-spreading sailor effects that discreetly camouflage sleevelessness.

It's a summer of strapless dresses . . . the ones that cover up with brief-as-minute jib jackets and pocketed stoles . . . of one-piece styles which are neither too full, too straight nor too tailored and very often tucked within an inch of the waistline. It's a summer of fabric combinations such as white eyelet over palest blue chambray or of honey-beige shades blending with straw accessories. In fact we think it's a summer when cotton has a future in your wardrobe wherever there's sun and fun.

NIPPED AND TUCKED . . .
Chambray with teatime manners. The bodice is pin-tucked from the tiny stand-up collar to the nipped-in waist. By Murray Bowen. Hat by Piko.

NAVY PROUD . . . A two-piece dress of navy and white beachcloth. The jacket gleams with brass buttons. The skirt is gored for gradual fullness. By Wabasso Cottons.



Casablanca
by Coro

Cool, cool, china-white jewellery for summer wear. Necklaces, earrings, bracelets, ropes, and lariats in matching gold and white designs.

Coro
JEWELLERY

CORO (CANADA) LIMITED 69 YORK STREET, TORONTO

Golden Pheasant Shoes

Distinctive
foot fashions
with a
casual air



GEORGE G. HODGES LIMITED
MONTREAL

Sugar 'n Spice—Everything Nice



No. 2821 is a party dress that goes to all lengths to look pretty. Long or short it has a full gathered skirt tied at the back with a crisp bow. Picture the floor-length version in pale pink organdie trimmed with lace.

No. 2849. This one is made for all the lovely sheer fabrics that are once again available . . . organdie, batiste, eyelet embroidered cotton. It's all the things a party dress should be, full, flaring skirt beruffled and beribboned. In a sheer fabric she could wear a dainty petticoat of another color edged with lace to match the ruffle on the bodice.



Sugary ruffles and spicy eyelet trim, the prettiest colors and softest fabrics. These are the things that little girls' dresses are made of . . . all to make them everything nice for a party or dress-up occasion. From the tiniest tots to the most grown-up of 14-year-olds . . . they all love the dresses with the "stick out" skirts, the "ruffles that flounce" and the "petticoats that show." If your junior miss is between the ages of 2 and 14 she's right for any of these.

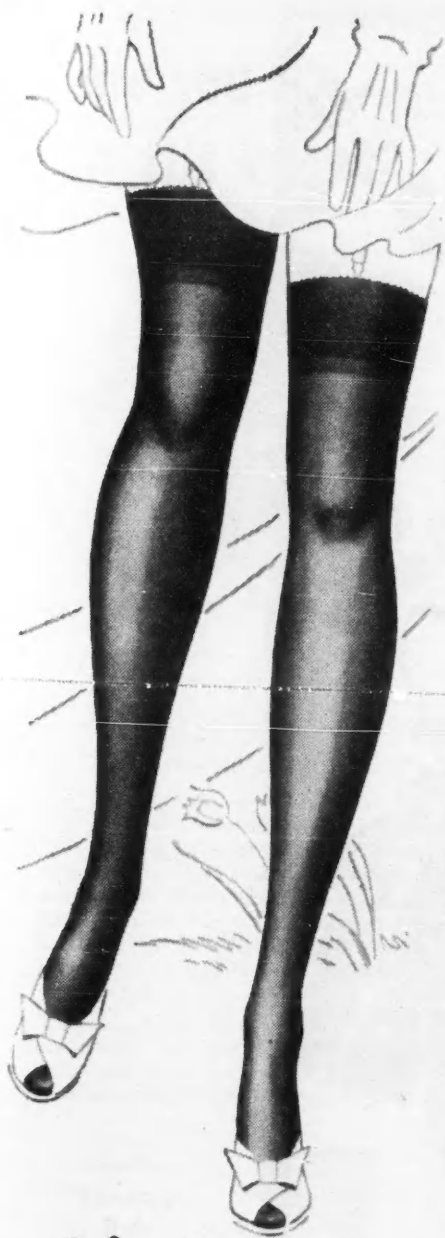


No. 2788. Looking for all the world like a little milkmaid our tiniest tot wears a doll-like dress with panties and bonnet to match. Beading and ribbon trim the yoke seam and lace edges the ruffle and skirt. Even the panties are trimmed with lace!

No. 2856. A one-piece dress with panties to match . . . candy-striped. The piquant little bodice is fitted and styled with a front yoke saucy with its ruffled edge. This one has tiny puffed sleeves. Good for school or very best, depending on the fabric.

No. 2820. A one-piece dress which calls for eyelet combined with some soft fabric. The yoke at the neckline matches the inset at the waist from which fullness is released. Ties from the side seams meet in a soft bow at the back.

For pattern descriptions and details for ordering see page 91.



CIRCLE-BAR FULL FASHIONED Nylons

Windy, sure—but those Circle-Bar Nylons fit as though they just "l-o-v-e-d" your legs! Styled to fit with . . . sheer . . . flawless beauty from top to toe.

Available in
42, 45 and 51 Gauge



FOOT NOTE: Circle-Bar Hosiery—quality made—cost no more! Smart socks for men—hosiery for women and children to suit every need and occasion.

3-47

The CIRCLE-BAR KNITTING COMPANY, Limited
Kincardine, Ont. (Head Office) Owen Sound, Ont.

—“Miles of Wear in Every Pair”—

The Liar

Continued from page 79

question of your having been faithful to me.”

Natalie stared at him in astonishment. “What on earth else?” she demanded.

“You don’t see? Natalie, I could not be sure whether or not my own wife was telling me the truth! You don’t see that it matters?”

“But as long as it was the truth—no, I don’t understand!”

He looked at her unhappily.

“It’s partly my fault. From the beginning I’ve known you were almost incapable of being honest. But I’ve pushed it aside—I’ve tried to tell myself it was unimportant—it was ‘just feminine’—it was ‘just Natalie.’ I refused to let myself realize what lack of faith can do to a marriage. Until now.”

Jed seemed to be holding his breath. He did not dare to look at Natalie.

“And now,” Myron said, “it’s too late.”

She watched him walking out of the room. Her hand had moved, but only

★ ★ ★

Stitch in Time

Be ready for hot summer days with a wardrobe of crisp, cool washables you’ve made yourself. Chatelaine’s sewing guide will help in the making—whether you’re beginner or expert.

Dressmaking at Home

Price, 15 cents

Order from: Chatelaine Service
Bulletins, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

★ ★ ★

for an instant, to call him back. When she turned to Jed, he saw the lost and terrified look coming into her eyes, then the instinctive defense. She was, he knew, going to lie to him.

“Such unbelievable jealousy,” she said. “But it’s always been an almost psychopathic thing with Myron, hasn’t it, Jed?”

“Natalie!”

“Yes?”

“This is going to hurt.”

“You wouldn’t ever hurt me, Jed. That is the one thing I’m sure of in this world.”

“I’m going to now. I’ve got to. Natalie, why does Myron think your marriage is on the rocks?”

“Why, because Howard—”

“No! What is the real reason, Natalie?”

She looked at him for a long moment. When she spoke, he could hardly hear her words.

“Because,” she said, “he can’t trust me. Because I’m a liar.”

She was silent, then, but because he knew her so well, he could read her thoughts almost as clearly as if she had spoken. For the first time she was look-

Styles that thrill... Colors that Sing!...



First for fun with everyone

Sparkling, new styles that flatter!

Crisp, bright colors that blend with summer fashions! Cool, airy fabrics that give you feather-light freedom!

Yes . . . from “ripple tread” outsoles to air-flow uppers, it’s Fleet Foot first again for ’49!

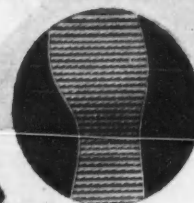
And you can afford the low-cost luxury of genuine Fleet Foot. Ask for them by name at shoe stores and shoe departments everywhere.



Rose-Marie

Smart sling style sandal with duck upper and deep platform sole. Eggshell color outsole. Women’s sizes in green, gold, red, turquoise or white.

“RIPPLE TREAD” OUTSOLE



Provides sure-footed walking on turf or pavement.



Mary-Jane

Two-strap Oxford with duck upper and low arch-wedge heel. Eggshell color outsole. Women’s and misses’ sizes in green, gold, red, turquoise or white.

DOMINION RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED





Springtime is Playtime

What little girl wouldn't like to have an outfit just like big sister's or mother's? Here's one that she will wear for fun in the sun. It's a three-piece outfit, **No. 2857**, with shorts, bra top and sport jacket. The shorts have a side opening and side-entrance pockets. The bra top is secured by straps and buttons at the back.

Frills and flounces are a feature of this girls' and children's dress with panties to match. The set-in belt gives the skirt its dirndl fullness, releasing gathers from the waistline. Summer's prettiest dress for sizes 2 to 8. **No. 2822**.

A sun dress that most any little girl would just love to own! The dress is sleeveless to bare tiny arms to the sun . . . and then it covers up with a dainty bolero, scalloped at the edges. The skirt is cut in two sections and finished with pockets that stand out perkily. **No. 2859**.

In a sunny mood again, **No. 2855** has a surprise back . . . when she turns around . . . guess what? . . . a low sunback as well as flouncing back fullness topped by a big festive-looking bow! For change about there's a brief bolero.

For little boys here's an easy-to-make pattern for boxer shorts. They have good deep pockets to carry all the possessions that little boys cherish with delight. The waistline is finished with a casing through which elastic is inserted to ensure a snug yet comfortable fit. **No. 2824**.

Bicycle hikes are part of summer's fun. **No. 2819** is designed especially for them. It's a smooth-fitting, sports-loving version that stops short at the knees, trimmed with wide cuffs. These pedal pushers have a side-entrance pocket and fasten with a button at the waist.

Are you in the know?



3 guesses what girls forget most

- ☐ Remove surplus "dazzle-dust"
- ☐ Keep elbows soft 'n smooth
- ☐ Buy a new Sanitary Belt

You're no fugitive from a flour barrel—excess powder is carefully removed. The elbows too are given special attention... no worries on that score!—But a new sanitary belt? Don't keep putting it off "till next time" like most girls. Remember, to get *all* the comfort your napkin gives, *now's* the time to buy a new Kotex Sanitary Belt!

Yes—because it's made to lie flat, without twisting or curling, a Kotex belt gives you snug, comfortable fit. It's adjustable, all-elastic... doesn't bind!

Kotex Sanitary Belt

Ask for it by name



Which deodorant would you decide on?

- ☐ A cream
- ☐ A powder
- ☐ A liquid

It's a wise girl who knows that a powder deodorant is best for sanitary napkins. Fact is, while creams and liquids will do for everyday daintiness, for "those" days a *powder* deodorant's best. Sprinkled freely on sanitary napkins, a powder has no moisture resistant base; doesn't slow up absorption. And soft, soothing *Quest* is made *especially* for napkin use.

Being unscented, *Quest* Deodorant Powder doesn't just mask odours. *Quest* destroys them. Safely. Positively. To avoid offending, buy *Quest* Powder today!

Quest Deodorant Powder



ing back upon her life—her life in the various homes and schools—her life with Myron. She was discerning the course of that life, and understanding the way it had warped her. When she turned to him again, her eyes were bright with tears.

"Jed! Oh, Jed! Do you think if I explained to Myron—if I told him I'd try to change—if I just asked him for another chance—?"

Jed fought down, in an instant, a treacherous impulse to betray his friend. He spoke steadily.

"I don't know anyone who'd be so quick to understand—so ready to forgive. And he wouldn't even speak of 'forgiveness,' Natalie. He'd speak only of love."

She touched his hand and left him. He was still smiling as he watched her going quickly and hopefully toward her husband's room.

Pattern Descriptions

No. 2857—Girls' bra, shorts and jacket in sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: 3½ of 35"; 2½ of 39" or 41". Price 25c.

No. 2859—Child's dress and bolero in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 4: Dress: 1½ of 35" or 41". Bolero: ¾ of 35" or 39". Price 25c.

No. 2855—Girls' sunback dress and bolero in sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: Dress: 3½ of 35"; 3¼ of 39" or 41". Bolero: 1 of 35", 39" or 41". Price 25c.

No. 2824—Boys' boxer shorts in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 8: 1¼ of 35"; ¾ of 54". Price 25c.

No. 2822—Children's pinafore and panties in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Size 5: 2½ of 35"; 2¼ of 39". Lace edging: 4¼ of ¾ wide. Panties: ¾ of 35"; ¾ of 39". Price 25c.

No. 2819—Girls' pedal pushers in sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: 1½ of 35" or 39"; ½ of 54", even plaid material. Price 25c.

No. 2821—Child's dress in two lengths in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 4, Long dress: 4½ of 35" or 39"; Lace edging: 7¼ of 1" wide. Short dress: 1½ of 35" or 39". Contrasting bertha and lower skirt: 1 of 35" or 39". Price 25c.

No. 2788—Child's dress, bonnet and panties in sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 3, Dress and bonnet: 1½ of 35" or 39". Panties: ¾ of 35"; ½ of 39". Lace edging for dress and panties: 5½ of ½ wide. Beading: ¾ of ¾ wide. Ribbon for beading and bow: 1½ of ¼ wide. Ribbon for bonnet bow: 1 of ¾ wide. Price 25c.

No. 2849—Girls' dress in sizes 7, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: 3½ of 35"; 2¼ of 39". Lace edging: 2¼ of ½". Belts: 2¼ of 1½" wide ribbon. Price 25c.

No. 2856—Child's dress and panties in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6. Size 4: 1½ of 35", 1¼ of 39" lengthwise striped material. Price 25c.

No. 2721—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2¼ of 35"; 2½ of 39" or 41". Price 25c.

No. 2720—Misses' weskit in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 1¼ of 35"; 1 of 39"; ¾ of 54". Lining for weskit: 1¼ of 35"; 1 of 39". Price 25c.

No. 2734—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 2¼ of 39" or 41"; 1¼ of 54". Price 25c.

No. 2757—Misses' weskit in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 14: 1 of 35" or 39"; ¾ of 54". Price 25c.

No. 2759—Misses' blouse in sizes 12-20. Size 16: 1½ of 35"; 1½ of 39" or 41". Price 25c.

No. 2784—Junior misses' and misses' blouse in sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 15, Long-sleeved blouse: 2½ of 35", 2¼ of 39" or 1¼ of 54" lengthwise striped fabric. Three-quarter sleeved blouse: 2½ of 35"; 2½ of 39"; 1½ of 50". Price 25c.

Simplicity patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the pattern department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

Are you in the know?



What would you do in this situation?

- ☐ Smile and Switch
- ☐ Keep on dancing
- ☐ Play deaf

You're swaying on a dream-cloud with the prom Heathcliff. So? He's tagged by a stag. Sharp gals never refuse a cut-in; thus you smile and switch to the lethal lad. When your *calendar* tries to cut in on your bookings—switch to the comfort of the new Kotex. Talk about a dream-

cloud! You'll find the new Kotex has downy softness that holds its shape for hours! Yes, because Kotex is made to stay soft while you wear it—dance after dance, you'll stay comfortable. (And so wonderfully self-assured!)



For the lowdown on that N.M.I.T.—

- ☐ Read his palm
- ☐ Pry into his past
- ☐ Ask your brother

Before dating a New Man In Town, owl up on his character. Tea leaves or palmistry won't help you, but you can depend on (guess who!)—your brother. Guys can size up guys, shrewdly. So ask your bro's advice about the mystery boy. As for girls, there are times when personal secrets must be kept. Then, depend on *Kotex*—to prevent revealing outlines. The special, *flat pressed ends* of Kotex don't show, don't tell! And that exclusive *safety center* gives you *extra* protection.

Which "shortens" kingsize tootsies?

- ☐ Shell pumps
- ☐ Buckles n' bows
- ☐ Dark-hued shoes

You haven't a Cinderella-size foot? Any answer mentioned above can keep you out of her step-sisters' class! Shell pumps, with low-cut vamps. Big silver or cut steel buckles or soft perky bows—to flatter your instep. Dark shoes, to make these tricks more effective. Choosing the style that's for *you* is important—and so (on certain days) is your choice of Kotex absorbencies. Try *all 3*: Regular, Junior, Super—see which answers your own needs best.



More women choose
KOTEX* than all other
sanitary napkins

"Very Personally Yours", new Free booklet for teenagers. Gives do's and don'ts for difficult days... Send your name and address to Canadian Cellulose Products Co. Ltd., Dept. 0803, Niagara Falls, Ontario.

KOTEX IN 3 ABSORBENCIES: REGULAR, JUNIOR, SUPER

Understudies . . . to a Suit



Simplicity
BLOUSE 2721
VEST 2720

Simplicity
BLOUSE 2734
VEST 2757

Simplicity
2784

Simplicity
2784

Simplicity
2759

THE DAINTIEST BLOUSE you can find! Of course that's what you'll want. And here it is, complete with tiny schoolgirl collar, over a centre panel to show off under your suit. Collar, panel and cuffs are trimmed with delicate edging of lace. No. 2721.

A **WESKIT** makes a pretty coverup. This one is styled with a deep U neckline and is nipped in by darts. Try covering the buttons with a skirt-matching fabric. No. 2720.

BUTTONS AND BOWS are added attractions to blouses this season. Soft gathers are released from a shaped shoulder yoke to give modified fullness under a trim shoulderline. The bracelet-length sleeves are full and gathered to a band. No. 2734.

WESKIT WISE AGAIN! In chamois suede or corduroy the little vest is tops for sport skirts, slacks or even shorts when summer comes. No. 2757.

THE CRISP LOOK! It's the way you'll look for summer. Make this little blouse in piqué . . . cuddle pearls under the stand-out collar. The points at the lower front edge give it a weskit look. We think you'll agree that it's the perfect mix-matcher for '49. No. 2759.

HIGH OR LOW, it's a two-in-one pattern for the soft dressy blouse. The bodice and sleeves are gathered to a shoulder yoke and it buttons down the back. Picture the striped one in nylon sheer complemented by pearls at the neckline. The other version adds variety by the scalloped trim on the front yoke. No. 2784.

For pattern descriptions and details
for ordering see page 91



Relax when you Travel— *Go Canadian National*



Go relaxed, in armchair comfort, surrounded by congenial company, with room, if you've a mind to, to stretch your legs and stroll through the big roomy coaches and club cars. Travel in carefree ease and enjoy, through wide picture windows the endless variety of Canada's landscape slipping smoothly by. Delight in the appetite-tempting dining car meals, deftly and courteously served. Journey by night and there's rest in store for you in sleep-inviting accommodations, rooms and berths. When you "Go Canadian National" you arrive refreshed and relaxed.

Only Canadian National serves *all ten* provinces. Its timetable is your guide to a wide choice of vacation areas.

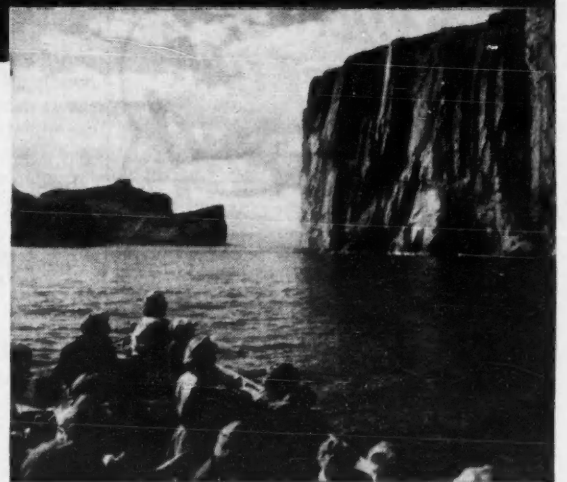
Canadian National resorts Jasper, Minaki, Pictou and year-round hotels are famous for their hospitality. Famous, too, is the 10-day cruise to Alaska on the luxurious new SS Prince George.

Start your vacation right by seeing your nearest Canadian National agent now.

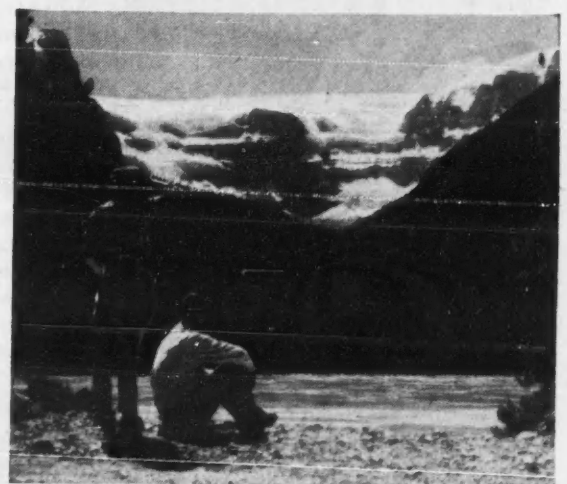
RAILWAYS • AIRLINES
STEAMSHIPS
HOTELS • EXPRESS
TELEGRAPHS

"WE'LL TELL YOU WHERE
AND TAKE YOU THERE"

CANADIAN NATIONAL
THE ONLY RAILWAY SERVING ALL TEN PROVINCES



Sea-sculptured, bird-inhabited, giant cliffs make Gaspé, in old Quebec Province, a land of natural wonders, a perfect vacation land.



The mighty glaciers of the Columbia Icefield in the heart of the majestic Canadian Rockies near famous Jasper Park Lodge.

I'LL NEVER GET MY WORK DONE THE WAY I FEEL NOW

YES, TAKE SOME **SAL HEPATICA?** NOW

IT ACTS FAST OFTEN BRINGS RELIEF IN AN HOUR AND IT'S SO GENTLE

WONDERFUL WHAT IT CAN DO FOR YOU!

ANYTIME you suffer from irregularity—headaches—colds—liver upset—constipation... take sparkling Sal Hepatica for gentle, quick relief. It usually works within an hour... leaves you feeling so right because Sal Hepatica also combats excess gastric acidity... makes sour stomachs sweet again. When you want relief—you want it fast. So keep a bottle of Sal Hepatica handy.

DAY OR NIGHT GET FEELING RIGHT WITH GENTLE, SPARKLING SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers—Made in Canada

FACTS for Finer Lawns

by
Frances Steinhoff Saunders
(C. S. L. A.)

To Seed or Sod?

For quick results sodding is the answer. Small areas may be quickly transformed with sod. Also terraces, where it is desirable to have immediate use of the areas. Sloping terraces are more easily handled with sod than seed.

Sodding on a large scale runs into money, so many householders keep within the budget by waiting for seeded lawns.

Preparatory Steps

Number one essential is good drainage. Grass roots must have air. Wet conditions exclude air, resulting in winter-killing. Improve aeration of the soil and water travel in clay soils by mixing a layer of screened cinders, one to three inches deep, the size of peas or beans, through the top 12 inches of soil. Low-lying sites demand drain pipes or grading must be done and the pitch raised to ensure surface drainage.

Some form of organic matter is essential. Incorporate farm manure, peat moss, or leaf mold or other humus at the time of the working of the soil. Spread on the surface two to four inches thick. Scatter bone meal over this at the rate of four to six pounds per 100 sq. ft. Dig or plow all this under. If the soil has been dug, thoroughly work the mixture through the soil.

Sodding

To sod properly the sod must be even in size and thickness. Procure the best possible. Work may be done equally well in spring or fall. Always secure weed-free sods if possible.

The soil should have been pulverized and an even bed secured, leaving the top inch of soil loose in which to imbed the sods. Sodds are usually 12 in. by 12 in. for ease in handling. Set them close together, tamp into place, work in loose soil in which seed is mixed into the joints. Then roll the area, and if the weather is dry, water frequently.

Sodding is especially valuable for terrace slopes, eliminating danger of soil and seeds being washed out. Beginning at the base of the slope, lay sods as for a lawn. If desired, each sod, or each alternate row of sod may be pinned firmly to the slope with wooden pegs. Then treat as for the lawn.

For Seeding

Prepare soil at least two weeks before seeding. Begin as soon as soil is workable in spring. (Early September is also an ideal time.)

Use only the best seed. Buy from a reliable seedsman only and follow his advice as to the seed mixture best suited for your individual growing conditions, shady or sunny, light soil or heavy, exposure, etc.

Choose a calm day and have the soil damp but not wet. Split the quantity of seed into two parts. Broadcast one



ANNE VERNON Danger—Woman at Work!



Since it takes only one-third as long to go from London to Paris as it does to think of travelling from Peterborough, Ont., to Moose Jaw, it is no surprise to find more British pictures with a European blend. Used with discretion,—and the British are famed for their discretion,—this makes a fine success recipe.

Great British progress has been made in research to isolate the mysterious ingredient X of film fame,—personality. The French-English combination offers record possibilities,—a combination so far tested on a large scale only in Canada. In British films, it is being tried out with individual people. Patricia Roc proves the case for the English beauty with French background. The reverse case is thoroughly French, Latin temperament, slight Anglican touches,—Anne Vernon.

Anne Vernon is a honey blonde from Paris; with a knowledge of English which is limited but enchantingly adequate. In her first film, **WARNING TO WANTONS**, she plays a minx with the face and manners of an angel.

In present-day Britain, most things are difficult and the title of one new film reveals how far this trend has gone. The picture: **IT'S HARD TO BE GOOD**, a comedy with a conscience.

From the box-office standpoint, the most sure-fire ingredient for a British film, English style, is an utterly British family. (See **THE WEAKER SEX**.) The most famous British film family of the light-hearted variety will henceforth be The Huggetts; scheduled to raise ructions with each other in four films, starting with **HERE COME THE HUGGETTS** and **VOTE FOR HUGGETT**.

The Huggetts have problems, beautiful daughters and very odd in-laws. But the heads of the family, (Jack Warner, Kathleen Harrison,) look to have come straight from the music halls.

For the local playdate on any J. Arthur Rank picture, ask at your own Theatre.

An  Release

over the plot in one direction and sow the other at right angles to the first. To cover the seeds, use a rake with a light back-and-forth motion that will not pull the soil about. Then firm the surface by rolling or tamping to assure contact with the soil and even germination.

Sandy or light loam soils may be slightly moist when the rolling or tamping is done. On heavy or clay soils it is better to have the surface perfectly dry.

Avoid Cheap Grass Mixtures

Cheap mixtures contain grasses such as timothy, totally unsuited to lawns. The percentage of germination is always poor and much chaff and weed seed is almost sure to be present. Reliable seed houses have established reputations for good quality. Lawn-seed specialists have excellent mixtures designed to fit particular situations.

Leveling Soil for Seeding

Several rakings are sometimes necessary; first with an iron rake to remove stones, sticks and other debris, and to smooth down as many hills and hollows as possible. Then rake with a close-toothed hay rake to remove smaller stones and break up lumps. Roll lightly. Level off by raking or shoveling any ridges or depressions that may become apparent after the rolling. Rake again before seeding.

How Much Topsoil?

At least four inches of good topsoil is needed to ensure the grass getting a hold; six inches to eight inches is better.

Early Care of the New Lawn

A fall-seeded lawn should be mowed when the grass is two inches to three inches high in autumn, keeping the mower high. Never cut closely at first. Another cutting may be necessary before winter. The new lawn should be allowed to enter winter with good top growth to afford protection to young roots from the drying action of freezing winds.

In March, even before the frost is out of the ground, seed down any bare spots that may appear. Later, as growth is beginning, top-dress with sifted soil mixed with fertilizer, three pounds to the bushel. Apply a bushel of this to every 100 sq. ft. and with the back of a rake work it down among the young grasses. When the surface is dry, firm with a roller.

Begin cutting in spring when the grass is over two inches high, but do not cut close the first summer. Rake off all mowings to prevent disease until the dry hot weather of July and August, when the mowings may be left on. Adjust the mower to cut at a height of two inches then.

Care of Existing Lawns

Spring and fall are the two best seasons for feeding as there is then sufficient moisture in the soil. Fertilizer supplies the nutrients that grass needs, but the best form of spring feeding is a top dressing of compost. (A mixture of soil with 1/4 of its bulk of rotted manure, peat moss or leaf mold will do.) One cubic yard will cover 120 sq. ft. With this quantity mix 30 lb. of commercial grass fertilizer of a 5-10-5 analysis, if obtainable. Spread this top



Honor bright!

You can keep your home-loving reputation—and your toilet bowls, too—as bright as ships' brass by using your head instead of your hands. Just sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowls—and away will go ugly stains and invisible, germ film. This is the quick, easy, sanitary way. Disinfects, too. No work.

Effective under all water conditions. Sold at all grocers'—two sizes. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold Ritchie & Co. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Sani-Flush

GET TWO
CANS
TODAY



**Spode
DINNERWARE**



Romney

The freedom and lightness of Romney's colourful floral design will add new gaiety and charm to your table. Its timeless beauty is suitable for any setting. Have your dealer show you Romney...and ask him for your copy of "How to Take Care of Spode."

Wholesale Distributors
Copeland & Duncan, Ltd.
222 Bay Street, Toronto

dressing evenly with a shovel, then work into the grass with a wooden rake and finish by rolling. Use roller 150 to 300 lb. in weight, but not so heavy as to pack sod. Roll when the lawn is moist but not wet.

Remove any dandelions or plantains that show, or pierce the plants with a pointed stick dipped in chemical.

Mow the grass when two inches to three inches high, maintaining the height of the mower at 1½ in. Remove clippings and put on compost heap.

In midsummer raise the cut to two inches. Watch the moisture content and water the grass if needed. Toward the end of August or beginning of September cut the grass close, removing the clippings. Rake the sod with an iron rake to remove weeds. Apply turf fertilizer, 10 to 25 lb. per 1,000 sq. ft.

How to Start Grass on a Terrace

On slopes less than 22½ degrees sow the seed directly when the soil is moist and conditions are right for quick germination. If between 22½ and 45 degrees you can also sow seed, but before doing so, use rye (the grain, not rye grass) and rake it under, completely covering it. Then sow the grass seed on top and roll it in or tamp it with a spade. For slopes over 45 degrees the grass must be sown in holes three inches deep, three inches wide and ten inches apart. Fill with a mixture of seed and soil, using one part seed to 10 parts soil. At least four inches of good soil are necessary on the surface. Until the terrace is well established it will be necessary to resow spots washed out by erosion.

Why Roll the Lawn?

To settle the turf back after the winter action of freezing and thawing, and to press the grass roots into contact with the soil. Roll only when slightly damp or even when the lawn is on the dry side. Normally only one rolling in spring to settle the turf after winter freezing is necessary.

Liming

If the soil is heavy, lime will help to keep it porous, permitting air and moisture to penetrate. Due to many decayed roots, lawns tend to become acid. Lime corrects this tendency and releases plant-food materials for the grasses.

Pulverized lime or ground limestone is safest. Never use more than 50 lb. per 1,000 sq. ft. at one application. If necessary repeat at intervals of several months. Late fall is the ideal time for application of lime. It can also be done in very early spring.

Best Method of Watering

Avoid flooding the lawn if possible. Flooding compacts the soil and invites disease. A sprinkler designed to throw a fine spray over a large area is better than a hose. It gives a more even distribution, the water sinks in gradually and without flooding. What counts is the amount of water absorbed by the grass roots four to six inches below the soil surface.

If water collects in pools, shut the supply off for a few hours and water again. When the pores are opened there will be quicker absorption. Flooding occurs when the soil is dry and the water applied too rapidly. +



*Lifetime
Enchantment.*

Fortunate indeed is the happy bride who owns this "Remembrance" pattern, one of 1847 Rogers Brothers' newest designs. The International Silver Company, who created this lovely service, recommend keeping it lustrous for a lifetime with gentle Silvo care. For Silvo Liquid Polish smooths away all dullness, tarnish or stain...so quickly, so easily.



NEED MONEY?

Help Yourself to Success Our Easy Way in Your Spare Time!

Check
these
6 points

- ✓ No expense to you
- ✓ No experience required
- ✓ No boss—your own business
- ✓ No limit to earnings
- ✓ No long hours—set your own
- ✓ No unpleasant work—it's simple and dignified

For complete details, without obligation — write

FIDELITY MONEYMAKERS CLUB

210 Dundas Street West

TORONTO 2, Canada

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!!

—Here's Safe, Sure **PROVEN** Way to

MOTH PROOF

One Spraying Lasts
Whole Year. No Odor.
No Wrapping. No Pack-
ing Away.



Don't take chances on new untried products. Be absolutely *sure* moths will never eat your coats, suits, dresses and rugs. Spray them with LARVEX—the safe, sure *modern* way to moth proof used by the big woolen mills.

So easy—just spray LARVEX on garment and hang in its usual place. No odor. No bothersome wrapping or packing away. Dry cleaning does not remove LARVEX protection. Washing does *but dry cleaning does not!* Tests show moth worms actually commit suicide by starvation rather than eat anything treated with LARVEX. Only 83¢ for 16 ozs., \$1.29 for 32 ozs.

LARVEX
Largest Selling
MOTH PROOFER



What Hope for the Feeble-Minded Child?

One out of every 250 Canadian children is mentally deficient. Should these tots be thrown aside as waste material? Modern psychologists say no!—any child who has capacity for living can be taught to lead a useful happy life by D. M. Le Bourdais

TO EVERY WOMAN, as she feels a child stirring within her, must come the thought: what if something should be wrong with it? The unborn child presents an infinite variety of possibilities. It can inherit talents superior to those of its parents; but often the very reverse is the case. One out of every 5,000 never advances beyond a childish mentality; as long as it lives it will require someone's almost constant attention. These are the extreme cases; nevertheless, one out of every 250 is so lacking in intelligence as to require some supervision through life.

Many think that mentally deficient persons are the offspring of parents who are themselves of low or unstable mentality; but this is not always so. Quite often a backward child will appear in a family in which all the other members are more than usually intelligent. And, as indicated above, parents sometimes produce children with greater intelligence than their own.

In a certain province the superintendent of an institution for mentally deficient children lived with his family in a nice house on the institution grounds. One member of the family, however, did not live there; he slept in a dormitory with other institution children, running over occasionally to play with his brothers and sisters. Although his father and mother were decidedly above the average in intelligence and his brothers and sisters were quite normal, he was mentally deficient.

Some years ago a provincial minister of health, successful as a family physician before he entered politics, was the father of a mentally deficient child; a judge of the Exchequer Court of Canada was afflicted with an idiot son; and, across Canada, in every city and town, prominent citizens, brilliant, some of them, are saddened by the presence in their family of a member who is mentally deficient.

If you were to weigh 250 persons, you would find that no two of them were exactly the same weight; you could stand them in a row in order, the lightest at one end and the heaviest at the other. You could also measure their height, and find that no two were exactly the same, standing them in a row with the shortest at one end and the tallest at the other. And the order in which they appeared in the two rows would be quite different. No one would be surprised; for everyone knows that some people are heavier and some are taller than others.

These people could also be lined up a third way—in the order of their intelligence. It is harder to measure intelligence than weight or height, but it can be done; and almost as accurately. Having lined up our 250 subjects, with the least intelligent at one end and the brainiest at the other, we would again find that no two were quite alike; and that the order would bear no relationship whatever to those for weight and height. What I am trying to point out is that people differ in their mental attainments quite as much as they do in physical characteristics. But here the comparison ends.

Unless they wished to make a living at moving pianos, it is not likely that the shortest or the lightest members of the first two lineups would ever find themselves at a disadvantage in comparison with their weightier or taller associates; but there is a level below which lack of intelligence is a decided handicap, so much so that society in its own interest is often required to intervene.

Assuming, then, that one out of every 250 persons is mentally subnormal—and, if anything, the estimate is conservative—it means that about 48,000 persons in Canada lack sufficient intelligence to get along without assistance of some sort. That's almost as many people as there are in Saskatoon, or in Saint John—a lot of people.

What are we doing about it? What *can* we do about it? I'll answer the second question first.

Lowest Need Institution

If we were to sample the lowest mental brackets of these 48,000 persons it would be found that they, too, vary in intelligence. The very lowest would consist of those who will never speak, many of whom would also have such physical disabilities as to render them as helpless as babies all their lives. For them, care in specially equipped and staffed institutions is all that can be done. It is not advisable that they should be kept in the home, except as a last resort, because almost the whole time of one person—usually the mother—is required to look after an idiot child; and the cost in human effort is too great. An alternative should at least be provided.

In a properly equipped institution one trained person can attend to many children. Some of the children can be taught to attend to their own bodily needs, and can be given such simple tasks as will help to develop what little abilities they may have. An institution can be geared to mental abnormality, which a home should not.

On the next mental-deficiency level are persons—they are not all children, in terms of age, although they never "grow up"—with somewhat higher intelligence than the group just described. Their mental ages run from three to seven years. It is quite evident that such persons can never manage their own affairs,

SAFE EYE-GENE

Relieves TIRED EYES in SECONDS!

Wonderful EYE-GENE! Just two drops in your eyes that are tired or irritated from wind, glare, overwork, lack of sleep, reading, driving or movies—will relieve, rest, refresh, clear them in seconds. Use it every day. EYE-GENE is safe and gentle. 25¢, 60¢, and \$1.00 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists everywhere. Insist on EYE-GENE!



Weary, irritated one minute...



Relieved, rested, cleared the next!

SPECIAL OFFER TO AMATEUR AND EXPERIENCED GARDENERS!

Now—you can get on a money-back guarantee, the ONE book you need to tell you, in plain everyday language, EVERYTHING you need know about practical gardening. If you are not completely satisfied with this book—return it within 5 days, in good condition and postpaid, for a full refund.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF GARDEN MAGIC

This BIG book is packed full of easy-to-apply information together with detailed pictures and diagrams showing you how to garden effectively. Written by a practical gardener in clear, simple language, so that any beginner can use it and make rapid progress with his garden.

The Complete Book of GARDEN MAGIC is virtually a self-teaching home study course in gardening. Make this year's gardening completely successful by sending \$3.95 NOW with mailing instructions to:

HOME BOOK SERVICE

Dept. C100, 210 Dundas Street W.
Toronto 2, Canada.



and that they will always require supervision. It is equally evident that ordinary schools can do nothing for them. Special schools are required in which they can be taught to perform simple tasks. In cases where home conditions are not satisfactory, many will need to be kept most of their lives in institutions; but in some cases, after suitable training, they may be able to fit into the home situation.

Higher Types Give Trouble

The two groups already referred to comprise only about 10% of the mentally deficient population; and it is the other 90% who give most of the trouble. That they give trouble is chiefly because they are not always recognized for what they are; and too much is expected of them. The yardstick of intelligence testing is the intelligence quotient (I.Q.). The number 100 indicates the intelligence of the average person. Consequently, those whose I.Q. is below 100 have obviously less than average intelligence. But intelligence isn't everything. Many persons with a lower I.Q. than 100, but with fortunate personality traits, are often more successful than others with a much higher I.Q., and less favorable traits. It is the combination that counts. And this underlines the extreme value of training for those having intelligence less than the average.

On the other hand, what would seem to be favorable personality traits often cause trouble because they mislead parents and others into thinking that the children have much more intelligence than they really have; they are given responsibilities too great for them to manage and disaster quite often results.

Some years ago a committee of the Senate of Canada undertook to investigate some of the social effects of mental deficiency. The chairman, an aged senator, seemed anxious to have a law framed that would require a mental test for every person wishing to marry. Like many other similar investigations, nothing came of it; but in the course of the enquiry the chairman was asked why he was so interested in the subject.

"I married one of them," he replied. He had probably been taken in by the superficial brightness that often characterizes those who are a bit shy in the upper story. In order to detect such children as early as possible—so that they may be given the sort of training suited to their needs—every school should have adequately trained persons who can give them proper tests. If their I.Q. is found to be too low to admit of academic training, they can be diverted to special classes in which the children are taught to do things with their hands, academic subjects taking second place. Beyond the primary level there should be what might be termed manual-training high schools. In cases where the I.Q. is less than 50, however, pupils should go to residential institutions where they can be given proper training.

It will thus be seen that all that can be done for these people is to develop what capacity they may have to its fullest extent. Nothing can be done—so far as anyone yet knows—to increase one's intellectual capacity; that seems to be settled definitely at birth—or before. All that can be done is to train what intelligence there is so that the utmost results can be secured from

Love-quiz ... For Married Folks Only



WHY DOES HE TURN HIS BACK ON HIS WIFE'S TEARS?

- A. Because she has neglected one precaution, often of major importance to intimate marital happiness.
- Q. What is that important precaution that can so greatly help to safeguard marital happiness?
- A. The practice of sound feminine hygiene with a scientifically correct preparation for vaginal douching, such as "Lysol" in proper solution.
- Q. Why are wives wrong to trust to soap instead?
- A. Because soap, like soda or salt, is an old-fashioned makeshift that cannot compare with "Lysol" in germ killing power. Though gentle to delicate membranes, "Lysol" is powerful in the presence of mucus and other organic matter. Destroys the source of objectionable odours... kills germs on contact.
- Q. Do many women use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene?
- A. Three times more women use "Lysol" than all other liquid products combined! Many doctors advise patients to douche regularly with "Lysol" brand disinfectant just to insure daintiness alone. No greasy after-effect. Use it as often as you want.

KEEP DESIRABLE, by douching regularly with "Lysol". Remember—no other product for feminine hygiene is safer than "Lysol"... no other product is more effective!

Check these facts with your doctor



Many doctors recommend "Lysol" brand disinfectant for Feminine Hygiene. Non-caustic, "Lysol" is non-injurious to delicate membrane. Its clean, antiseptic odour quickly disappears. Highly concentrated "Lysol" is economical in solution. Follow easy directions for correct douching solution.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"!

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession... and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon the confidence of the most prominent doctors. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Feminine Hygiene use
"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
Every time



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. M. H., Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

NAME.....
STREET.....
CITY..... PROV.....
Copyright 1948 by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Ltd.

IF FATHER Cooked the Roast!



He would quickly learn that a perfect oven is the secret of perfect roasting and baking!

He'd see for himself the advantages of McClary permanent insulation—completely enclosing the McClary Gas Range oven in layers of modern "Fiberglas". He'd discover the importance of the exact oven heat for best results—and the accuracy and convenience of McClary's new Oven Heat Control. He'd soon know why women enjoy using the McClary smokeless, odorless broiler with porcelain enameled grid—why they like the efficient, convenient cooking top—why they take so much pride in the gleaming, enduring beauty of the McClary stain-resisting enamel finish.

So why don't you *both* see the new 1949 McClary Gas and Electric Ranges today at your McClary Dealer's?

McCLARY
GAS & ELECTRIC RANGES

Since
1847



PRODUCTS OF GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

it. A moron with his mental capacity developed to the fullest possible extent may have a better chance in life than another person with a higher rate of intelligence, but untrained.

What Can They Learn?

The basic principle underlying the training of all mentally deficient persons is that they should be taught mainly to use their hands. As stated above, all other studies will be keyed in to the manual training. For instance, if boys are taught woodworking, then reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, etc., are taught as they relate to wood and woodworking. Training is not spread out but is intensified along lines in

in order to give the 48,000 mentally deficient persons in Canada a fair break is, first: special classes in the schools; and second, special institutions for those whom the schools cannot benefit. These facilities are not something new. Their need has been known for at least 40 years, and during the past 25 years most progressive communities have been equipped with them.

Although every province in Canada has some special classes, and none by any means enough, Ontario has by far the greatest number as well as the highest proportion of classes to school enrolment. According to the latest figures, only 7,864 children in all Canada were getting the benefit of these classes

Here is a brief picture of the situation and

NOVA SCOTIA—Small training school at Truro for 160 children. Three thousand require such care, most of whom are at home receiving no training, in the mental hospital, or the county poor houses. No provision for low-grade morons (who especially require institutional care).

NEW BRUNSWICK—No institution at all for mental defectives. Some in a poorly lighted, badly ventilated basement in Provincial Mental Hospital at Saint John, with only such access to sun and air as inside, asphalt-floored court. No training given. Other such children clutter up social agencies or are at home.

QUEBEC—No training for thousands of mentally deficient children. The former small institution at Mastai, near Quebec City, has been turned over to crowded near-by mental hospital for overflow cases. Children at mental hospitals or home. Some in mental hospitals given small amount of inadequate training. At present an institution is being built on the Island of Montreal to accommodate 1,000 Catholic children, who will be in charge of Sisters of Providence. This will serve fraction of need, with no place for Protestants, Jews, etc., except already overcrowded Protestant Mental Hospital at Verdun, which is not equipped to deal with mentally deficient children.

ONTARIO—The Orillia Institution is considered the leading one of its kind in Canada. It is now a training school for mentally deficient children of all types and ages but is overcrowded and understaffed. With a nominal capacity of 1,800 it is trying to accommodate 2,200. There is a waiting list of 1,600. A new institution is being built at Smiths Falls for 1,200 children, but will not be ready for occupancy until 1950. The Toronto Haven for Girls (an off-shoot of Orillia) trains girls capable of holding jobs (in domestic and other semiskilled labor), boards them and provides supervision. It has demonstrated that it is possible for mentally deficient persons, after proper training, to take their place in the community.

which the individual interest of the pupil is displayed.

The superintendent of a training school for boys told me of a visit he had had from a young man who had been trained in his institution. The visitor drove up to the door in an expensive car, was well, if flashily, dressed, and admitted that he was the owner of a successful business. The business was in line with the training he had received at the institution and it was practically all he knew anything about; but he had kept to that one line and had made a success of it.

"He's earning three times as much as I am," the superintendent somewhat ruefully admitted, although with pride.

Now, then, we see that what we need

while the number requiring such teaching is over 40,000. It is little satisfaction to the parent of a backward child—"slow learner" is the term some educators prefer—for whom there is no appropriate class, to be told that in another city, or in another part of his own city, someone else's child is being looked after.

When it comes to residential training schools, the showing is equally bad. Institutional care is now being provided for 4,524 cases, but three times as many more still require attention. In some provinces no provision at all is made for this type of person; while in none is there provision enough.

Some geneticists believe that the sterilization of all mentally deficient

persons would in time reduce the number of those born. I think a good case can be made out for sterilization, but not primarily for that purpose, since it is admitted that the offspring of mental deficient persons are not always lacking in intelligence. It seems quite evident that intelligence is due to a combination of factors, and is not transmitted as a Mendelian characteristic.

The value of sterilization lies rather in the field of control. While the claim can be sustained that the offspring of mentally deficient persons are not necessarily backward mentally, it cannot be successfully argued that they make ideal parents, especially where the mother is concerned.

the means whereby, in absolutely hopeless cases, those desiring it would be able to relieve their unfortunate progeny of that life which is to them a blank and upon others an unmitigated burden. It is argued that these are human lives and that human life is sacred. Those who think thus need not avail themselves of the relief provided; but it does not seem right that their views should govern in cases which do not concern them. The state now provides the means of taking life—and life in full bloom—ostensibly for public protection, but often in pure vengeance. Surely the state can do as much in the cause of mercy!

That, however, is merely by the way.

to what extent it is being met across Canada

MANITOBA—Government institution at Portage la Prairie, capacity 388. Number of inmates at present, 538. Impossible under the circumstances to give training children should have. Although the legislature voted \$650,000 three years ago for 210-bed addition, construction is not yet begun. Even if and when this is done it will leave thousands uncared for.

SASKATCHEWAN—For 20 years the situation was a disgrace. Six hundred mentally deficient children were cooped up in the Weyburn Mental Hospital without adequate training in quarters so crowded that if they had been otherwise than human the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would have intervened. The present government is planning a new institution in the south (another should be provided in the north). Meanwhile quarters of a former RCAF unit have been converted into a temporary school and children removed from the mental hospital. Saskatchewan's staff-training program is worthy of mention. All untrained staff must take a three-year, 500-hour course, including nursing techniques, basic medicine and surgery and at least 250 hours training in problems of mental deficiency.

ALBERTA—Well-managed school at Red Deer for 280 with some training; antiquated buildings have recently been renovated and three modern buildings to accommodate a total of 325 patients under construction (two almost ready). Only a fraction of those needing care coped with, and Alberta needs at least one additional institution in another part of the province—which the government is talking of establishing, but with no definite decision yet.

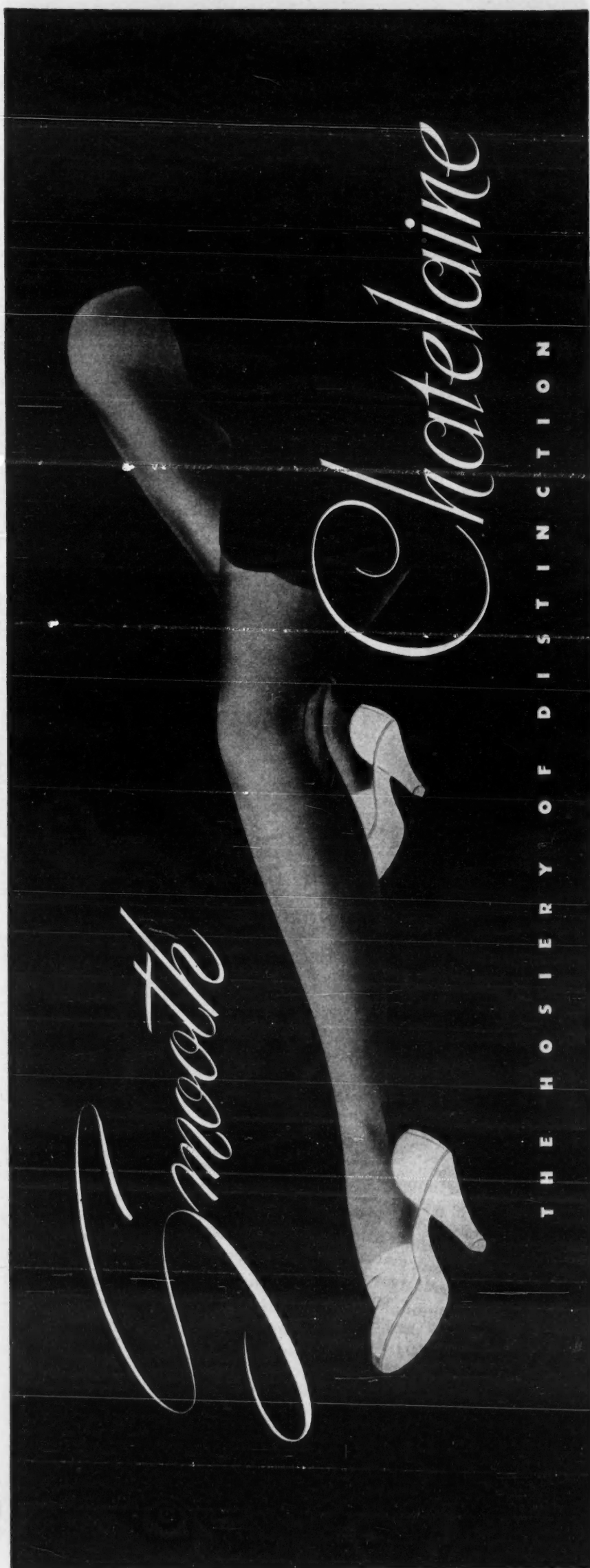
BRITISH COLUMBIA—Has talked for many years of model institution. Meantime very good training school is provided at New Westminster where buildings of former mental hospital, despite age, have been remodeled and new ones added. Two 100-bed units now under construction, one for very young children, for whom no provision was formerly made. Need will still be very pressing, however.

So far, in only two provinces is sterilization legally possible—Alberta and British Columbia. The former passed its Eugenic Sterilization Act in 1928, since when approximately 1,000 persons have been sterilized; but in British Columbia much less use is made of the Act, and the number of persons sterilized to date is negligible.

It is impossible for one to go through a number of institutions where the very low types are cared for without feeling that it might be better for the malformed creatures tossing and drooling on the cots, as well as for their families and society as a whole, if they were quietly and painlessly put away. This should not be compulsory, of course, but I believe that the state should provide

The number to whom euthanasia might ever apply would always be very small. Of much greater importance it is that every child who has any capacity at all for life should have that capacity developed to the full. It is now well established that society for its own protection and advancement has a vital interest in seeing that every citizen should receive as complete an education as possible. But in most cases those whose need—and potentiality for trouble—is greatest, are entirely neglected.

I have given the case from a utilitarian standpoint; but if that should prove unavailing, perhaps I might cite the following: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."



Westinghouse *gives you* Cleaner Clothes Without Wear



The most important question about any washer is "Does it wash clothes really clean?" Westinghouse owners will answer with an emphatic "Yes." For the Westinghouse "Cushioned Action" gyrator has proved, by actual test, that it gets clothes cleaner, in less time—and without wear or damage, even to delicate fabrics.

In addition, Westinghouse provides the extra protection of the "Sentinel of Safety" and the "Feather-touch" Safety Release Wringer. Your Westinghouse dealer will explain the many exclusive advantages of the Westinghouse Washer. Model illustrated, \$159.50. With pump, \$174.50. With gas engine, \$209.50. Price subject to change.

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA 720M925



Your Home

Advice to the

Window Dressing

Question—I am planning to redecorate my dining room. The furniture is blond, the rug shades of beige and brown with touches of orange and blue-green. I had thought of painting the walls a soft blue-green. The only window is 50 inches wide and 28 inches high. What color and type of curtains should I use?—Mrs. M. W., Grenfell, Sask.

Answer—In view of its size the curtaining of your window presents a problem. However, there are one or two ways of solving it. First, with sill-length curtains on a simple wooden pole with wood rings which allow the curtains to be drawn across at night. Second, a ruffle of cotton cretonne on a separate rod over cotton net glass curtains. As to color, lemon or lime green is modern and effective against blue-green walls; beige would be a more conservative choice.

House Divided

Question—Our problem is having a well-built house 25 or more years old. It was built for us and our young family and is now too large. Would it be a very expensive proposition to have it made into two small apartments?—A. Reid, Toronto, Ont.

Answer—The remodeling you suggest could be done at moderate cost provided there are no major alterations. The stairway is the key to the problem. If a separate entranceway for the upstairs apartment can be obtained without changing the location of the staircase, the remaining alterations, would be relatively reasonable.

Spacious Living

Question—We have recently bought an old house, with high ceilings and old-fashioned, somewhat scarred woodwork. Can you advise a color scheme for living and dining room? (They are now separated by French doors.) The basic pieces of furniture which cannot be changed are chesterfield and two chairs in wine and green and a nine-piece solid oak dining room suite.

—Mrs. R. V. McMullen, St. John.

Answer—Buying an old home and redecorating it are always a challenge, and it's most rewarding to find what

a little imagination and a lot of hard work can do. If you don't wish to undertake extensive remodeling, but feel more elbow room is desirable, you might start by removing those French doors. As to the walls and ceilings—the main thing is to pull the ceilings down to size, at the same time giving your two rooms a feeling of unity and spaciousness. The walls might be painted green—the shade depending on that of the living room furniture—apple or a deep darker green, with the ceiling in a crisp fresh ivy wallpaper. Or you might prefer a soft grey for the walls and a wine-patterned paper for the ceilings—a wine that would harmonize with the chesterfield. Both grey and green are restful receding colors and well suited to a southern exposure. Keep the woodwork inconspicuous by painting it the same color as your room. It will add to the effect of spaciousness.

Country Color Scheme

Question—Ours is a country home, simply furnished and about to be redecorated. Can you advise a decorating scheme in character? The living room is very bright as it receives light from east, west and south. The wall space is broken up by three doors and a single and double window. I have in mind light grey walls with accents of coral in the draperies. Is there a third color that could be introduced to the grey and coral combination? The furniture is walnut finish, upholstered in green. What color would you suggest for the woodwork? Two bedrooms lead off this room, one with an east window, the other north. What color would you advise for the walls, as both rooms are visible from the living room?—Mrs. R. D. K., Elmo, Ont.

Answer—Light grey seems an excellent choice for your living room in view of the fact that it is well lighted. Grey is a restful, receding color which gives the effect of spaciousness and is very modern-looking. The woodwork might be done in the same shade, thus keeping the room uniform. Don't be afraid of overdoing the grey; the color accents will guard against that. White for the woodwork is another possibility. Grey and white, in fashion or decoration, make a smart combination. Coral accents in your drapes would be most attractive—any of the warm red tones are good. Have you considered water-

What to do about — curtaining old-fashioned windows; a dining room shaded by the veranda; furniture for a modern bungalow; color scheme for a country home.

House-Proud

melon or shocking pink? These are most dramatic, while leaf green and daffodil yellow are equally lovely against grey.

The bedroom with the north exposure might be painted daffodil yellow with accents of grey or leaf green. The yellow would give the room necessary warmth, yet not clash with the grey scheme in the living room.

The bedroom facing east might be done in grey—with perhaps touches of daffodil yellow in drapes and lamps. By employing complementary colors in these three rooms, you'll be able to change about without disrupting your color scheme.

Plan For Moderns

Question—We have just finished building our new home. It is modern in design and requires modern furniture and color schemes. The living room is 17 feet by 10 feet, and the only furniture I have chosen so far is a modern two-piece chesterfield suite in fine striped wine velours and a rectangular-shaped coffee table. Should the rug be a solid color and what size? Would a wall-to-wall rug look best? I have in mind a two-toned green. The walls will be white plaster for a while until they dry out thoroughly. Could you give suggestions for furniture arrangement and colors?—R. E. McM., St. Catharines, Ont.

Answer—First, let's settle the problem of that all-important rug. For a modern interior we'd recommend a solid color, either plain or self-patterned. A wall-to-wall carpet makes a room look larger and gives it unity. As to color schemes you might like to try one of the following: green rug, wine chesterfield, apple green walls. Or blue rug, wine chesterfield and soft blue walls. Or grey rug, wine chesterfield with deep blue walls. In each case ceilings could be painted a lighter tone of the wall color.

You do not mention whether or not the room has a fireplace. If not you might use a bookcase or large mirror as the focal point on the outside wall, placing a couple of easy chairs before it. The front picture window would be enhanced with a handsome high table on which might be placed a lamp and magazines or plants. The chesterfield could be centred on the wall opposite the bookcase with a lamp table at either end and the coffee table in front.

The general principle is to group

furniture in a friendly easy manner, trying to keep it congenial in design and color. Keep traffic lanes clear—this is doubly important in a combination living-dining room. Choose tall lamps with good clean lines.

Lighter and Brighter

Question—I wonder if you could help me with a problem? We are doing over our dining room. It is large—14 feet square—and, as the two windows overlook the veranda, rather dark. We plan to replace the windows with French doors, so that we can use the porch for meals, etc. The woodwork in the room is to be lightened to a French grey, and three of the walls papered in a grey plaid. The fourth, behind the buffet, will be papered in a pattern to pick up the rug tones—which are two shades of rosy red. The dining suite is walnut, but we are having a large breakfront cabinet built. This will be painted to match the woodwork and will hold a collection of hand-painted china. What color should the shelves be painted? And what kind and color of draperies should I get?—Mrs. T. R. B., Vernon, B.C.

Answer—Although grey and wine certainly complement each other, there is a danger that such a predominance of grey will absorb too much of that precious window light, and so defeat the aim of your alterations. One of the following combinations would give you a more reflective scheme: sweet pink is very pale, very pretty. Window draperies of white with a tiny red pattern; turquoise (a blue-green) is warm and attractive with curtains of a deep blue. Apple green is a good color for a dining room; with draperies of forest green or picking up the rosy tones of the rug.

Mirrors placed at strategic points can do a lot to give an illusion of light. One placed on the wall opposite the French doors would reflect light back into the room.

For the breakfront shelves you might select one of the predominating colors in the china, and use it in a muted tone for the background. This color might be picked up again in lamps or draperies. Concerning the curtains for the French door, a solid color or a small quiet pattern would be best. When drawn at night, they shouldn't fight for attention with the dining table or the breakfront cabinet.

Westinghouse *gives you* Cool Kitchen Cooking

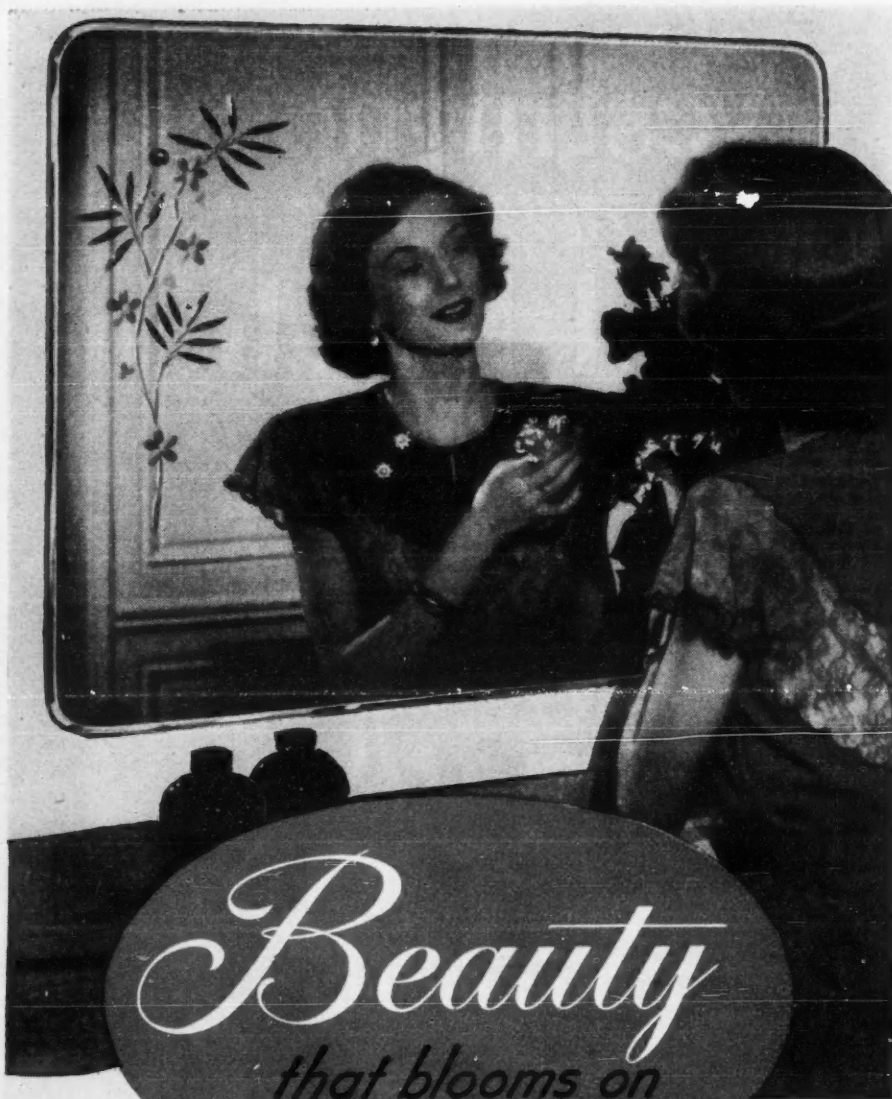


The Westinghouse Range is designed, built and insulated to keep the heat in the oven, where it belongs. That means a cooler, more comfortable kitchen—but it also means more efficient, more dependable cooking. Roasts, cakes, pies, cookies come out just the way you want them, every time. Just follow your recipe—and your Westinghouse Range does the rest. For modern electric cooking at its best, see your Westinghouse dealer. Models from \$230.00.

Price subject to change

CANADIAN WESTINGHOUSE COMPANY LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA
715M819





Beauty that blooms on your wall

A sparkling, engraved mirror over your living room mantel brings untold beauty into the room.

WHEREVER you hang mirrors you'll find living reflections that brighten and cheer. In living, dining, or bedroom; in hallways and kitchen, mirrors create a welcome illusion of extra space, extra light and life.

Important: only the finest polished plate glass mirrors can give you flawless reflections. That's why Hobbs Peacock mirrors are the first choice of those people who really love their homes. Hobbs Peacock mirrors are genuine polished plate glass, silver-sprayed for extra brilliance, longer life. Exquisite designs! Ask for Hobbs Peacock mirrors by name.



Hobbs Glass Limited, Dept. 45-E,
London, Canada.

Please send me a FREE copy of "Make your
rooms light up and grow with mirrors".

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Prov.....

My furniture dealer is.....



Glorify your vanity with a mirror and you'll reap dividends in beauty and usefulness.



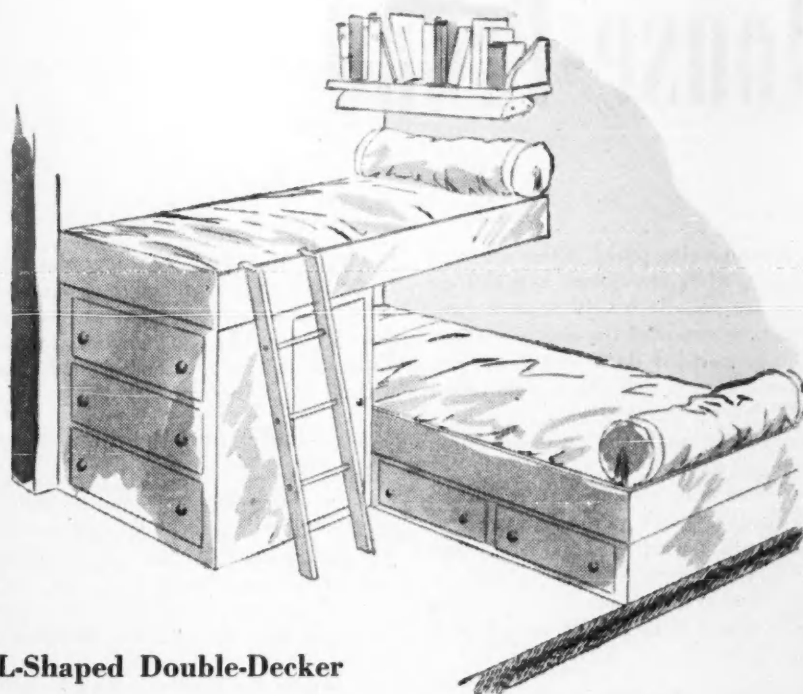
Give your hallway a more 'welcome' look with a sparkling Hobbs Venetian mirror.



When you buy furniture look for the Hobbs Peacock trademark on the mirror . . . your guarantee of quality furniture.

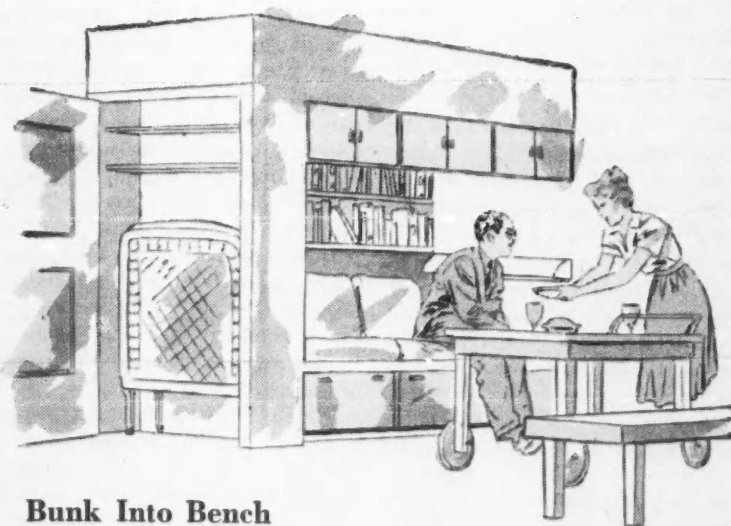
ASK YOUR FURNITURE DEALER OR DEPARTMENT STORE FOR HOBBS PEACOCK MIRRORS

Summer Cottage



L-Shaped Double-Decker

This novel head-over-foot bunk arrangement is designed especially for a narrow room. Bunks are placed at right angles to each other along walls on which there are no windows, leaving the maximum floor space. Note how drawers and, in the case of the upper bunk, a small cupboard can be built in for valuable storage. A bookshelf and reading lamp may be added for the member of the family who suffers from insomnia.



Bunk Into Bench

Here's a space-saver that provides additional sleeping accommodation. Build a bunk along the wall of the dining section of the living room and add a closet at one end large enough to hold a folding cot. Place cupboards above and below the bunk, which also doubles as a bench when meals are served. Fit the dining table with wheels and a handle and it can be set and cleared in the kitchen.

Built-Ins

By John Caulfield Smith
Home Planning Editor

Prefabricated Cupboards

A summer cottage kitchen seldom has enough cupboards. Of course a handy man with materials available can easily make additional ones, but for the less gifted it's a simpler matter to buy one or more of the prefabricated units on the market. There's a variety of shapes and sizes to suit almost every space and need. These cupboards come ready-painted and fitted with hardware.

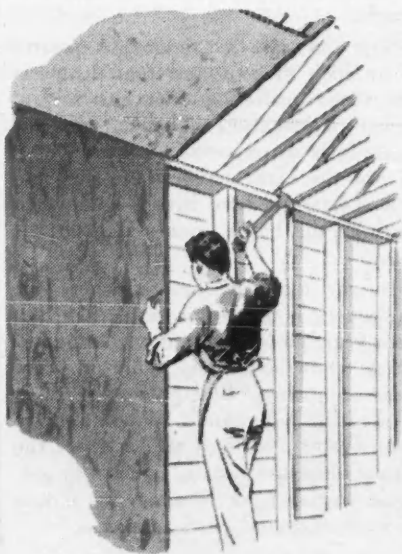


Outdoor Shower

Any type of shower is apt to seem a luxury in the average summer cottage, but the one shown here is easy and inexpensive to construct and should help cut down on housework. If you can't leave the sand on the beach, you can at least shed it at the back door, as this shower stall is placed just outside the rear entrance. It can be operated either by hand pump or pressure system, and a metal pan under the wooden floor grating takes care of drainage.

That Finished Look

After the first season or two the unfinished grooved walls and raw beams of the cottage interior are apt to seem both unsightly and depressing. However, it's a simple matter to enclose them with one of the many composition wall-boards now on the market. These come in sizes that require little cutting or fitting, and they can be painted or even papered. Or plywood in its own natural grain gives a nice rustic finish. If walls and ceiling are packed with insulation before covering is applied, you will have taken a long step in "winterizing" your summer home for off-season use.



Sketches by Bill Colt

"It's wonderful!"

HOT WATER

all the time...for everything!

Your whole family will say "it's wonderful" when you install a new General Electric Automatic Water Heater to provide a dependable supply of hot water for every household need. For personal cleanliness, for the weekly laundry, for the dishes . . . you can have enough hot water on tap for these and many more important uses.

FOR DISHES

GENERAL ELECTRIC

AUTOMATIC WATER HEATERS

FOR SHAVING

FOR LAUNDRY

3 SIZES

TO FILL THE NEEDS OF ANY FAMILY

33 Imp. Gal.	55 Imp. Gal.	68 Imp. Gal.
\$149.50	\$235.	\$265.

CLEAN: Magnesium alloy rod prevents rust, ensures long tank life.

AUTOMATIC: Thermostats maintain desired water temperature. When a G-E Heater is installed . . . you can forget your hot water problems.

ECONOMICAL: A few cents a week pay for all the electricity used by the efficient hi-speed calrod elements immersed right in the water.

DEPENDABLE: The General Electric name assures you of dependable, low-cost operation.

SEE YOUR NEAREST DEALER.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC CO LTD

Head Office: Toronto . . . Sales Offices from Coast to Coast



BRENDA YORK'S COLUMN

Best Recipe Wins \$100.00

A PRIZE FOR EVERYONE!

HELLO NEIGHBOURS: The absent-minded professor and I have much in common—meant to tell you months ago about a plan that pays off at our house and might be useful to you. It's a special shelf in the basement marked "Cottage" and onto it all winter long, week after week, goes a jar of this and a tin of that. Bought with the weekly marketing, we avoid a budget-breaking expenditure as well as a last-minute scramble for suitable foods to take along when the weather says: "Hurry! time to open the cottage." And how thrilling it is to watch this hoard grow: tinned meats and stews, vegetables and fruits, soups and juices, sauces, jams and jellies—never-fail items when it's a good many miles to the "corner grocery."

Backed by this ample supply at the cottage, we can press the most unexpected guests to "stay to supper, do!"—with an old-fashioned warmth that would do justice to grandma. What's more, we know many ways to serve these handy foods economically and attractively—thanks to you, good friends, and the dietitians here in our test kitchens. Latest addition to this ever-growing list is our February "York" Bologna prize-winning recipe—for which we say

"Thank you" and Hearty Congratulations to:

MRS. D. H. CREECH,

Apt. 4, 4570 Ridgeway Ave., Montreal, Quebec.

for a dish that made us smack our lips and say "m-m that's good!" Here's how Mrs. Creech prepares

"YORK" BOLOGNA SCALLOP

1/2 cup raw rice	1 teaspoon curry powder
3 tablespoons "Domestic" Shortening	1/2 teaspoon powdered ginger
1/2 cup finely chopped onion	1/2 cup "York" tomato juice
1/2 cup flour	2 cups milk
1 teaspoon salt	1 tin "York" Bologna, cubed
1 teaspoon sugar	1 hard-cooked egg, sliced

Cook the rice in boiling salted water, to which one tablespoon of vinegar has been added. Rinse with cold water when cooked. Melt the shortening and fry the onion in the double boiler top (over direct heat). When the onion is lightly browned, stir in the flour, salt, sugar, curry powder, ginger, tomato juice and milk. Place over hot water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. When the sauce is smooth and thick, add the cubed Bologna, egg slices and cooked rice. Heat thoroughly. Six servings.

THIS MONTH, WE OFFER ANOTHER \$100.00 FIRST PRIZE for the best recipe using "MAPLE LEAF" TENDERFLAKE LARD.

After you've made that flaky, mouth-watering Tenderflake pastry, what is your specialty in a delicious pie or tart filling? Or maybe you turn out a turnover that rates high with papa and the boys—these are the recipes I'm looking for this month—so won't you drop me a note giving me your "pet" Tenderflake recipe? Best one gets the \$100.00 prize!

CONSOLATION PRIZES, TOO! Everyone who writes will receive from Canada Packers a voucher which may be exchanged FREE at your grocer's or butcher's for 1 lb. of "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard.

WE STIPULATE that all letters become our property and cannot be returned. Send as many entries as you wish to compete for First Prize—but we promise only ONE Voucher per person. No labels required. Should the recipe chosen for First Prize be duplicated by another entry, the \$100.00 will be awarded to the first one received.

CLOSING DATE: To qualify for the First Prize—as well as the Free Voucher—your letter must be postmarked on or before midnight, May 31st, 1949. First Prize Winner will be announced in my August magazine column. Look for it, won't you?

ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO: BRENDA YORK,
"Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter, c/o Canada Packers Limited,
2204 St. Clair Avenue West, Toronto, Canada.

Have you tried this . . .

TINY TEMPTERS to accompany a pre-dinner spiced tomato juice cocktail are crackers spread with this mixture: One package "Maple Leaf" Nippy Cheese, one tablespoon mayonnaise, one small finely minced onion. Are they good? They are!

SOMETHING EXTRA is added to tomato soup when you sprinkle each bowlful with parsley just before serving. 'Tis the little things in life that count.

SOCIAL NOTE: You don't have to have a

cake when you give a birthday luncheon for Sarah. Surprise the dieting gals with a dessert of individual fruit cups, each centred with a tiny, glowing candle in a holder. Let the gals blow them out, one by one, with a birthday wish for the guest of honour—that'll show 'em!

DEVILISH: Just for a change, try mixing the yolks for devilled eggs with mayonnaise and "York" Devilled Ham Sandwich Spread. One teaspoon mayonnaise and one tablespoon of the spread for each yolk.

And here we are at the end—with just space enough to remind you that I'll be looking for your recipes using "Maple Leaf" Tenderflake Lard—and don't forget to post them before midnight, May 31st. Happy "24th" wherever you may be!

Your "Good-Things-To-Eat" Reporter,

Brenda York

That Monster in Your Cellar

by John Caulfield Smith

Home Planning Editor.

You've fed it faithfully all winter. Now get it ready for a couple of months' rest and your furnace will be all set to serve you faithfully during the next season.

TODAY'S houses are more than four walls and a roof; they're highly complex packages of mechanical equipment which, if properly cared for, will ensure healthy comfortable living. In a climate like Canada's no single item is more important than the furnace.

Now, when you're preparing for summer, is the time to give a little attention to the monster in your basement. For instance, how many people guard their furnaces against corrosion when the heating season is over? It is during these idle months that a thorough cleaning and oiling will pay dividends when the furnace is once more put to work.

The householder should take down the furnace pipes for a cleaning, wiping them on the inside with an oily rag, painting them on the outside. They should be stored in a dry place until required. The flues should be thoroughly cleaned out; so should the inner walls and ceiling of the firepot; the outside of the boiler painted with black japan; all ashes removed.

Here's how you do it: first, be sure that accumulated soot, ashes, dust and scale are removed from smoke pipes and inner walls of the furnace; then daub all surfaces you can reach with old oil to prevent moisture from forming rust which would eat into the metal. Your plumber will do this work expertly and neatly.

Soot and scale cost money. A quarter of an inch of soot and coal dust has the same insulating effect as several inches of concrete. That is why the cleaning is so important. But be sure to use the right tools—a scraper and a long-handled wire brush—and when cleaning the boiler always start at the top.

In our rigorous climate, where the equipment is in use for more than half each year, proper precautions and operating know-how can result in very large economies. Be sure that no piece of heating equipment is allowed to deteriorate. Not only will it affect the operation of the system, but it may also cause corrosion, or breakage, or failure of interconnected parts or pieces.

Continued on page 108



I use ICE

The luscious, full-bodied flavour of choice foods is yours to enjoy when kept *naturally fresh* with Ice. Only ice refrigeration supplies (1) natural moisture to prevent drying out and loss of nutritive juices, (2) constant circulation of pure, vitalized air to prevent exchange of food flavours. Ice gives you dependable, economical, trouble-free refrigeration every day of the year.



ICE ON THE TABLE! Real, crystal-clear ice in beverages and on your table is smart entertaining. Always an abundant supply in your ice refrigerator!

PROMPT, COURTEOUS SERVICE



Your ice serviceman is pledged to provide courteous, careful and punctual service. He is backed by an industry whose aim is to give the highest standards of refrigeration.

New 1949 ice refrigerators now on display—see your local ice dealer who displays this emblem.

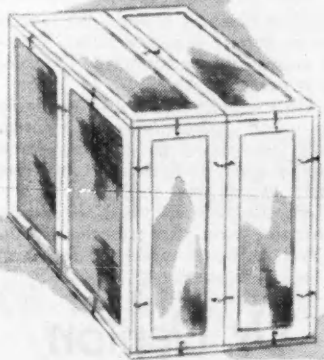
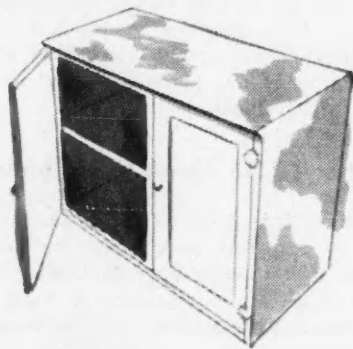


CANADIAN ICE FOUNDATION
137 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Let's Be Unfair to Mice

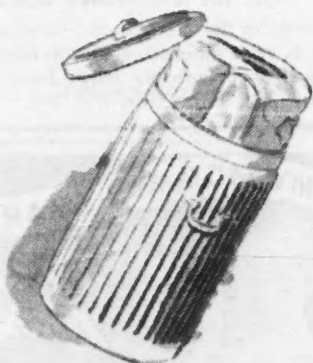
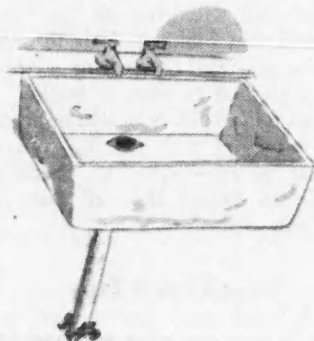
By John Caulfield Smith

Mickey Mouse and his horde of relatives may be cute . . . but they are also destructive. Guard against them at the summer cottage this vacation season . . . plan to leave everything well protected come close-up time! To help you — this wooden cabinet completely lined with metal screening, providing worry-free storage for foodstuff.



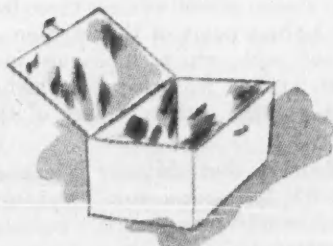
Wondering how to store extra bed linen and mattresses now . . . how to pack them away at summer's end . . . out of reach of the country mouse? Some stores sell folding metal boxes, consisting of a metal frame and screening. This is a homemade design, easily constructed by the amateur carpenter. The wooden frame is covered with metal screening and is held together by hooks and eyes.

That hole in the cottage kitchen floor for the sink drain is an open invitation to unwanted callers! As shown in the accompanying sketch, this (and other openings from outside) should be tight-packed with mineral wool, then thoroughly puttied or calked.



An idea worth remembering! A wonderful way to store mattresses . . . roll them up and put them in bright new garbage cans. Hide away extra bedding for week-end guests now . . . leave all the mattresses at the cottage later on in complete confidence.

Utility boxes, simply made of sheet metal soldered by any tinsmith, are dependable safeguards. Make them to fit kitchen cupboards or drawers and use for storing staples. They may be left in place the year round.



A LUXURY COACH FOR YOUR BABY!

THE *Thistle* DUCHESS

The Duchess baby-coach is a princely job in everything but its price. This is its specification:

BODY: All-steel, 34" x 18", molded panels, neatly lined.
UPHOLSTERY: Best leatherette, with 3 padded loose seats and safety belt.
HOOD: Best leatherette, lined and laced, with contrasting piping. Chromed joints.
APRON: Leatherette, with lined storm flap and contrasting piping.
HANDLES: Wide handles, easily folded to save space. Chromed, with rubber hand-grip.
CHASSIS: Flexible Cee-springs with rubber shock-absorbing mountings. Sturdy 1" dia. axles.
WHEELS: 12" rustless tangent-spoke cycle wheels with chromed rims and hub-caps. 1" cushion rubber tires.
DRESSGUARD: Chromed, in one piece covering both wheels.
BRAKE: Powerful, 'Push on-Push off', foot operated.
FINISH: Blue, Maroon, Reseda, Ivory or Light Gray, with contrasting or matching upholstery. All bright parts chrome-plated.

Retails from \$44.75



and this *Thistle* 'NIBS' CHARIOT

LIGHTEST & MOST COMPACT 'GO-CART'

Here is a go-cart that a child could fold in a jiffy, and a child could easily carry! Folds with one simple action into a parcel 23 1/2" x 16 1/2" x 7" — you'll hardly notice it in a car, and even in the rush hour there'll be room for it on a trolley car! The Thistle 'NIBS' weighs barely 12 lb. and opens out into a really sturdy, useful, free-running go-cart.

— and look at the price, from \$8.50

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM GOOD STORES

Largest baby carriage manufacturers in the World



LINES BROS. (CANADA) LTD · 4000 ST. PATRICK STREET · MONTREAL



"Night and Day, you are the one" . . .
 with that brilliant **NUGGET** shine."
 *WITH APOLOGIES TO COLE PORTER

BLACK, OX-BLOOD AND ALL SHADES OF BROWN!

1-49

DID YOU **"NUGGET"** YOUR SHOES THIS MORNING?

NOW! YOU MAY HAVE THIS WONDERFUL BABY BOOK ON A 5-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

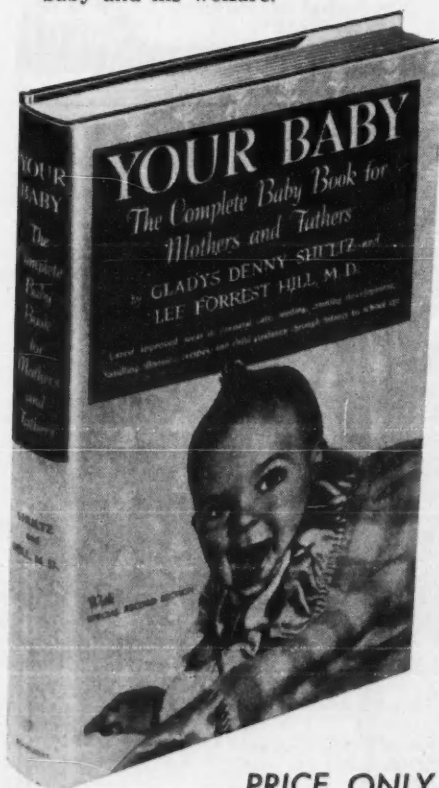
If you are not completely satisfied with your copy of **YOUR BABY**, return it to Home Book Service within 5 days in good condition and postpaid and your full purchase price will be refunded.



EVERYTHING YOU WANT TO KNOW ABOUT RAISING YOUR BABY

There is no book, of course, that can ever replace your physician's personal advice and help, but "YOUR BABY" will save the doctor many needless calls. It tells you which signs of mental and physical growth to watch for; how to start your youngster on new foods; how to care for your baby down to the very last detail.

In this wonderful book, Gladys Denny Shultz and Dr. Lee Forrest Hill not only answer your many questions about feeding, health, exercise, vitamins, clothing, bathing, etc.,—but they also tell you how you can join in the fun of raising your baby. There are 44 striking photographs and scores of special drawings to show you what to do—and when—in an easy, step-by-step way. There are dozens of formulas, menus, recommended picture books and toys for different ages, and almost everything you will want to know about your baby and his welfare.



PRICE ONLY \$3.98 postpaid.

A Complete Record of Your Baby's Growth and History

One whole section of this amazing book is devoted to a personal record of your baby, from the day of birth through the many stages of development. Special places to paste in photos, a record of weight and height, every little detail of interest can be recorded as a permanent record that will be cherished by your baby in later years.

Here are Some of the Contents of this Valuable Book

BABY ON THE WAY—pregnancy tests, what do Rh positive and negative mean? Preparing a room for baby, preparing for feeding, childbirth anesthesia.

ENJOY YOUR BABY—how does a child's personality develop? How baby grows, how to train your baby.

THE RIGHT START—baby's homecoming, what should Dad do? How much food should a baby have? Diets for nursing mothers, why do babies cry? Is a rigid feeding schedule good? Preparing formulas, should babies be forced to take water? How to bottle-feed, sponge bathing, nose and ear cleaning, scalp cleaning.

NEW BORN TO YEARLING—cod liver oil, sun bathing, baby learns muscular control, starting on solid foods, teething, protection against diseases, 8 ways to introduce new foods, why appetite drops off. There are five other sections covering almost every step of your child's growth through to pre-school years. "YOUR BABY" is literally a complete home-study course for the new mother and father. If there is a new baby in your home you will find your copy of "YOUR BABY" will be your "best friend" for many years to come. Order your copy now.

That Monster in Your Cellar

Continued from page 106

It is much cheaper to overhaul, repair or replace a troublesome or worn item immediately the need becomes evident than to wait until a major job is necessary. So, at the first sign of trouble, consult a plumbing or heating contractor. He is qualified by training and experience to do what is necessary and to advise on any plans you might have for improvement.

What To Do About the Chimney

Many large cities insist that chimneys be swept at least once yearly, but civic officials frequently have the authority, under certain conditions, to have a chimney swept as often as they deem it necessary.

While the best time for sweeping chimneys is said to be between September and December, it is a job that can be done any time, even in midwinter. Summon the sweep 48 hours after all preparations for cleaning have been made—all holes in chimneys plugged so soot issuing from the base will not sweep through the room.

A tenant should also be careful to warn other occupants in a two-, three- or four-storied building who might suffer from the sweeping. Normally sweeps charge per story or floor, so that in cases of multiple tenancies all households should get together on the date for the annual cleanup.

Clean the pipes periodically, instead of sweeping, if you have a gas- or oil-heating system. While even the best kinds of coal will give off the tarry substances that build up scale in chimneys, the gas- and oil-heating systems of today give off no soot or smoke. In such cases householders should be guided by the advice of their heating contractors. It is imperative to check up regularly to ensure that all flues are sound and clean.

Time-Tested Tips

1. Make sure that chimneys and flues are free from cracks as these, of course, will interfere with the normal draught so essential to efficient burning.
2. See that the fireclay flue lining inside the brickwork or masonry is in good repair.
3. Use porous incombustible material, such as gypsum block, mortar refuse, etc., to fill all spaces between chimneys and wood joists or beams.
4. Place a screen over top of chimney if a wood fire is used.
5. Clean the chimney each summer, especially if you burn soft or low grades of coal; once chimney is swept, clean out pit at bottom of chimney; the clean-out door to pit should be of cast iron.
6. Check height of chimney above roof; it should extend at least three feet above highest point of that section of the roof with which it comes into contact, and at least two feet higher than any ridge within 10 feet of the chimney.
7. Be sure that chimney is capped with brick, terra-cotta, stone, cast iron, concrete or other incombustible weather-proof material.



he's warm in Dr. Denton Sleepers

Your child grows damp with perspiration—may often be wet at night. But even when he kicks off his covers, he'll be warm in Dr. Denton Sleepers all night long.

Dr. Denton Sleepers are made from pure, soft, unbleached wool-and-cotton—which keeps in body heat, keeps out cold, so baby won't get cold and clammy.

Extra Help for Baby and for Mother! Dr. Denton Sleepers contain no bleach or dye to irritate sensitive skin. Reinforced seams and buttonholes. Double-facing at points of wear.

Dr. Denton Sleepers are also available in two-piece garments—extra lowers available. No need to undress baby completely when you change him. Save on washings and wear too!

Dr. Denton Sleepers resist shrinking, stay soft and warm after countless washings. You get better value in safe, warm Dr. Denton Sleepers.



**Dr. Denton
SLEEPERS**

made in Canada exclusively by
MERCURY MILLS, LIMITED, HAMILTON, CANADA



HANDIEST THING IN THE HOUSE FOR 101 EVERYDAY USES

Look for the trademark "Vaseline"—it is your guarantee of the highest quality petroleum jelly. Jars 15¢, 20¢, 30¢. Tubes 20¢, 25¢, 30¢.



At teething time, Steedman's help to keep the little system regular. Used by mothers the world over for more than 100 years. At your druggist's.

FREE BOOKLET: "Hints to Mothers" on request. Write John Steedman & Co., Dept. A-2, 429 St. Jean Baptiste St., Montreal.

**Give STEEDMAN'S
POWDERS**

Look for the double EE symbol on the package

Home Book Service,
210 Dundas Street W.,
Toronto 2, Canada.

RUSH me my copy of "YOUR BABY" under your money-back guarantee. If I am not satisfied, I will return it in 5 days in good condition and postpaid for full refund. I enclose \$3.98.

Name

Address

CH 5/49 ALSO FILL IN PORTION
AT RIGHT

To
NAME

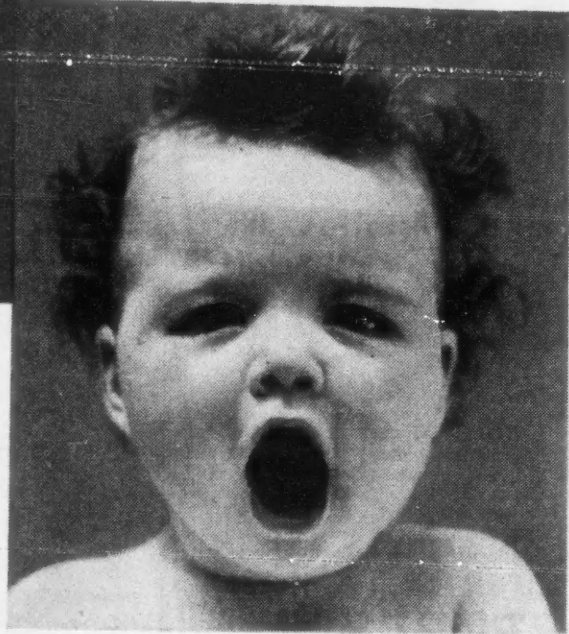
ADDRESS

(PRINT FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ABOVE FOR PROMPT DELIVERY)

FROM HOME BOOK SERVICE,
210 DUNDAS STREET WEST,
TORONTO 2, ONTARIO.

BOOK WITH CARE

Child Health Clinic



Rashes . . .

How to Recognize Them . . . What to Do

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

H EAT RASH or prickly heat occurs most commonly in young babies. It is due to overheating, usually the result of too many clothes, especially woolen ones. It is seen most often around the neck, the back or in the groins. The rash is rather blotchy and is made up of innumerable tiny red spots. When you notice it, you, of course, will take off some of your baby's superfluous clothing. Also, sponge the area with a solution made up of one teaspoonful of baking soda in a cup of water. When this dries, powder the area with cornstarch or borated talcum. If the rash is unusually severe, use rubbing alcohol diluted with water instead of soda solution. Usually prickly heat doesn't bother baby at all.

Diaper Rash

This rash appears over the whole diaper area, that is, the lower abdomen, lower back and the upper part of the thighs. The rash itself is red, and if it is severe the skin may be broken. Often you notice the smell of ammonia when you change your baby's diapers and it may be strong enough to make your eyes water. The ammonia comes from the action of germs which are present in the diapers or on the skin. These germs act on the urine in the wet diapers and liberate ammonia. There are three things that you can do which will help clear up the condition. First, use a piece of absorbent cotton dipped in olive oil or mineral oil for cleaning off the red area, instead of soap and water which irritates it. Clean the whole area gently and carefully in this way every time you change your baby. Pat off any excess of the oil with a piece of dry absorbent. Of course you can use soap and water on

the rest of his body, but give him sponge baths instead of putting him in the tub until the diaper rash is gone.

Second, your physician will likely tell you to add $\frac{1}{4}$ of a teaspoonful of baking soda (sodium bicarbonate) to each of three of your baby's feedings for a few days. This reduces the amount of ammonia salts in your baby's urine.

Third, after you have washed his diapers as usual with a very mild soap and rinsed them in four lots of clear warm water, boil them hard for five minutes. Poke them occasionally so that they are all sterilized. After another rinsing you can put them in to soak in two quarts of boiling water to which you have added 2 heaping tablespoons of boracic acid or one tablespoon of vinegar. Leave the diapers in this solution for an hour or so, then wring them out and dry them. The small amount of boracic acid or vinegar remaining in the diaper helps to kill the germs and neutralizes the ammonia. The boiling, however, is the most important part of the procedure. Sometimes baby's buttocks only become red. Naturally changing him promptly when he has a movement helps to prevent this. Occasionally acid stools are the cause of the redness, and in this case your doctor should treat the trouble.

Impetigo

Impetigo is commonest on the face, but it can occur anywhere on the skin. It is very infectious and is caught from another child. Sometimes it follows a chronic nose or ear infection.

At first it looks like a group of little red blisters. These run together and are soon covered with a reddish brown crust. The skin around shows very little if

THIS IS A BABY CUSTOM . . .



Johnson's
**BABY
POWDER**



Pure, gentle Johnson's Baby Powder, for your baby's delicate skin!

Like most mothers, you probably have a can of Johnson's on baby's nursery tray this very minute—ready to give him cool, soothing sprinkles whenever he needs it.

Nobody needs to tell you how fragrant, how silky-soft Johnson's Baby Powder is!

THIS IS A BABY "BONUS"!



Johnson's
**BABY
LOTION**



Smooth, snow-white Johnson's Baby Lotion — today's biggest step forward in baby skin care!

You use Johnson's Baby Lotion exactly like baby oil — all over baby's body — after his bath, at diaper changes.

Hospital tests prove that Johnson's Baby Lotion care cuts down cases of prickly heat and diaper rash by amazing percentages!

And how you'll enjoy using Lotion — fragrant, velvety, not sticky on baby's skin. Get a bottle today!

Johnson & Johnson
LIMITED MONTREAL

USE

LAVORIS

The Choice of the
Well Groomed

You are using the best when you use Lavoris

Baby's Own Gift Set

FOR BABY'S SKIN CARE



3 Gifts
in one

Baby's Own 1 Soap

Gentle, cloud-like lather instantly rinses clear each tiny pore, leaving Baby's Own glow and daintiness.

Baby's Own 2 Oil

Apply on his tender scalp, and use on absorbent cotton for the diaper region, and chafing is gone forever.

Baby's Own 3 Powder

A protective dusting of Baby's Own Powder to ensure against any roughness or irritation.

—3 steps to a Perfect Skin

Baby's Own

SOAP • OIL • POWDER

MADE JUST FOR BABY...

any redness and the patch is not itchy. The child should be warned against picking or scratching it as that spreads it and will result in a scar. Children with impetigo should be kept out of school and away from other youngsters. If you suspect your child has impetigo, take him to your doctor to make sure. Also your doctor will no doubt give you an effective ointment or other application for it. He will likely advise you to bathe the spot with a solution made by adding one teaspoonful of boracic acid to a pint of warm water. Keep on soaking the spot until the scab comes off. This may take 15 minutes. Then apply the ointment. Reapply it as often as your doctor advises. Boil the child's diapers, underclothing, sheets, pillowslips, towels and washcloths every day. If impetigo is treated early it usually clears up promptly. If it is not looked after carefully it may persist for weeks.

Not infrequently a baby a few months old shows some greyish-yellow scales on the top of his head near the soft spot or fontanelle. This is called cradle cap or scurf. It should be treated promptly as it is apt to spread. Rub the hair and scalp over the area with plenty of olive oil before you put your baby to bed. This softens the scales. In the morning wash his hair well with soap and water and then vigorously remove all you can of the scales with a fine-toothed comb. If some of the scales don't come off, repeat the treatment again that night. Watch out for its reappearance as it is apt to come back. You don't need to be afraid of washing or combing the soft spot. It is true that there is no skull bone there, but the membrane that takes its place is as tough as thick leather.

Eczema

Eczema usually begins as a reddish patch on a baby's face. The patch persists and will likely spread. It usually "weeps" and becomes covered with a brownish crust. Unfortunately, it is itchy and when the baby scratches it, it may become infected. If you notice any such persistent patch, consult your physician promptly so that he can prescribe a suitable ointment and other treatment. Some ointments make it worse, so you'd be wise to get medical advice. Wash the area with olive or mineral oil as soap and water may be irritating.

Very often it is found that the relatives of babies with eczema have suffered from allergic troubles, such as hay fever, asthma, hives or eczema. In many babies the eczema is due to some food and therefore special diets are necessary. Your doctor will investigate this possibility and prescribe a suitable diet. In some cases the baby is sensitive to something in his surroundings such as wool or dog hair. Fat babies are much more apt to develop it than thin ones. Often it is much better in the summer than the winter. Usually it lasts for many months. Sometimes it practically disappears and then comes back again. It may be necessary to put restraints on the baby to prevent him from scratching himself. Fortunately, it usually clears up in the second or third year, although the child may subsequently develop hay fever or asthma.

Nervous Child

Q.: My little girl is 15 months old. I have difficulty getting her to eat breakfast. Could you advise me what to do? She is also nervous of strange noises, such as

IT'S PYREX

It's Boil Proof! . . . It's Chill Proof!

Best for Mother . . . makes sterilizing easy, safe . . . no breakage from heat or cold.

Best for Baby . . . PYREX Nursing Bottles are non-roll, shaped to let baby hold on for himself.

PYREX NURSING BOTTLES

Replacement guaranteed if broken by temperature shock within 2 years from date of purchase.

Pyrex is the registered trade mark of Corning Glass Works of Canada Ltd.

Now — In Minutes Give Face Fresh Clear Look

Don't wait days or weeks to see dreams of a lovelier looking complexion start to come true. Now, in minutes, thrill at the difference Edna Wallace Hopper White Clay Pack can make. This unique clay is wonderfully different from creams or lather facials. You feel it work its beauty magic. See results with first use. Here's 8 minute test that proves it! Spread Hopper White Clay over face. Note its exhilarating, stimulating tingle! When dry, rinse off. Now, look how lovably fresh, sparkling clean — how radiant, finer-textured skin appears. How free of ugly shine! Make Hopper your twice-weekly glamour special. It truly pays! Try it — see! Get Hopper White Clay Pack today. At drug and cosmetic counters.

THE DELICIOUS WAY TO BETTER MEALS

HP SAUCE

Buy Tilbest QUICK CAKE MIXES

says Tilly Tilbest.

the telephone ringing or a car going by. Is there anything I can do to cure her of this?

A.: If your child hasn't already learned to use a cup and spoon teach her to do so now, as this will increase her interest in eating. Help her when she shows signs of getting tired. Make her helpings small. She can have a variety of cooked cereal—a couple of tablespoonfuls with a little milk but no sugar would be enough now. A piece of crisp lean back bacon two or three times a week might interest her. Some milk to drink and a little toast could finish up the meal. Don't urge her to eat more than she wants. Children of her age have small appetites.

If she seems frightened or worried about noises, try to reassure her by showing that you are not afraid of such things. If this nervousness persists, you should have her examined by a physician.

Wants Foods That Melt

Q.: I have a problem which, though perhaps not serious, causes me some concern. My little boy, now 20 months old, doesn't want to chew his food. He just sucks on it till he can swallow it. Things that don't melt, or get soft enough to swallow, meat for instance, he just removes from his mouth. He is always very hungry at mealtimes.

A.: There are three things you can do to help your youngster. 1. Let him do everything he can for himself, and as he shows increasing skill and interest, teach him to help himself in every possible way. 2. Let him eat with another youngster whenever possible. 3. Give him solid foods which he likes often. This trouble usually occurs in children who are fed "baby" or strained foods too long, and who are waited on too much by their parents. He apparently is normal in other respects and this difficulty should clear up in time.

Enlarged Adenoids?

Q.: Could you please advise how to teach a one-year-old child to breathe through his nose instead of his mouth? Some time ago I thought it was due to teething, but now he has six teeth, still drools and has not improved.

A.: Children are most apt to breathe through their mouths when they sleep on their backs. Put your child to sleep on his side and if he rolls over on his back, gently turn him again to his side. There is a good chance that your child has large adenoids which would interfere with his breathing through his nose. You would be wise to get your physician's advice on this.

★ ★ ★

Baby Care

If you have a new baby in your home or are expecting one soon, you'll find our bulletins, "Preparing for Baby" and "Baby's First Year" of great value. Besides prenatal advice, care and feeding of infants, baby routine and problems of nursing, weaning and first solid foods also are dealt with.

These bulletins are especially prepared for Chatelaine readers by Dr. Elizabeth Chant Robertson, Director of Chatelaine's Child Health Clinic.

Price, 5 cents each

Order from Chatelaine Service Bulletins, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

GARDENING GUIDES

from Chatelaine's
Bulletin Library



BACKYARD INTO GARDEN

No. 301—Price 15 cents.

It's spring again, and now's the time to plan a face-lifting job on that tired plot of ground behind the house. Wide perennial beds, masses of bright-colored annuals and smooth green turf are every gardener's dream of the ideal "backyard garden." This Chatelaine bulletin will help you achieve it.



FOUNDATION PLANTING

No. 302 — Price 5 cents.

Whether it's a modern bungalow, Cape Cod cottage or formal Georgian, you'll find there's a type of planting best suited to the architectural lines of your house. Chatelaine's bulletin gives you helpful information on choice of suitable sturdy shrubs and accent plants.

Order from CHATELAINE
SERVICE BULLETINS
481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2, Ont.

Please send me your Service Bulletins Nos.

for which I enclose \$

Name and
Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)



Its Place in the Sun

Nationally advertised brands must stand a constant blaze of publicity.

The maker who is doubtful of his product does not focus the full light of public opinion upon it. Until his product has been tried and tested, until the claims made for it can be thoroughly justified, he does not RISK national advertising. This is your guarantee of quality.

"Shady"—we say of a business when it is dubious. "Fly-by-night"—describes that which is unreliable.

Only the proud name takes ITS PLACE IN THE SUN.

Index to Advertisers

Absorbine Jr.	111	Kirby Beard Accessories	83
Anacosta Brass & Copper	56	Kleenex	5
Avon Cosmetics	42	Kotex	91
Aylmer Products	18	Kotex Accessories	91
Babs Bob Pins	84	Larvex Moth Proofers	95
Baby's Own Soap	110	Lavris	109
Baker's Coconut	77	Listerine	2
Band-Aid	11	Locomotive Washer	4
Birk's Diamonds	6	Lysol	99
Birk's Sterling	7		
Bissell Sweepers	3	Magic Baking Powder	50
Blue Jay Corn Plasters	55	Maytag Washer	57
Bon Ami	11	McClary Ranges	100
Brille Cleanser	67	Metropolitan Life Insurance	3
B. A. Oil	71	Midal	15
Bruck Silk	20	Monarch Overalls	108
		Murray Selby Shoes	75
Caldwell Linen	19		
Campbell's Soups	37	Neet Cream Hair Remover	67
Canada Dry Ginger Ale	73	Newspaper Institute	54
Canada Packers	106	Northern Electric	1
C.G.E. Heater	105	Noxema Cream	5-55
C.N.R.	93	NuBack Foundations	8
Canadian Ice Foundation	106	Nugget Shoe Polish	107
Castoria	14		
Cat's Paw Rubber	67	Odo-ro-no Cream Deodorant	96
Chatelaine Hosiery	101	Ogilvie Sisters Hair Preparations	86
Circle Bar Nylons	89	Oldsmobile	47
Coca Cola	41		
Coffield Washer	63	Parker Pens	Inside Front Cover
Community Silverplate	Back Cover	Peck Frean Biscuits	62
Congoleum	69	P.K. Yarns	83
Coro Jewellery	87	Prem	79
Coty Face Powder	82	Pyrex Nursing Bottles	110
		Pyrex Ovenware	46
Dellcroft Cabinets	68		
Dominion Oilcloth	39	Rose Marx Braz	83
Dominion Textile	55		
Dow Chemical	40	Sal Hepatica	94
Dr. Denton Sleepers	108	Salvation Army	97
Dr. Scholl Zinc Pads	97	Sani-Flush	95
Dura Gloss Nail Polish	12	Saxolite Astringent Cream	67
		Shirriff's Lushes Desserts	76
Eagle Brand Milk	65	Shulton Cosmetics	38
Eagle Lion Films	94	Silva Liquid Silver Polish	95
Eaton Crane & Pike	57	Singer Sewing Machines	52
Electrohome Furniture	68	Sovereign Pottery	45
E.T. Corset	86	Spode China	95
Export Cigarettes	99	Stafford's Sauces	70
Eye-Gene	99	Steedman's Powders	108
		Stokely VanCamp	43
Fleet Foot Shoes	89	Suleo D.D.T. Hair Emulsion	15
Fleischmann Yeast	64	Su-lette Slips	13
		Sunkist Lemons	63
Galinday Washer	1	Swans Down Cake Flour	61
Golden Pheasant Shoes	87	Swift's Baby Foods	58
Gothic Foundations	8		
Green Cross Household Spray	62	Tampax	54
		Thistle Baby Carriages	107
Harding Carpets	17	Tilbest Cake Mixes	110
Heinz Products	51	Travel Assoc. of Great Britain & Ireland	10
Helene Curtis Shampoos	84	3-in-one Oil	67
Hewatson Shoes	78		
Hobbs Glass	104	Vantona Textiles	5
Hopper White Clay Pack	110	Vaseline	97-108
Horrockses Cotton	67	Vynlite	49
Hotpoint Appliances	60		
H.P. Sauce	110	Webasto Cotton	Inside Back Cover
Huntley & Palmer Biscuits	68	Wallace Silverware	9
		Way Sagless Mattresses	57
Inglis Glasteel Water Heater	86	Wear-Ever Aluminum	48
Irish Linen Guild	83	Westinghouse Appliances	102-103
		Woodbury Powder	16
Jell-O Puddings	74		
Johnson's Baby Powder & Lotion	109	Yardley of London	73-15
Johnson's Waxes & Polishes	44		

Oh!
my aching
back!



Clock Absorbine Jr.'s Quick Soothing Relief

• Next time you overdo and are plagued with stiff sore muscles ... look at your watch! Then rub those torture spots with famous Absorbine Jr. Chances are you'll get happy relief so FAST that when you look at your watch again ... you'll be surprised!

Absorbine Jr. cools and soothes sore places on application. And it counters the irritation that causes the pain with a grand muscle relaxing effect. Try it! At all drugstores. \$1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc.,
Lyman House,
Montreal.



Chatelaine

Spring Beauty Issue

BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, C.B.E., Editor

ALMEDA GLASSEY
Associate Editor

FRANCIS CRACK
Art Editor

LOTTA DEMPSEY
Feature Editor

ADELE WHITE
Health and Beauty Editor

MILDRED SPICER
Fashion Editor

MARY JUKE
Consumer Relations Editor

JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH
Home Planning Editor

ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON
Child Health Clinic Editor

MARIE HOLMES,
Director, Chatelaine Institute

JANE MONTEITH
Chief Assistant

JACQUELINE ROY
Technician

HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Consulting Director, Institute

N. ROY PERRY
Business Manager

NOEL R. BARBOUR
Advertising Manager

R. F. MACKENZIE
Assist. Advertising Mgr.

G. V. LAUGHTON
Circulation Director

H. NAPIER MOORE
Editorial Director, Maclean-Hunter Publications

With the Editors

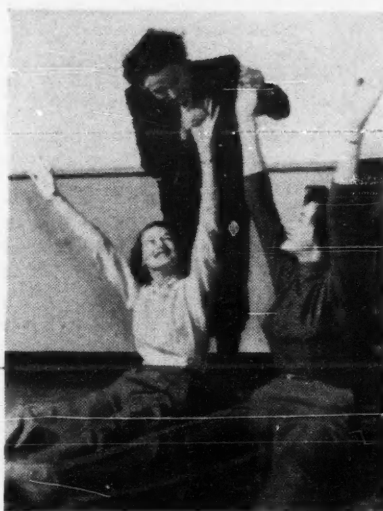


Kate Holliday, Chatelaine's Hollywood reporter, chats with screen favorite Walter Pidgeon. To us this looks like the moment of a lifetime . . . to Katie it's just part of the daily grind. She's been covering the movie lots for 10 years now, writing bright and knowledgeable pieces like the one we're pleased to bring you on page 30, "I Learned About Beauty From Them."

Kate has other accomplishments as well—one aged four, name of Timmy, t'other a 21-month-old charmer called Christina. "These two active facts will tell you what I do with my spare time!" says Katie.

Exciting things have been happening in the Chatelaine Institute kitchen this month. Marie Holmes has been busy putting the kitchen stove on the map of Canada . . . honestly!

Here's the story. Department of Trade and Commerce, co-operating with Canadian Junior Chambers of Commerce, asked Chatelaine to help work out real Canadian recipes for all 10 provinces. Recipes that could be



published in pamphlet form later, and broadcast. Recipes to make tourists happy, as well as perk up our own family menus.

Marie and her staff went to work. And on page 59 she proves, with the most wonderful dishes you've ever seen, just what we knew right along—"You Can't Beat Canadian Food!"

Here's a shot to prove not only our recipes are pretested! Above: Beauty Ed. Adele White, intent on gathering stretch-and-bend exercises for "Daily Dozen for 12 Weeks" on page 12, puts two staffers through their paces. Mildred Spicer, fashion editor, on the right, Eileen Morris, our newest editorial recruit, on the left. Groaned Miss M. later, "I thought editorial work meant simply writing!"

If Adele decides we need a story on mudpacks, heaven help us all . . .

D. M. LeBourdais, "What Hope for the Feeble-Minded Child?" on page 98, became interested in mental problems over 20 years ago when, as a newspaper reporter, he was assigned to a story on a mental hospital. That led to a six-year period on the staff of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene, a job which gave him an opportunity to see most of the mental institutions in Canada and the U. S.

Since then he has continued his interest in the subject, both as writer and lecturer.

May, 1949

Vol. 22 No. 5

CONTENTS

Cover by Larry Harris; Miracord fabric from Bruck Mills Ltd.

BEAUTY featured in this issue: Adele White, Beauty Editor

Daily Dozen for 12 Weeks	12
Beauty Brevities	18
Your Place in the Sun	26
I Learned About Beauty from Them	Kate Holliday 30
And Under the Stars	Eileen Morris 81

FICTION

The Masterful Male	Cecilia Bartholomew 21
All Alone	Percy Marks 22
The Liar	Josephine Bentham 24
Last Chance for Love	Kalman Phillips 28
His Kind of Woman (Conclusion)	Nelia Gardner White 36

GENERAL FEATURES

The Cancer of Communism	Byrne Hope Sanders 2
Reader Takes Over	3
Are the Comics Really a Menace?	Mary Jukes 6
Hi, Judge!	Elsa Jenkins 14
The Operation Nobody Talks About	Dorothy Sangster 34
What Hope for the Feeble-Minded Child?	D. M. LeBourdais 98
Its Place in the Sun	111

HOUSEKEEPING

Helen Campbell's Page	53
"You Can't Beat Canadian Food"	Marie Holmes 59
Good Grooming for Floors	Jane Monteith 63
Meals of the Month	64
Dessert Treats with Rhubarb	Jacqueline Roy 66
Take a Tip from the Institute	68

FASHION

Fashion Shorts	8
Suiting Summer	Mildred Spicer 85
We Picked Cotton	86
Sugar 'n' Spice—Everything Nice (patterns)	88
Springtime is Playtime (patterns)	90
Understudies to a Suit (patterns)	92

HANDICRAFTS

Magic in Crochet	88
Easy to Work—Smart to Wear	50
Holiday Bags You Can Make	Winnifred Huff 76
Crisp, Cool and Flattering	96

HOME PLANNING

Your Garden in May	A. Earl Cox 10
No Waste Space in this House	John Caulfield Smith 32
Facts for Finer Lawns	Frances Steinhoff Saunders 94
Your Home: Advice to the House-Proud	102
Summer Cottage Built-ins	104
That Monster in Your Cellar	106
Let's Be Unfair to Mice	107

CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

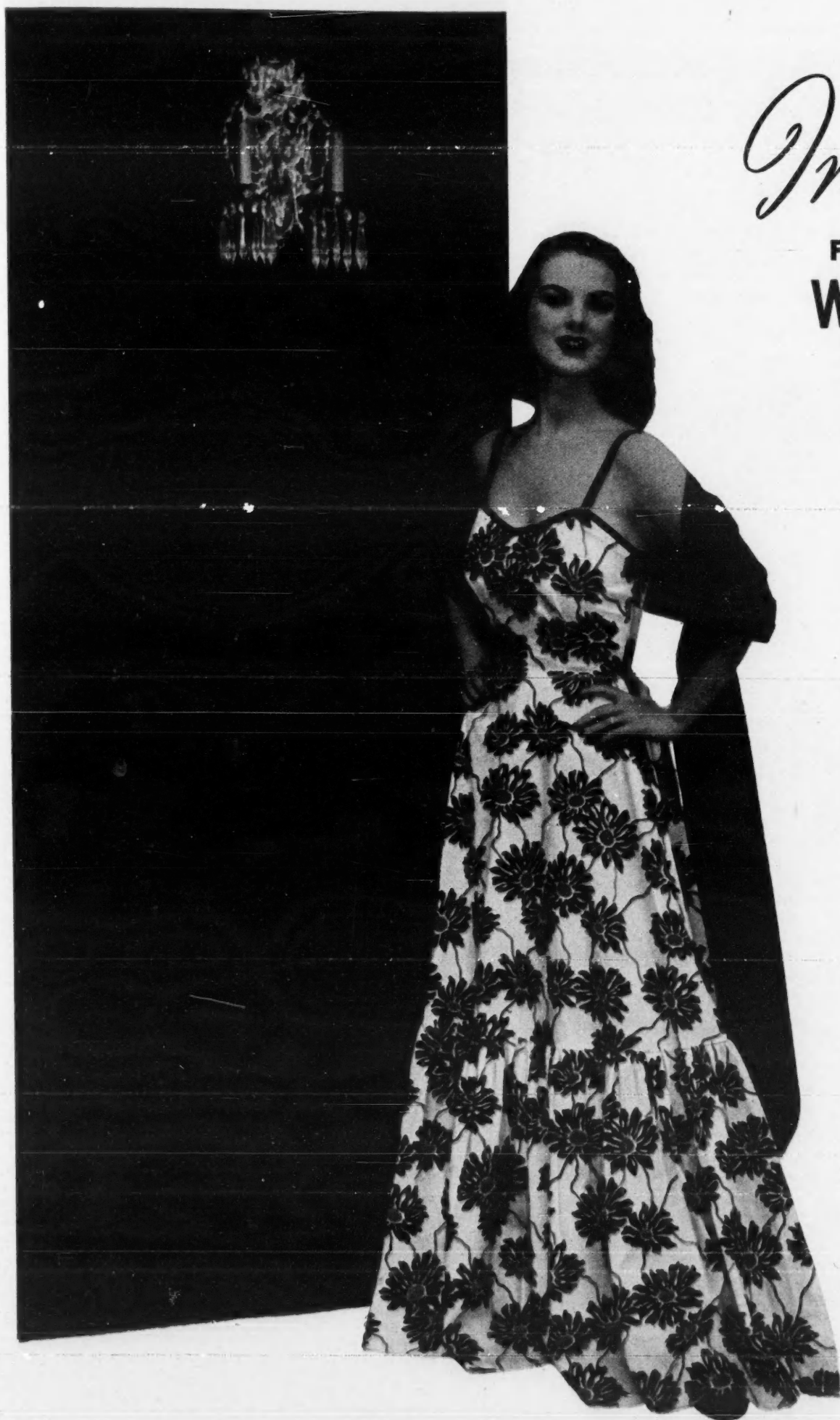
Rashes	Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D. 109
------------------	-------------------------------------

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, Founder and Chairman; HORACE T. HUNTER, President; FLOYD S. CHALMERS, Executive Vice-President; THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Sun Life of Canada Building, Trafalgar Square, LONDON, S.W.1; Telephone Whitehall 6642, Telegraph, Atabek, London. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE — In Canada, 1 year \$1.50, 2 years \$2.50, 3 years \$3; all other parts of the British Empire \$2.00 per year; United States and Possessions, Mexico, Central

and South America and Spain, \$2.50 per year; all other countries \$3.50 per year. Single copies 15c. Copyright 1949, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted, but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.

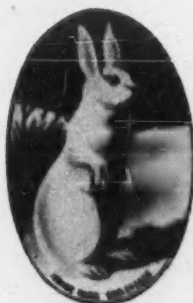
Inspiring

FAST-COLOUR
WABASSO
PRINTS



Always ask for Trademarked

WABASSO



COTTONS

The happiest brides have

Community

Four "finds" in distinguished
Community Silverplate
...for keeps the bride's beloved
silverware! At your dealer's...
understandingly priced...eternally
right...each with Community's
solid silver "Overlay"
If it's Community...it's correct!

COMMUNITY...THE FINEST SILVERPLATE...ONEIDA COMMUNITY, LIMITED, NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

TRADE MARKS OF ONEIDA LTD. COPYRIGHT 1949 ONEIDA LTD.

A. Moodie